



1884.

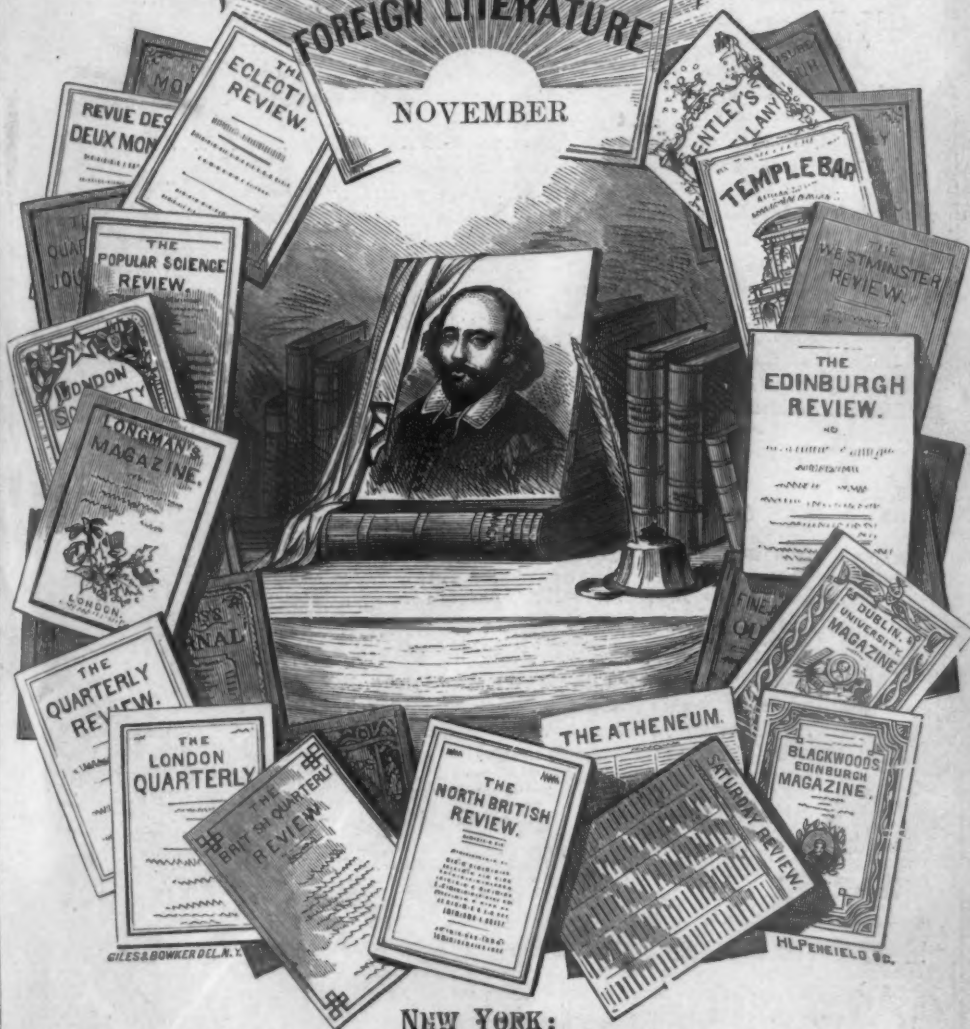
New Series.

Vol. XL. - No. 5.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

NOVEMBER



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

In 26 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 Cts. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.
Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ... 577
II. THE SENSE OF TASTE. By GRANT ALLEN.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 590
III. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE, EXTENDING OVER TWENTY YEARS. By JOHN COLEMAN.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 592
IV. FIDDLERS THREE.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ... 601
V. ENGLISH SUPREMACY IN THE EAST. By F. BULKELEY JOHNSON.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 614
VI. A BIHARI MILL-SONG. By EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ... 619
VII. VOLTAIRE'S LAST VISIT TO PARIS. By CHARLES HERVEY.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 621
VIII. PROTECTION FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW. By WILLIAM J. HARRIS.....	<i>National Review</i> 625
IX. THE CONFLICT WITH THE LORDS. By GOLDWIN SMITH.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ... 635
X. THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF INSTINCT. By G. J. ROMANES.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 641
XI. RHODES. By ERNEST MYERS.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 652
XII. SEA STORIES. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ... 654
XIII. MODERN MYSTICISM. By W. S. LILLY.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 668
XIV. WAR AND CHRISTIANITY. By CANON J. A. FARRER.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ... 679
XV. ANCIENT ROCK-BEWN EDICTS.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 690
XVI. GERMAN TRAMPS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 693
XVII. PROPHECIES BY A HIGHLAND SEER. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 696
XVIII. THE MORALITY OF DIET.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 706
XIX. LITERARY NOTICES.....	700
Allan Dore and Robert Le Diable—In Partnership—The Story of Viteau—Marjorie Huntingdon—The Countess of Albany—A Naturalist's Rambles About Home—The Divine Law as to Wines—Fifty Years' Observations of Men and Events, Civil and Military—Dick's Society Letter-Writer for Ladies.	
XX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	713
XXI. MISCELLANY.....	715
Prison Earnings—Norfolk Broads—Supposed Freshly Found MSS. of the Old Testament—Lockhart and the Press—A £10,000 Nugget—Rise of Montreal—Przevalsky's Wild Horse—Bargains—A Narrow Escape for the House of Commons—Capital Punishment in France.	

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

BINDING.—Green cloth covers for binding two volumes per year will be furnished at 50 cents each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.
Mr. J. Wallace Ainger is our general Business Agent.

ESTERBROOK'S Pens are the Most Popular in Use.

No. 048

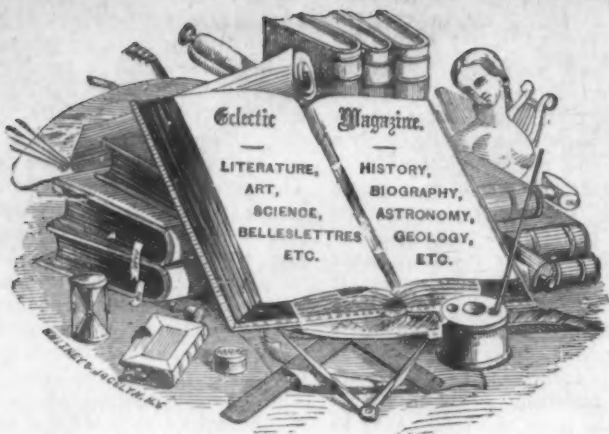


Falcon Pen.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,

Works, Camden, N. J.

26 John Street, New York.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. XL., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

THAT our existence, in a physiological sense, may be regarded as consisting of alternating periods of activity and repose is an axiom which requires no very deep reflection or research for the demonstration of its truth. The waking hours of the day are succeeded by the resting hours of the night. The work of life is followed naturally by the repose which, in its turn, is equally a part of our normal existence; and there are too many obvious indications that this succession of events is part and parcel of nature at large, to leave room for doubt that sleep and wakefulness are simply the evenly balanced ends of the vital "see-saw." It appears to be a rule of physical life that, even in its most intimate and less apparent phases, an alternation of rest and repose should be constantly exemplified. The work of life means, of course, the dissipation of energy. The wear and tear insepa-

rable from the mere act of living and being necessitates proportionate repair. This much is contained in the first pages of the scientific primer; whilst a succeeding and equally primitive study discloses the way of repair in the many processes of nutrition which tend to preserve the form of the individual in its stable aspect by counteracting the inevitable waste of life. But there are other processes and functions which seem to contribute to the latter end, and amongst them we may legitimately number the influence of rest and repose. It is by no means paradoxical to assume that the very act of nutrition or that of bodily repair, involving as it does a large expenditure of energy, is in itself a source of bodily wear and tear. The pulsations of the heart, directly concerned in the distribution through the body of the products of nutrition, represent, apparently, an amount of exertion

and work which well-nigh induces the belief that we subsist on a veritable "peau de chagrin," and that even the gains of the body of necessity imply a loss. From the physiological side of things, however, there comes a gleam of comfort in the declaration that the nutrition of rest serves to counterbalance the wear and tear involved in the mere fact of existence. In repose is found, we are told, a highly perfect source of bodily repair. And it is further impressed upon us that this cessation from labor may occur in ways and fashions undreamt of by the casual observer of the lives of men. Take as an example the heart itself. Next to the brain, which is credited with being the scene of a never-ending bustle and traffic in ideas, the heart may be thought of as an organ whose duties permit of no cessation or repose. Even in the ordinary undisturbed performance of its functions, the rhythmical routine of the great pumping-engine strikes us as resembling that of the galley-slave chained to the oar, and as exhibiting day by day the same unflagging, stereotyped way of life and action. The question of rest for such an organ might at first sight appear non-existent. Its nutrition likewise would seem to be a matter in arranging for which, conformably with its perpetual round of duties, nature might experience some difficulty; since, like the through railway guard on an extended journey, it must feed as it runs.

But the dilemma in question is solved through the simple consideration of the manner in which the heart's work is performed. The action of the organ, as every one knows, is not continuous. Its work is intermittent in character, as may be proved by listening to the sounds it makes. It has its periods of repose, short as these may be, between its strokes of work. It takes its rest in short alternate naps; and if we sum up its life history, and calculate its working hours, we shall find that, in truth, the heart has rested for a longer period than it has worked. Thus although the snatches of rest be short, in the case of the heart they are really as frequent as its working moments, and in the intervals betwixt its pulsations it may be said to gather energy for its succeeding strokes. The case of the muscles used

in breathing—and it may be borne in mind that the heart itself is simply a hollow muscle—is equally interesting, and certainly not less typical than that of the central organ of the circulation. The periods of work, so to speak, are longer in the case of the chest-muscles, just as the intervals of repose are more protracted than in the business of the circulation. And if the idea of rest alternating with work be extended to other departments of bodily activity, we shall find that the practice in question prevails throughout the living organism. The chief differences between the action of one set of muscles and that of another set consist in the varying duration and succession of the periods of work and rest. In absolute cessation from labor, then, we find a profitable source of repair of the body. Then it is that the materials derived from the food can be perfectly applied to the necessities and wants of the frame. The true justification of sleep is found after all in the value of rest as a reparative measure. And the after-dinner nap of well-favored humanity, equally with the somewhat prolonged post-prandial inactivity of the boa-constrictor, are procedures separated, it may be, by an infinity of differences, but which, perchance, derive much of their reasonableness from the physiological considerations besetting the question of repose.

As a knowledge of the nature of sleep becomes a necessity for the understanding of the why and wherefore of dreaming and allied conditions, we may in the next place endeavor to gain some ideas respecting certain curious states which in one way or another may be said to border the "land of Nod." Such are the remarkable cases of producing insensibility or of feigning death at will, and those which relate to the production of unnatural states allied to sleep, and which in some measure aid our understanding of dreams and their causation. As in many other acts and phenomena connected with brain and mind, the phenomena of sleep and dreams do not stand alone or unconnected with other mental states. On the contrary, it is possible to trace well-marked gradations leading from the day-dream to the reverie, and from these common in-

stances of abstraction to the somnolent condition itself. Nay, it may also be said that the full understanding of dreaming, in so far as that is possible at present, can only be arrived at from a knowledge of the facts which a study of the waking dream or the automatic patient teaches us. Through morbid and unwonted conditions, as in so many other instances in the search after knowledge, we arrive at a comprehension of the ill-understood affairs of common life.

That there exists a power of producing at will conditions allied in nature to sleep, or even extending to deep insensibility with apparent cessation of the physical processes of life, is a well-known fact of physiology. A condition approaching that of coma or insensibility thus appears to be occasionally induced in man by an effort of the will. In many animals a prolonged and periodical suspension of the activities of ordinary existence normally occurs and is designated under the term hibernation. The bear, squirrel, dormouse, and bat exemplify this condition, in which, however, respiration is unimpeded, although its frequency is reduced; and the animal, retiring to its winter quarters fat and well favored, emerges in spring in a lean condition. The nutritive principal which was accumulated in the preceding summer has, in fact, been converted into an account-current and used in the maintenance of the slumbering organism. In such a case there is simply deep somnolence and suspension of all ordinary activity and of the exertions and waste attending the wakeful state. But a step further brings us to the domain of pathology (or the science of disease) with its unwonted states, depending on disease or on conditions which approach those of abnormal existence. Celsus speaks of a priest who could separate himself from outward existence at will, and lie as one dead. But the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Dr. George Cheyne—in his quaint book entitled "The English Malady; or, a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all kinds, as Spleen, Vapors, Lowness of Spirits, Hypochondriacal and Hysterical Distemper, etc., London, 1733"—justly exceeds in interest any other

known case of the kind, not merely for the abnormal nature of the phenomena, but also from the exact account of the events in question, related by accurate observers trained in the scientific methods of their day.

Dr. Cheyne's account of this case bears that Colonel Townshend had suffered from some internal malady, of ascertained and well-understood nature, and that he came in a litter from Bristol to Bath in autumn for the purpose of obtaining medical advice. Attended by a Dr. Baynard, a Mr. Skrine, his apothecary, and by Dr. Cheyne himself—all three despairing of the Colonel's recovery—the patient sent one morning for his medical attendants, and intimated that he had made his will and set his house in order; "his Senses," according to Dr. Cheyne, being "clear, and his *Mind* calm." Colonel Townshend next informed his doctors that he had sent for them that he might give them details of "an *odd* Sensation he had for some Time observed and felt in himself: which was," continues Dr. Cheyne, "that, composing himself, he could *die* or expire when he pleased, and yet by an *Effort*, or somehow, he could come to Life again, which it seems," adds the author, "he had sometimes tried before he had sent for us." On hearing such a recital, the doctors were naturally astonished. As men of science, their natural scepticism of the unusual, until proved by experiment to be likely or true, exhibited itself in Dr. Cheyne's declaration that his hearers "could hardly believe the Fact as he related it, much less give any Account of it, unless," adds the narrator, "he should please to make the *Experiment* before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak Condition, he might carry it too far." The Colonel, however, insisted on the trial being made, the preliminary duty of feeling his pulse being duly performed, when it was found to be "distinct, though small and *thready*": whilst "his *Heart* had its usual *Beating*."

Dr. Cheyne may now be allowed to relate the sequel in his own words: "He composed himself on his Back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right Hand, Dr. Bay-

ward laid his Hand on his Heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean Looking-Glass to his Mouth. I found his Pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice Touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his Heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least Soil of Breath on the bright Mirror he held to his Mouth; then each of us by Turns examined his Arm, Heart, and Breath, but could not by the nicest Scrutiny discover the least Symptom of Life in him. We reasoned a long Time about this odd Appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that Condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the Experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an Hour. By Nine o'Clock in the Morning in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some Motion about the Body, and upon Examination found his Pulse and the Motion of his Heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly: we were all astonish'd to the last Degree at this unexpected Change, and after some further Conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the Particulars of this Fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any Rational Scheme that might account for it." Thus far Dr. Cheyne. The sequel relates that after calling for his Attorney and adding a codicil to his will, Colonel Townshend "received the Sacrament, and calmly and composedly Expir'd about five or six o'Clock that Evening."

Thus it appears to be proved beyond doubt that this patient had the power of composedly and perfectly simulating death at will—for Dr. Cheyne expressly mentions that Colonel Townshend had "for some Time observed and felt in himself" the peculiar power of which he gave his physicians such satisfactory demonstration. There are few amongst ourselves who will not appreciate to the full Dr. Cheyne's concluding remark, that, having "narrated the Facts," deliberately and distinctly, he may well "leave to the Philosophick Reader to make what Inferences he thinks fit."

In addition to all the signs and symptoms of sleep, we have added in Colonel Townshend's case the power of intensifying the conditions of somnolence to an extent comparable only to the extinction of vital action itself.

A case reported in the *Medical Times and Gazette* and *British Medical Journal* for 1863 may interest us as presenting us in some measure with a case comparable in man to the hibernating habits of lower forms, and which may also serve as a connecting link between such a case as the previous one and the phenomena of ordinary sleep. A man, aged forty-four years, began in 1842 or 1843, after a severe cold, to exhibit a tendency to indulge in deep and prolonged sleep. The affection returned in 1848, and again in 1860 and in 1866. During the attack his appearance was natural, but the face and ears were pale, feet often cold and livid, perspiration scarcely perceptible, and pulse feeble. The account adds that on awakening, the patient felt refreshed. The longest period he passed in sleep was five days and five nights. Frequently a period of three or four days was passed in sleep, the average duration of the attacks being two days, whilst he was awake during four or five hours out of the forty-eight. He did not dream during the period of repose. These remarks apply to his history up to 1860. In 1866 the curious phenomena were again noticed. The patient slept from about 11.30 P.M. on January 2d, 1866, to 2 P.M. on January 6th. At 12 P.M. on February 4th another period of repose began, which lasted until 4 P.M. on February 8th; when after a wakeful interval of seven hours he dozed off again until the 11th, when he remained awake for nine hours, but thereafter slept for four days. From February 16th till February 26th he slept continuously, save for an interval of five hours; and beginning to sleep on March 9th at 10 A.M., he slept until the 15th at four o'clock in the afternoon. Nothing remarkably abnormal or in the least sufficient to explain the anomalies of this patient's existence was revealed by an examination of the brain after death, which occurred at the close of the year last mentioned. Here the tendency to sleep was a matter of abnormal action

of some mysterious kind. There was no power, as in Colonel Townshend's case, to induce the phenomena at will; but the nature of the conditions inducing or favoring the peculiarities remains in either case an insoluble mystery.

The occurrence of such anomalous cases receives no direct explanation from any of the conditions which are known to be characteristic of normal sleep. The resemblance of the insensibility produced by congestions and fulness of blood in the brain to natural sleep long ago suggested that, in some such mechanical cause as a normally recurring fulness of the vessels of the organ of mind, a cause of sleep might be found. But the analogy between induced a insensibility and sleep is not complete or correct. There exist many and wide differences between the production of coma or stupor and that of a normal insensibility to outer affairs, which sooner or later resolves itself into wakefulness; and the conditions observed in the sleeping brain were, moreover, widely at variance with the known symptoms of abnormal insensibility. In 1821 a Dr. Pierquin, of Montpellier, placed on record the observation that in a patient, part of whose brain was exposed through disease, there was no movement of the organ of mind in ordinary undisturbed and dreamless sleep. When, on the contrary, the sleep was disturbed by dreams, the brain substance was elevated in proportion to the vivid nature of the dream. In her waking state, this patient exhibited the same appearances; there was marked activity of the brain when she was engaged in lively or excited conversation. Experiment has, however, proved to us that without doubt the brain-substance receives less blood during sleep than in the waking state, which latter is accompanied by an increased flow of blood to the organ. Such a result is exactly that which the general inductions of physiology might have foretold. Blood passing to the brain is required and used for two purposes—namely, for nutrition and physical conservation of the organ, and for supplying the potential energy, to be converted into thought, nerve-force, and the acts of life. During sleep, therefore, blood will be demanded for the first purpose alone. The wakeful

activity which demands and requires the larger blood-supply is no longer represented, save, indeed, under abnormal conditions. And we thus arrive at a basis for constructing a theory of sleep and its causation, just as, at the commencement of this paper, we discovered a plain justification for its occurrence as an act and part of life. Sleep is produced by those causes which favor the withdrawal of blood from the brain, or rather by those which lessen the flow and force of the circulation in that organ. As an indication of the need of repair by rest, the bloodless condition of the sleeping brain appears in perfect harmony with the opposite condition of the wakeful state. And thus, also, it may be added, we may construct a reasonable approach to a theory of dreams in the statement that whatever favors an increase of brain-circulation during sleep will develop the dream instincts, and liberate those dream-children which, Shakespeare notwithstanding, are not to be declared the offspring of "an idle brain."

That we have a power of faculty of abstracting our thoughts—and practically ourselves—from the external order of things by which we are surrounded, is of course, a statement which has but to appeal to our common experience to attest its unquestioned veracity. It is important for our present purpose that we briefly glance at the subject of reverie, inasmuch as we may find a striking analogy between this state as experienced in our wakeful moments, and through the allied state of "automatism," an explanation of the mechanism of dreams. The ordinary sensation, received by an organ of sense from without, is transferred to some part of the brain specially concerned with the registration of such an impression, and is there converted into an idea. This idea in turn may be reflected hither and thither through the body, and appears in our waking life as a defined and purposive action. Suppose, now, that ideas which have been registered in the brain are capable of being despatched or evolved therefrom at will. The production of thoughts thus-wise constitutes memory; and association duly links them together to form "a train of thought." But thought may be unat

tended by action. A whole train of ideas, or a complicated chain of reasoning, may be thought out in a kind of mental aside, and in that utter want of attention to our surroundings which constitutes the essential feature of the "absent-minded man"—a phrase applicable only in so far as the term "absent-minded" applies to the immediate circumstances of the individual. Here there is *automatic* action of the brain pure and simple. The familiar instance of the rapid walk through the crowded streets of a city, whilst the mind is engaged in the pursuit of some recondite subject, is but another instance of the phenomena of abstraction carried into practical effect, and exemplifies an intermediate state between sleep and waking allied to somnambulism itself. From our wakeful moments to the reverie in our arm-chair is but a step. From such a reverie to the abstraction of our city walk is only another advance; and if we suppose the abstraction to deepen whilst the mental activity becomes annihilated, we obtain the dreamless sleep, as, on the other hand, with an increase of the mental activity, we ally ourselves to the dreamer and to the sleep-walker himself.

It is a curious circumstance that in certain individuals the faculty or habit of abstraction may become so thoroughly developed that the subject is to all intents and purposes an automaton pure and simple, and may be said to dwell on the borders of the somnambulistic state itself. The latter opinion alone can be expressed regarding the well-authenticated case of the clergyman who, engaged in an abstruse mathematical calculation, was reminded by his wife that it was time to dress for dinner. The gentleman in question proceeded upstairs to his bedroom still deeply involved in his thoughts, with the result of being found, soon thereafter, in the act of getting into bed—a proceeding simply suggested to the semi-unconscious mind and well-nigh absent volition by the act of entering his bedchamber and commencing to undress. Only on the supposition of habit having developed this awkward faculty of allying one's self to a species of sleep in the hours of wakefulness can the doings of a late well-known Scottish Professor be accounted for.

This gentleman passing out of college on one occasion ran against a cow. Pulling off his hat amid his abstraction, he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Although aroused to a sense of his mistake, shortly thereafter he stumbled against a lady under somewhat similar circumstances, greeting his astonished neighbor with the remark, "Is that you again, you brute?" It was this gentleman who bowed to his own wife in the streets, but remarked that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; whilst another vagary consisted in his making his appearance at college in the costume of his day, displaying on one leg a black stocking of his own, and on the other a white stocking of his better half. Another narrative credits the Professor with addressing a stranger in the street and asking this person to direct him to his own house. "But ye're the Professor!" replied the interrogated and astonished person. "Never mind," was the reply, "I don't want to know who I am—I want to know where the Professor lives!"

Such is a brief account of the condition we term Abstraction, serving to bridge over the gulf between the waking state and sleep; and the analogy becomes closer still if we venture to compare a well-authenticated case of so-called "automatism" in man, and thereafter to compare the details of such a case with the acts and behavior of the absent-minded man, on the one side, and with those of the somnambulist on the other. The best-authenticated case of automatism pure and simple in man is the famous case of the French Sergeant F., reported by Dr. Mesnet. When twenty-seven years of age F. was wounded on the left side of the head by a ball. Immediately thereafter, his right side being paralyzed, he became senseless. Three weeks afterward he awoke to consciousness in the hospital at Mayence.

For a year the paralysis of the right side continued, but this condition improved under treatment. Curious periodical aberrations of the intellect, however, began to appear about three months after his mishap. These latter symptoms occurred at intervals, varying from fifteen to thirty days, and they

lasted from fifteen to thirty hours. His abnormal periods were therefore short, as compared with his normal ones. The peculiarities of his abnormal period were very marked. His eyes were wide open; his movements were regular but automatic; he went wherever he was directed; when he stumbled over an object he felt about for the obstruction and then passed on one side; and he ate and drank as usual, and rose and retired to rest at his accustomed hours. More curious was the fact that pins might be run into his body without eliciting the slightest exclamation of pain. To electricity he was equally insensible; he heard not, but rarely saw, and did not distinguish what he ate or drank. His sense of touch alone was present, and that in an elevated degree; but curiously enough, when placed in an appropriate position, he might be made automatically to express in pantomime the movements of reconnoitring or skirmishing in an enemy's country. He could hum a tune, and sang from a roll of paper placed in his hand as if it were a vocal score; and, as refreshment, swallowed between his songs, without grimace, a mixture of strong vinegar and water. That the sense of sight, although deficient, yet played a part in directing the abnormal life of F., was apparent in an experiment of Dr. Mesnet's, in which, when engaged in writing a letter, a screen was interposed between his eyes and his letter. The sergeant proceeded for a little time with his letter, finally, however, coming to a halt as his words became illegible, but without exhibiting a sign of annoyance; and when sheet after sheet of a superimposed series was withdrawn as he wrote, so that each sheet contained but a few words of his letter, he continued to write on, signing his name on the last sheet as if it contained the whole of his communication, and correcting the imaginary writing which he supposed was represented before him. His tobacco pouch being removed after the manufacture of a first cigarette, he neither saw nor smelt the missing object, but when placed in his hand the automatism of his nature asserted itself, and another cigarette was duly manufactured.

The seats of the senses in the brain,

or "sensory ganglia," as they are named, may apparently serve as centres of action, even when the purely intellectual functions of the brain proper (or "cerebrum") are practically in abeyance; and such a remark, moreover, leads us to understand how in the phases of somnambulism, when mind proper is annihilated, there are performed movements and acts involving extreme caution, tact, and delicacy in their performances. From a long list of interesting examples, tending to prove the power of the sensory masses of the brain to guide the body in the absence of normal power of thought and will, we may select the following. Complete idiots, such as crétins of the first degree, spend their whole time, says Dr. Carpenter basking in the sun or before the fire, but they nevertheless pass regularly, when excited by hunger, to the sources of their food-supply. A man whose history is given by Dr. Rush, being violently affected by losses in trade, was instantly deprived of his mental faculties. He took no notice of anybody or anything, nor did he express a desire to eat, but simply received his food when placed in his mouth. He was dressed in the morning, led to his chair, where he remained all day with inclined body, and eyes fixed on the floor. For five years he remained thus, but recovered suddenly and completely.

A sailor who had sustained an injury to his head lived in much the same condition for about a year. The fractured bone being raised, he recovered; but the whole period intervening between his injury and the operation was a complete blank to his mind. The most notable case of this kind, showing the likeness of the purely sensorial state of life to the dream—and also giving the transition-stage connecting the sensory state and the intelligent life of every day—thus linking the dream with waking life, was that of a young woman who, previously in good health, fell into a river, lay insensible for six hours, and in ten days' time lapsed into a fit of stupor. From this she recovered in four hours, only to find that the power of speech and the senses of taste, smell, and hearing were in total abeyance. Sight and touch aroused no *ideas*, though automatically responsive movements at-

tended the operation of these two senses. Her vision at short distances was quick, and her general sensibility exceedingly acute. Friends and relations were unrecognized, and she ate, without a sign of disgust, the most nauseous substances. She made no effort to feed herself, but when the spoon had a few times been conveyed to her mouth she automatically continued the act of feeding. Gradually she appeared to acquire ideas, and formed imitations of flowers from paper with which she was supplied; and this process of educating her mind as if she were still a child proceeded until she was able to do worsted work. Ultimately ideas connected with her *past* experiences began to dawn upon her. A picture of a troubled sea agitated her from the dull remembrance of her unpleasant association with water; and the sight of a young man to whom she had been attached gave her pleasure, whilst she became fretful when she did not see him at the accustomed times. Thereafter she took notice of her surroundings, began to articulate a few words, and exhibited in due course normal symptoms of emotion when she knew that her lover was paying attentions elsewhere. After a fit of stupor excited by jealousy she really awoke from a sleep of a year's duration, to find herself surrounded by her friends at Shoreham, and in the full possession of her natural faculties, save hearing, but without the slightest remembrance of her acts in her year of mind-abeyance.

There is little need to pursue these strange but instructive histories further, and we may now profitably turn to consider the parallelism between the automatic patient, the somnambulist, and the victim of commonplace abstraction. The somnambulist has in all ages excited the curiosity, often the fear, and not unfrequently the superstition of his fellow-men. By Horstius we are told that sleep-walkers were named "the ill-baptized," from an idea or belief that their acts arose from part of the ceremony of baptism having been omitted, and from the consequent misrule of evil spirits. This writer himself, whilst opposing this view of matters, strongly leans to the belief that somnambulists represented prophets and seers who were guided and influenced by angels. In

any case, it is by no means strange that the incidents of the sleep-vigil should have impressed the early mind with notions of a connection with an unseen universe. In the study of the sleep-vigil, we meet as before with stages and gradations which carry us from the waking dream or reverie to the more typical form of somnambulism proper. A form of sleep-vigil is known, for instance, in which the subject passes naturally, and without a disturbing interval, from the abstraction of the waking state into true somnambulism. Galen himself relates that he fell asleep whilst walking, and was aroused by striking his foot against a stone. Other cases are common enough in medical pages, in which persons have continued to play a musical instrument for some time after falling asleep, and similarly a reader and speaker has continued his recital during the earlier part of a sound nap. Here there is exemplified the passage, without a break, from abstraction to somnambulist action. It is difficult, indeed, to find adequate grounds for drawing any hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the person who "thinks aloud" in his day dream, and the speaker who, fast asleep, continues his flow of oratory.

But the more typical cases of sleep-vigil present us with a further development of practical wakefulness amid abstraction from outward affairs of the most complete kind. To the consideration and explanation of natural somnambulism we are aptly led by the details of that artificial sleep-vigil which has received the popular name of "mesmerism" or "hypnotism." It is not our intention to say anything in the present instance regarding a subject which in itself presents material sufficient for a lengthy and extended investigation: we may, however, briefly glance at the essentials of this curious state in its especial relations to somnambulism and dreams. All physiologists are agreed that the explanation of the curious phenomena, which Mr. Baird, of Manchester, was the first to examine and report upon scientifically, rests in the fact that the hypnotized subject is firstly an easily impressed or susceptible person, and secondly, that the attention is fixed and strained under

the influence of a powerful will and of a dominant idea or ideas proceeding from the operator. In his trance-like state, the subject is completely dominated by the ideas of the mesmerizer. As Dr. Maudsley remarks, "He feels, thinks, and does whatever he is told confidently that he shall feel, think, and do, however absurd it may be. If he is assured that simple water is some bitter and nauseating mixture, he spits it out with grimaces of disgust when he attempts to swallow it; if he is assured that what is offered to him is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, he smacks his lips as if he had tasted something pleasant; if he is told that he is taking a pinch of snuff when there is not the least particle of snuff on his finger, he sniffs it and instantly sneezes; if warned that a swarm of bees is attacking him, he is in the greatest trepidation, and acts as if he were vigorously beating them off. . . . His own name he may know and tell correctly when asked to do so, but if it is affirmed positively to be some one else's name, he believes the lie and acts accordingly; or he can be constrained to make the most absurd mistakes with regard to the identities of persons whom he knows quite well. There is scarcely an absurdity of belief or of deed to which he may not be compelled, since he is to all intents and purposes a machine moved by the suggestions of the operator." So far as this exact description goes, there would appear to be a close likeness between the French sergeant described by Dr. Mesnet and the mesmerized subject. In both, the same mechanical phases are apparent, and in both the life and actions are distinctly automatic, and regulated essentially from without and at the will of the external guide and counsellor.

The natural somnambulist, in turn, closely resembles in his acts and habits the subject of the mesmerist's operations. It is a notable fact that in the scientific study of somnambulism great differences are found to exist in the relative activity of the senses. One sleep-walker may see but does not hear; a second may hear but be blind to external impressions. In some the eyes are closed; certain objects in one case may be seen, to the exclusion of others;

and one sense—most frequently, perhaps, that of touch—may become inordinately acute. Such considerations lead us toward the explanation of the remarkable dexterity with which a somnambulist will conduct himself in the most untoward and dangerous situations. Like the mesmerized subject, the sleep-walker will execute feats of strength, of manual dexterity, or of acrobatic agility, such as in his waking state he would never dream of attempting. There is present in such cases an increased flow of nerve-power toward the particular sense or senses concerned in the direction of the sleep-walker. Everything that concerns other senses or matters foreign to the exact business in hand, so to speak, is excluded from the mental view. There is but one idea animating the mind, and the whole brain-force may be regarded as concentrating itself for the performance of the task in hand. The somnambulist, in short, has become a temporary specialist in the matter of his dream, and his whole frame becomes subservient to the performance of the aim unconsciously set before him. On some such principle may we account satisfactorily for the walk during a sleep-vigil along the ledges of a house-roof, and the easy access to situations of peril. Under this unwonted stimulation of a special sense or senses, the difficult problems or unsolved tasks of the day may be successfully and unconsciously achieved during the night. The history related by Abercrombie in his "Intellectual Powers" of the sleep-vigil of an eminent lawyer illustrates the latter observation. A case involving the formation of an elaborate opinion had occupied this gentleman's attention for a considerable period. Rising from his bed in a sleep-vigil he was observed by his wife to pen a long communication at a desk which stood in his bedroom, the paper being carefully deposited in the desk, and the writer returning to bed. In the morning he related to his wife the particulars of a remarkable dream he had experienced, in which a clear train of thought respecting the case in question had occurred to him. To his regret, he added, he could not recollect the details of his dream, but on being referred to his desk the opinion in question was

found clearly and lucidly written out. Numerous instances of like successful solutions of intricate problems in mathematics have been placed on record, but the details teach the same lesson respecting the exaltation of mental power, stimulated probably by the efforts of the day, which may take place in the brain which retains its activity in the watches of the night.

Persons have been known actually to swim for a considerable time in the somnambulistic state without waking at the termination of their journey; others have safely descended the shaft of a mine, whilst some have ascended steep cliffs, and have returned home in safety during a prolonged sleep-vigil. More extraordinary, perhaps, as showing the close likeness between the abnormal and automatic acts of the French sergeant with an injured brain, and the actions of the somnambulist suffering merely from functional disturbance of the organ of mind, is the case of a young French priest, related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*." This subject was accustomed to pen his sermons during his sleep-vigils, and, having written a page, would read it aloud and duly correct it, even extending his alterations to include important grammatical and rhetorical effects. A card held between his eyes and his manuscript did not interfere with his work. After a page had been written it was removed, and a blank sheet of paper of the same size laid in its place, as in the experiment on Dr. Mesnet's patient. On this blank sheet the unconscious writer made his corrections in the exact lines in which they would have appeared in his manuscript—in this latter respect imitating to the life the sergeant's procedure. In respect of his sensations, the subject of the archbishop's notice evinced a more acute disposition than Sergeant F., for his words bore only upon the subject which was engrossing his thoughts, and he heard and saw only such things as immediately concerned his work; whilst he detected the difference between brandy and water, when the latter fluid was supplied instead of the former, which he had asked for. The subjects and thoughts of one sleep-vigil were remembered during the next, but he was

entirely unconscious in his waking hours of all that had taken place in his acted dreams.

It may thus be held that an injury of the brain may induce a condition closely allied in every respect to that exhibited in the natural sleep-vigil; the differences between the condition of the priest and Sergeant F. being those of degree and not of kind, and the superiority of intellect, if so we may term it, being, as might naturally have been expected, on the side of the somnambulist. The correlation of the acts of the automatic patient with those of the dreamer is too plain to be mistaken. In both cases there would seem on superficial consideration to have been a power of discerning objects and of constructing a written manuscript, well-nigh as wonderful as that of "second sight" itself. But the explanation of such conditions is to be founded upon the consideration that in somnambulism and in the automatic patient, as in abstraction, reverie, and simple dreaming, there exists the power of projecting outwardly from mind and brain a vivid conception of the object engaging the attention of the dreamer—a power intensified and accelerated, as we have already seen, by the concentration of the faculties—wholly withdrawn from the outer world—upon the one and engrossing subject of the vigil. It seems perfectly clear that, as has well been expressed, we meet in the somnambulist the actor of a dream, under conditions of mind produced by some functional disturbance of brain. In the closely allied automatic state, also, we find a condition of mind the result of direct alteration of brain-structure, in which, as in the sleep-vigil, there exists a power of the brain to guide the body in the absence of consciousness, as commonly understood—such a power being perchance merely an exaggerated form of that whereby the day-dreamer withdraws his Ego from the outer world and communes with the universe which his fancy builds.

But we may now profitably study the dream pure and simple, as a conclusion to these chronicles of the abnormal action of brain and mind. The dream is not rigidly separated from the sleep-vigil any more than the latter is removed from abstraction and reverie by a great

gulf fixed. The transition-stage between the dream simple and the dream acted is witnessed in the spasmodic movements which a vivid dream produces in the limbs or person of the sleeper. The dreamer engages in a fierce struggle, and twitchings of his legs and arms indicate the feeble response of body to the promptings of mind removed from its wonted power over the frame. Even the dog, as he sleeps, apparently dreams of the chase, and gives vent to his sensations by the short, sharp bark, or sniffs the air, and starts in his slumber as if in response to the activity with which, in his dreaming, he is hurrying along after the object of pursuit. But whilst dreaming may thus be shown to link itself to more unusual states of mind, it also presents us with a nearer approach to those fundamental conditions which constitute the basis of all the phenomena presented to us in the physiological history of sleep. From dreams we may start, as from a common centre, to well-nigh any and every abnormal state which mind and brain in their more unusual phases of action may exhibit; whilst conversely these phases may be often traced in their broad outlines and in their undeveloped state in the dream.

To approach the understanding of the dream in a satisfactory fashion, it is necessary to remind ourselves of the ordinary methods by which sensations or impressions are received and retained by the brain. Briefly detailed, and as already hinted at in a previous portion of this paper, the organ of sense receives, modifies, and transmits to the real seat of knowledge in the brain the conception of outer things impressed upon the sensory surface—eye, ear, or touch-bodies, as the case may be. From the brain the sensation converted primarily into the consciousness and knowledge of every-day existence may be reflected over the body to muscles or other organs, and therein produces effects corresponding to the nature of the original impression, and to the demands such a sensation makes upon the body and its interests. Just as often, however, impressions may pass from the outer world into the brain, and, whilst causing molecular stirrage in the seat of mind, may give no external sign

or symptom of their mental reception. Despite the want of such outward indication of the brain's response to outer stimuli, there may ensue an internal act on the part of the brain itself, by way of reaction upon the sensation it has received and registered. Thus we have opened up before us a new region for thought. As the sensation received by the brain may be reflected to the muscles and cause us to indulge in a walk or in some other form of muscular activity, so the brain may simply distribute its sensations within itself. We make acquaintance in this fashion with the doctrine of the "reflex action of the brain." Such a thought affords a clue of much value to the knowledge of the nature of dreams and the allied states we have already considered. It is obviously not in any sense necessary that consciousness should take part in this transmission, from one part of the brain to another, of ideas and impressions. Indeed, if personal experience is appealed to, we may urge that of the mere existence of such action we are not likely to gain any knowledge from the ordinary acts and method of our waking lives. And still less is the will concerned in this reflex action of the brain. Admit that the brain may act and react upon itself, in virtue of external impressions received by it and retained within its mystic portals, and we are furnished with a key which, if it may not unlock all the secrets of the mental chamber, may nevertheless supply us with materials for a due understanding of what dreams are made of.

We have seen that the faculty of abstraction and reverie passes naturally into that of sleep, and in like manner we may suggest that the presence of such a faculty depends on this power of the brain to commune with itself which we have just been considering. Trains of thought, received casually it may be and without awaking any active mental response or the slightest glimmering of consciousness, are thus reproduced in the dream, it may be with automatic faithfulness, or on the other hand distorted beyond such recognition as we might have possessed of the original ideas. Such is the simple dream. Carried to a further extent, the dream becomes associated with action; the re-

flex power of the brain extends its limits; the simulation of the every-day power of calling bodily action into play takes place, and the ideas of the dream become acted. The way of the sleep-vigil is thus inaugurated and produced as a temporary phase of mental activity. Under other circumstances, it may be this reflex action of the brain will project from its memory-stores the remembered ideas of long ago or the unconscious registrations of past years; and thus the "hallucination" and "illusion" appear also as the product of the same action which, in a modified degree, produces the harmless visions of the night. Starting from the simple sensation or impression, and beginning with its reception by the brain, we have but to think of the organ of mind reacting upon itself to form a starting-point for the outlines of a complete history of all mental acts, and of our walks in those strange byways of thought and action of which mention has been made in the context.

A very few considerations of interest, as bearing on the mechanism of dreams, may be added by way of bringing this already extended paper to a close.

Recent investigations into the functions of the brain point to the *central ganglia*, or those nervous masses (*corpus striatum* and *optic thalamus*) lying on the base of the brain, as the probable seat of the actions we have just been considering. These particular brain-ganglia appear to possess the direct function of converting intellectual operations into automatic actions. Thus the musical composition which at first requires the concentrated effort of mind to master it, may in a few days be "played off." The latter accomplishment is due to the "central ganglia," which, acting as private secretaries to the purely intellectual (and frontal) portion of the brain, have reproduced automatically what at first was an intellectual act and one demanding an exercise of attention and mental effort. The action of these ganglia in the production of dreams and somnambulism is readily understood, when we thus become aware of the facts that all parts of the brain do not possess the same intellectual value, and that these central masses are capable of forming reproductions and

imitations of our waking lives, during the hours of sleep. In sleep, or it may be in illness or after injury, these lower brain-centres, in a word, assume the functions of higher centres, and play strange pranks with the rational slumbering existence, or with the waking but abnormal life of the diseased brain.

Various distinguished writers remarking on the phenomena of dreaming agree in affirming that the thoughts of our sleeping hours must invariably bear some defined relation to the antecedent thoughts and events of our lives—it may be to the acts of the previous day; or, on the other hand, to ideas separated from our last waking moments by an interval whose years make up the best part of a life's duration. To say that dreams may deal with subjects of which we have never had any knowledge whatever is to suggest the indefensible proposition that we can and do remember all the events and ideas which have occurred and been present with us during our entire existence, or, in one word, that memory is practically omniscient and infallible; whilst against the idea just noted we must place the opposing thought, that the brain's action being largely unconscious in the common operations of receiving, and certainly in those of registering and preserving, impressions, it is more logical to conclude that dreams usually represent images and conceptions of material things—these material ideas or events being often indistinctly presented, frequently altered and transmogrified in their reproduction, and commonly projected within the range of our night-thoughts in a fashion which may defy our recognition and comparison of them as parts of the waking-life of former days. There is no lack of proof from many sides of the extreme probability that these assumptions represent the whole or the greater part of the truth about dreams. That the event suggesting a dream is one which may cause us some trouble in identifying it with our distorted visions is easy of proof from the side of practical experience. Impressions on some special sense will produce very characteristic dreams, the origin of which may take such trouble in its determination that we might well be tempted to deny the material origin of the vision. Dr. Reid

had a blister applied to his head, and dreamt accordingly that he had been scalped by Indians. Here the connection between the dream and the outward impression, manipulated so to speak by the brain, was clear. But that connection may be anything but patent in cases where a person dreams of being frozen to death, the exciting cause having been merely a deficiency of bedclothes on a chilly night. In a case related by Dr. Carpenter, where an eminent judge dreamt of being tormented by a crowd of lizards which were crawling over him, the origin of the dream was still more difficult to trace. The cause of his reptilian visitation was readily explicable, however, on his entering the apartment in which he had spent the previous evening, when he saw on the base of a clock a number of carved lizards. A similar instance is afforded by a personal experience of the writer, in which he dreamt that he was walking in a forest in which lizards of every hue and kind were engaged in a combat with humming-birds. Puzzling himself over the origin of this dream, it at last dawned upon his recollection that some time previously he had travelled in a railway-carriage having for his *vis-à-vis* a lady whose hat was decorated with humming-birds' plumage, fastened by a brooch accurately representing a lizard. By the same kind of association revived by memory, and often projecting forgotten reminiscences into the menal foreground, dreams are suggested which deal with events at first sight apt to be mistaken for those of utterly spontaneous nature. Maury relates that in early life he visited a village on the Maine named Trilport. His father had built a bridge at this spot. The subject of one dream was that his childhood days were again being spent at Trilport, and that a man in uniform, on being asked his name, told Maury that he was the bridge gate-keeper and mentioned his name, which Maury distinctly remembered when he woke. Of this name he had no recollection whatever, but on inquiring of an old servant of his father's if a person of the name in question was once gate-keeper at Trilport bridge, she replied in the affirmative, and mentioned that the man kept the gate when the bridge was built.

Thus does memory play strange tricks with our imagination, especially when the latter faculty runs riot in the absence of will and consciousness, and relates itself to the world of dreams. The supernatural theory of dreams and warnings recently revived in our midst is, after all, but a sop to the Cerberus of ignorance. It is easy—far too easy for the peace and comfort of many minds—to convert a mere coincidence between a dream and an event into a close relationship which sees in the dream a foreshadowing of the event in question. But in science, as in healthy common-sense, there is no justification for the continuance of such superstition. If certain dreams are warnings and portents, what shall we say of those to which no such function can be attached? And if of certain trivial events we are forewarned, what is the explanation of the striking anomaly, that of the grave disasters of life we usually receive no warning at all?

Dr. Maudsley says, "It has been justly remarked that if we were actually to do in sleep all the strange things which we dream we do, it would be necessary to put every man in restraint before he went to bed; for, as Cicero said, dreamers would do more strange things than madmen. A dream put into action must indeed look very much like insanity (*e.g.* the ordinary sleep-vigil), as insanity has at times the look of a waking-dream."

Poets without number have invariably treated dreams as the best type of the unrealities and idealities of life and nature. The physiologist, on the contrary, sees in the visions of the night no trifling objects unworthy of serious study and reflection, but indications and clues to the better understanding of the mysteries which beset our waking lives. "The grave portents" of the night in this view cast no shadow over the future, and exercise no sway over the destinies of the modern mind. They serve, however, a nobler purpose, as aids, through their revelations of the leisure-fancies of the brain, toward a knowledge of the boundaries which separate the realm of body from that of mind—boundaries which, in truth, "divide our being."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE SENSE OF TASTE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

ANIMALS eat, and, broadly speaking, one may say that a better popular definition of what is most essential to the idea of an animal as opposed to a plant could hardly be found than this habit of eating. In all the higher animals, at least, to eat implies a mouth—a special organ for the reception and often for the trituration of the natural food. This mouth is usually supplied with a tongue or discriminative service, the object of which is to enable the animal at once to distinguish between food that is good for it and food that is useless or positively injurious. The sense by which the animal thus discriminates between possible and impossible food-stuffs is called the sense of taste.

The lowest animals hardly need a sense of taste at all, at least in the developed form here contemplated; all is fish that comes to their net; they swallow and, if possible, digest every bit of organic matter they happen to come across in the course of their aimless peregrinations. Or, rather, they swallow whatever is smaller than themselves, and get swallowed by whatever is larger. Still, even in these lowest depths of animal evolution, we get in a very simple and undeveloped form some first faint foreshadowing of the faculty which becomes specialized later on into the sense of taste. When floating jelly-bag meets floating plantlet or floating jelly-speck under the microscope, it makes an effort to envelope the edible morsel all round with its own matter. But when it meets mineral bodies or uneatable things generally, it either does not try to envelope them at all, or if it coats them for a moment it soon rejects them as of no practical use for its own purposes. These simplest rudimentary animals, besides being all mouth and all stomach, are also all nerve and all sense-organ. Every part of them seems to possess in some feeble manner the power of discriminating between what is food and what is useless.

In the higher animals, side by side with the evolution of a definite mouth, jaws, teeth, stomach, and digestive and

assimilative mechanism generally, the power of discriminating food has been specialised and localised in the tongue, at the very front of the alimentary canal. In each species of animal, natural selection has ensured that the nerves of the tongue should correctly in the main inform the animal what food-stuffs were desirable for it, and what were undesirable. Clearly if it were conceivable that a race of animals should be so constituted that it liked poisons and disliked nutritious substances, that race must rapidly die out and leave no survivors. On the other hand, just in proportion as a race finds the indications of its sense of taste in harmony with the physiological effects of things swallowed in that proportion must it tend (other things equal) to prosper in life, and to hand on its own discriminative powers to later generations.

In the human species the gustatory tract has been divided by Prof. Bain into three regions, each of which has its own special and proper functions to perform in the economy of tasting. The tip of the tongue is mostly supplied with nerves which are really rather nerves of touch than nerves of taste, and which are cognisant for the most part of pungent, acrid, or saline bodies. Obviously this arrangement conduces to the greatest safety of the mouth and stomach. The very first thing we want to know about any substance which we think of swallowing is whether it is immediately destructive of the bodily tissues. Now, the nerves of touch distributed to the tip of the tongue instantly inform us on this important primary question. In tasting an unknown substance, indeed, we all of us instinctively try it beforehand by touching it very lightly with the tip of the tongue. If it is caustic, like vitriol, or pungent, like cayenne and mustard, or fiery, like spirits of wine, or warping, like borax or alum, the tip of the tongue instantaneously warns us that it is not a fitting substance to be swallowed whole-sale. This chemical sensibility of the nerves of the tongue is only a modified

form of the general chemical sensibility of the whole body. Mustard, made into a plaster, acts on the skin very much as it acts on the tongue, only less rapidly and less specifically. The warping effect of alkalies can be felt on any part of the body, and the fiery character of alcohol faintly affects the nerves of touch in the same manner as the nerves of taste. In short, the sensitiveness of the tongue in this respect is only an intensified form of the common sensitiveness of nerves generally.

When a substance has passed the first examination with the tip of the tongue, and has been pronounced harmless, it is handed over to the middle region, supplied with the nerves of taste proper. It is the special function of these nerves to discriminate between sweet and bitter objects, as well as between various tasty substances which we know distinctively as flavors. On the whole, it is clear that human beings like sweets, that the tongue responds favorably to the class of foods which contain sugar as a principal element. The reason for this strongly-marked preference is probably to be found in the ancestral fruit-eating habits of our race. To our early arboreal progenitors fruits were, of course, almost the only sweet objects known; they had as yet no sugar factories, and they doubtless seldom tasted even honey in the honey-comb. Hence it was natural that the presence of sugar should come to be the instinctive test, as it were, for the edibility of whatever object they happened to come across. In our modern artificial condition, where we use sugar to excess, and often in too concentrated forms, taste alone no longer acts as a safe guide; as children we eat too many sweetmeats, and in adult life we have no digestions: but that is only because we have altered the natural conditions, and have separated the sugar from the other wholesome food with which it is usually combined under its original circumstances. On the other hand, almost all bitter substances in the vegetable world are known to be poisonous, and our repugnance to bitter tastes is thus due to the registered experience of countless generations of early human or præ-human ancestors.

The third and lowest region of the tongue is the one cognisant of pleasures and pains in immediate sympathy with the stomach. The feelings we experience in this part of our throats can scarcely be properly described as tastes; they are best characterized, in Professor Bain's well-chosen language, as *Relishes* and *Disgusts*. When we have begun to chew a piece of wholesome beef-steak in healthy hunger, we are conscious of a certain pleasurable sensation as it reaches the back of the tongue which induces us to persevere with the action of swallowing, and finally commit it to the digestive apparatus. On the other hand, when we take a dose of cod-liver oil, we are conscious, at the same stage in the proceedings, of a certain physical repulsion to the act of swallowing it; something seems to rise up instinctively in the throat which warns us that cod-liver oil is a remarkably difficult substance to digest and assimilate. The sensations thus experienced are purely premonitory of the effect of the food taken upon the stomach. Accordingly, they vary much, according to our state of health or appetite. However seasick we may be, pungent things are still pungent to us, acid things acid, bitter things bitter, and sweet things sweet. But meat, fat, oils, and so forth, produce effects very different from their ordinary results. The tastes discriminated by the lower part of the tongue are all of this character; and the things which find it most difficult to pass the final examination here are tainted or putrid meats, very rich or buttery dishes, and other indigestible or bilious substances.

Thus we may say roughly that the threshold of the mouth warns us against whatever will prove absolutely destructive to the tissues generally; the central region distinguishes between what is ordinary human food, and what is poisonous or otherwise deleterious when taken internally; and the lower portion of the tongue and throat pronounces finally upon the digestibility and fitness for the stomach (in its passing condition) of the food which has successfully passed the two earlier preliminary examinations.—*Knowledge*.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE, EXTENDING OVER
TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE publication of "The Wandering Heir" in a Christmas number of the *Graphic* yielded Mr. Reade a large sum, and with the money thus earned he rushed headlong into management, and produced a drama founded on this story. As usual, the London theatres were closed against him, and being occupied with my engagements in various parts of the country, I could no longer assist him as I used to do. He therefore took the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, where the risk and responsibility were great, and the profit little, if any.

At his request I came over to Liverpool from the Isle of Man to see the production of the "Wandering Heir." Mr. Tom Taylor and his family had been staying in Douglas for the season, and as they were returning on the Monday they asked us to stay to accompany them. More than once I regretted that we did not take their advice, for when they came over, the sea was like a mill dam, while we had a most awful passage; a ship, with all hands aboard, went down before our eyes, and we reached Liverpool more dead than alive. Nevertheless we managed to crawl to the theatre that night somehow, and oh, how kind and hospitable Reade was! He gave up his own rooms to us and welcomed us with all his old winning grace and ever-genial hospitality.

After the run of "The Wandering Heir" in Liverpool, Mr. Reade organized a company to take it on tour. He commenced operations in Nottingham, where he invited me to come and stay with him for a few days, and a very jolly time we had of it out of the theatre. In it, he was still doomed to be unfortunate, for the houses were wretched. Subsequently, he brought the piece and his company to Leeds; here again he was disappointed, so was I. Anyhow, there was no use crying over spilt milk, so I proposed that we should go over to the

Theatre House in York for two or three weeks.

Dear old York is a charming city at all times, but in the summer it is delightful! This holiday is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life; we both cast care to the winds, and gave ourselves up to idleness and enjoyment. In the brief holidays of a busy life I have always felt like a truant schoolboy who had broken bounds, and that if I were found out I should be secured, and driven back to my books; and I believe this was what Reade felt at that time. Certainly, he was the biggest boy in the house, always a jest on his tongue, always a laugh on his lips. Day by day we explored the antiquities of the city and the neighborhood; then there was driving, boating and swimming. In those days he stripped like Hercules, and easily knocked me out of time in swimming, though in walking I certainly had the best of it. At night we returned, hungry as hunters, and so with good company, good fare, quaint stories, honest mirth and song, the joyous hours sped fast, till the bell of the old minster reminded us that it was time to go to rest if we meant to get up at a reasonable hour on the morrow. The days passed all too quickly. He had to return, to take charge of his company, and I had to go somewhere to act.

Up to the very last, Mr. Reade regarded this little holiday as a green spot in his life. Only last summer, after a fit of despondency he brightened up and exclaimed: "Ah John! if we could only recall the days and nights at York, at Lion House*—the health, the strength, the appetite, the happy hours. Ah me! ah me! the days that are no more!"

The tour of "The Wandering Heir" continued to be unsatisfactory. The want of attraction in the piece Reade charged to the stupidity of the public. He became quite obstinate on the subject, and to prove the provincial public

* My house at Leeds.

wrong, he took the Queen's Theatre, then in the market, and brought out the unfortunate play there. It commenced admirably, but in the result, as usual, was a considerable loss.

Soon after this he telegraphed me to dine with him at the Garrick, to discuss an important proposal, which turned out to be that I should join him in management at Astley's in a revival of "It is Never Too Late to Mend;" but I had not refused scores of offers to act in London to *débüt* at Astley's in a convict's dress and a scratch wig after all. I therefore not only declined to participate in the speculation, but tried to dissuade him from it. It was in vain that I recalled to his recollection the Boucicaltian fiasco at the "Theatre Royal, Westminster." "He would have a shy," he said, "if he lost his hat." Anyhow, he lost his money.

Two years after I entered upon my ill-starred speculation at the Queen's Theatre. Reade was once more in his element—scarce a day or a night passed that he was not at the stage door, or my house, advising, suggesting, and taking as much interest in the fortunes of Henry V., as if he were to be the hero of Agincourt, instead of myself. Months of hard work began to tell on me. A few weeks before the production took place he said to me, "You seem tired and over-worked—I want you to be as fresh as paint when you come out. Let us run down to Oxford for a week, and I'll undertake to freshen you up." So to Oxford we went. He did the honors of the glorious old city, showed us all the lions, the stately colleges, the beautiful gardens, the statues, the libraries, the Bodleian especially, where he assisted me in hunting up certain authorities I wanted. On Sunday, he donned his cap and gown, and escorted us to his collegiate church. It seemed strange to hear everybody call him "doctor," though not at all strange that every one he met seemed to know him, and to love him. I asked the "doctor" where the theatre was. He flushed with indignation, as he made answer:

"In the old times plays were acted in the colleges by the great players of the Elizabethan age, and later periods, before kings and queens, chancellors,

vice-chancellors, deans, proctors, and the like; yet now, here where every stone in the street knows my footfall, where, please God, my name will be remembered when I am dead—now, while I am living, there is not a place where one of my plays can be acted, for the theatre—the theatre, my dear boy, I should be ashamed to show it to you—would disgrace a decent show at a country fair." While listening to this indignant denunciation, I little dreamt that in time to come I should even for a single night be condemned to act in the miserable shed which, to the discredit of the municipality—the authorities of the University—and the nineteenth century, is still designated the "Theatre Royal, Oxford."

When the curtain fell on "Henry V.," on the night of my *début* in town, Charles Reade was the first man to come round to my room to congratulate me, and the last to leave it. Had I been his son, he could not have taken greater pride in me, nor have manifested more tender sympathy. The next morning, at ten o'clock, he was at my chambers. A certain journal had distinguished itself by the virulence and mendacity of its onslaught on me. He burst out, "You've seen it, of course you have. Some damned good-natured friend would be sure to let you know. Don't heed it, my dear boy, don't heed it. Look how they served me. Remember how that wooden-headed bully and blockhead in the "Edinburgh," and writers in the "Saturday," let me have it. Bah! what does an idiot like that know about Shakespeare? What was it Dryden said to Nat Lee?

" 'They praise while they accuse
The too much vigor of your youthful muse,
For how should every sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian, or of Angelo?'

"There, there, not a word about it; don't even think of it. We shall expect you to dinner to-night, seven sharp. Ta, ta," and away he went, leaving me all the better for his sympathy.

His next productions were "Foul Play," transformed into "The Scuttled Ship," at the Olympic, and a comedy taken from a piece of Sardou's, of which, though I saw it acted in Paris and Rouen (much better acted at Rouen

than in Paris!) I cannot recall the name. I believe both plays achieved a *succès d'estime*, but that was all.

A story was soon after this published in America, called "That Lass o' Lowrie's." It was written by a lady, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, evidently an Englishwoman, for it was a very faithful picture of Lancashire life. Reade dramatized it, and once more had recourse to the Amphitheatre at Liverpool for the production of "Joan"—so he called the new play—and again the ill-luck which persistently attended his every attempt at management, followed him.

Soon after this I happened to be fulfilling a fortnight's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. To my astonishment and delight, Mr. Reade turned up at my rooms the morning of my arrival (his lodgings were but a stone's throw from ours). While we remained in Manchester, we were inseparable. "Joan" was being acted at the Queen's Theatre there, by his company. He admitted frankly that it was a commercial failure; he could not understand the reason why, but there was the fact staring him in the face nightly in the shape of empty benches.

We were so fortunate as to "strike oil" in my play of "Valjean," taken from "Les Misérables," which, when last in Paris, I had obtained Victor Hugo's permission to dramatize. Guided as usual only by practical results, Reade turned his back upon his own play, and came to see ours nightly. After he had been once or twice, he began, after his old fashion, to take stock of the audience, and to interpret the play through their smiles and tears and their applause. Evidently this popular barometer satisfied him, for that night at supper, he proposed to me to come to town, and open the unfortunate Queen's with "Valjean," at Christmas. He would provide a magnificent *mise en scène*, revise the play, and attach his name to it as joint author. He was eager for the fray, and wanted to go into it at once. Unfortunately I had made other engagements, and was thus compelled to forego a chance which might have retrieved his losses and my own.

As we went away into the winter's

night, or rather morning, for it was two o'clock when we started for the North, he took a huge silk muffler from his own neck, and tied it round mine. We never paid so dearly for seeing a play—for the very marrow in our bones seemed frozen when we got to Glasgow the next day.

The failure of "Joan" almost disgusted him with the theatre, and he retired from active participation in the fight, when to his astonishment and delight "It is Never Too Late to Mend" landed him once more in the full flood of success at the Princess's Theatre, where it ran for an entire season.

CHAPTER II.

AT or about this time I came across Zola's loathsome book, "L'Assommoir." It struck me that some of the incidents might be utilized in a drama of English life, and when my play was completed, and ready for representation, I came up to town, and found that Mr. Reade had gone to Paris, to see the drama then acting at the Ambigu, and to confer with Zola on the subject of transferring it to the English stage. I wrote to Reade telling him what I had done in reference to the same subject, and asking whether my piece would trespass on his *donnée*.

He wrote me in return, reminding me how often he had been baffled and defeated in the theatre—assuring me that he was in sight of port at last, and implored me in the name of our old friendship not to cross him in the ambition of his life. I could not withstand this appeal, and my unfortunate piece disappeared into the waste-paper basket. A few months afterward, "Drink" was produced, and I was delighted to find him once more a successful dramatist. Money came rolling in in abundance; he was happy, triumphant. In the midst of his happiness, at the height of his triumph, the blow fell which left him a desolate broken man. I was abroad at the time, but there is a letter lying before me now in which, after recording the continued success of the new play, he refers to the struggles of his youth, the vicissitudes of his manhood, his repeated failures, his perpetual disappointments in the theatre, "and now," he continues, "now that I have

obtained the summit of my ambition—now that I am rich and prosperous, now. . . .

There is an inscription on a tomb in Willesden Churchyard, which will best tell the remainder of the sad story. I quote the epitaph in full.

"Here lies the great heart of Laura Seymour, a brilliant artist, a humble Christian, a charitable woman, a loving daughter, sister and friend, who lived for others from her childhood. Tenderly pitiful to all God's creatures, even to some that are frequently destroyed or neglected, she wiped away the tears from many faces, helping the poor with her savings, and the sorrowful with her earnest pity. When the eye saw her it blessed her, for her face was sunshine, her voice was melody, and her heart was sympathy. Truth could say more, and Sorrow pines to enlarge upon her virtues, but this would ill accord with her humility, who justly disclaimed them all, and relied only on the merits of her Redeemer. After months of acute suffering, bowing with gentle resignation, and with sorrow for those who were to lose her, not for herself, she was released from her burden, and fell asleep in Jesus, September 27th, 1879, aged 59 years. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy" (Matt. v. 7). This grave was made for her and for himself by Charles Reade, whose wise counsellor, loyal ally, and bosom friend she was for twenty-four years, and who mourns her all his days."

Twelve months or more passed before we met again. He was greatly changed, and lived more in recalling the past and preparing for the future than in the present; but we found many topics of common interest, and he loved to talk of old times.

I persuaded him with difficulty to accompany me once or twice to the theatre. We went to Drury Lane to see the Meiningen people, who appeared to interest him.

When I next quitted London, I understood from him that he was engaged upon some Biblical studies, and that he did not intend to write for the theatre again.

To my astonishment, a few months after I left town, I received the following letter:

"BLOMFIELD VILLAS, October 16, 1882.

"DEAR JOHN: I was in hopes you would have reported progress from the Channel Isle" (Jersey) "ere this. . . . Will you now kindly draw on your memory and send me a list of good old short pieces, say forty-five minutes, merry, but interesting, and notall practical jokes and nonsense? I want one for the Adelphi, which I lease from November 18th, for three months,

to bring out our new drama—"Love and Money." Low comedian, young man, two or three ladies if necessary.

"Yours always, READE."

I was rather glad to hear that he was in harness once more, knowing as I did that loneliness and want of occupation would prey upon his mind.

He told me, afterward, that he had gradually drifted into this speculation against his inclination. The American right of the drama, "Love and Money," had been disposed of for two thousand pounds, to an enterprising manager in the States, upon condition that it was to be brought out first at the Adelphi Theatre. The money was paid in advance. All at once a difficulty occurred; the management of the Adelphi declined to accept the play! If it was not produced there, the purchase-money would be forfeited. The authors were on the horns of a dilemma. In the end they decided to take the theatre stipulated in the agreement, and produce the drama themselves.

To give a fillip to the business, the drama of "Dora," founded upon Tennyson's poem of that name, was revived. I ought to have referred to this play in the chronological order of its production, but women and actors are not good at dates. I remember, however, as though it were yesterday, that seventeen or eighteen years ago, Reade took me and a couple of friends down to Richmond, and gave us a dinner at the "Star and Garter," previous to which he read us "Dora," and much delighted us.

What a charming work it is! I am convinced, even now, that, properly placed, in a small theatre, it would run for an entire season. It was, however, as unfortunate on its revival as on its first production at the Adelphi in 1867, when Reade wrote a pamphlet, in which he vivisected the unfortunate painter, whom he alleged had damned the play. Once I ventured to take up the cudgels on behalf of his victim, stating moreover that he was dead.

"So is my piece, sir, and he killed it," roared the irate author.

The last time I met Mr. Reade in a theatre was at Drury Lane, the first night of "Freedom," in August, 1883. He had just returned from the Conti-

ment. He seemed feeble and tired, and left before the play was over. I brought him out and put him into a cab. He wished me to go home with him, but, unfortunately, I had a lady with me whom I had to pilot to the wilds of Clapham, a circumstance I have regretted ever since, for he seemed to feel rather hurt by my refusal.

I think that this was his last appearance in a theatre.

It was in the natural fitness of things it should be so; it was in that theatre that he saw "The School for Scandal" when he came to London a boy; it was in that theatre that "Gold" was produced; it was there that I had last met him when the Meiningers were acting. It was there he first saw a play in London; it was there he last saw one.

His career as a dramatist was now over, although he did not think so, for whenever he spoke of the theatre, he forgot old age, sorrow, and even regret, while "his ashes lived in their wonted fires."

After we met at Drury Lane, I was a frequent visitor at Shepherd's Bush, until he took that fatal journey to Cannes. To the last his interest in the theatre remained unabated, and it was his intention, on his return, to go into management once more.

His play of "Griffith Gaunt" had never been acted in town, and its success, when produced in the country, by the late Mrs. G. V. Brooke (Avonia Jones) had been but doubtful. It was a pet subject of his, but he was dissatisfied with the construction of the drama, and he asked me to take it in hand and see what I could do to remodel, and put it into shape.

I entered into his views *con amore*; rewrote the fourth act, and revised the last act, very much to his satisfaction. He was quite sanguine as to its chances of success, and entered into an arrangement with me to manage a theatre for him, on his return from Cannes, but alas! *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE bringing these remembrances to a conclusion, I propose to speak, not of the brilliant dramatist, the great writer, but of the dear friend, the large-hearted, hot-headed, impetuous, gen-

erous, loving, and lovable man: the man, who was brave as a lion, and gentle as a lamb, the man who was "the truest friend, and noblest foe," I have ever met. It is not to be supposed that during all these years, and the many transactions that occurred between us, we did not have some differences; we were both too human to be infallible. Others will doubtless dwell upon his weaknesses, his faults. I do not care to note the spots on the sun, it is enough for me that he irradiates the earth, and lifts my soul to Heaven.

Were I to tell of the thousand generous and benevolent actions done by Charles Reade, in silence and in secrecy, I should require a volume. A few instances however will suffice.

Of course every one knows that on the occasion of the famous trial in which the late Hepworth Dixon was concerned, Reade sent him, unasked, a cheque for a thousand guineas; that Dixon did not accept the offer, does not diminish Reade's generosity.

Two summers ago, he asked me to go down to see a play of his at an East End theatre. I did, and reported favorably upon an actor who played a principal part. The next day that gentleman received a complimentary letter and a "little cheque" from Mr. Reade.

A poor fellow, in great straits, wrote only a few months back imploring help, in the name of the dead. He received by return of post a bank-note, merely inscribed "A Voice from Willesden Churchyard."

The wife of a literary man then dying, and since dead, wrote Mr. Reade, asking the loan of a few pounds. She received for answer, "Madam,—I never lend money, except on good security, but please hand the enclosed to your husband."

The husband opened the letter, and found a cheque for £30, with a hasty scrawl: "Dear X.—A dear dead friend has left a little fund at my disposal. If she were alive, I know she would send you the enclosed, I am therefore only carrying out her wishes. I send it upon one condition, that you get down to Margate immediately and save your life for the sake of your wife, who is an excellent woman."

A poor lady, whom we had both

known well in the heyday of her youth and beauty, the widow of a mutual friend, a distinguished actor and manager, "had married again in haste and repented at leisure." This haughty and imperious beauty was struck down with a mortal malady. She wrote one line, "Dear Charles Reade, I am ill, dying, in want."

He was in her miserable garret as soon as the first hansom could take him there. Two hours afterward, he had removed her to decent apartments, placed her under the charge of a Sister of Mercy, and one of the most eminent physicians in London. It was too late to save, but not too late to soothe her last moments, and to surround her with everything Reade's generous care could provide.

One instance concerns myself. At a critical period of my life, I had lost my whole fortune in a disastrous enterprise, which left me high and dry without a shilling. I had dined at Albert Gate the night before. Next morning, Reade burst into my room, and planked a bag of sovereigns on the table, quite sufficient to enable me to tide over my immediate necessities, exclaiming abruptly:

"I saw you seemed rather *géné* last night; there, that's something to buy postage-stamps with, and if you want any more, there's plenty left where that came from." And he was gone, before I had time to reply.

During my visits to Shepherd's Bush last summer, his health fluctuated, but I thought he was more hypochondriacal than really or seriously ill. The sequel showed how much I was mistaken, and yet he wrote and worked pretty much as usual. Indeed at this very time he informed me he had completed a novel, which he has revised and left ready for publication, and which is commenced in this very number of *Temple Bar*. When the weather was favorable, he would occasionally take an hour or two's drive, or pick himself up for a game at lawn-tennis, but he soon became fatigued; and after dinner, in the very midst of conversation, he would drop off into a stupor of sleep for an hour or two. Years ago when we were traveling together, whenever I had to act at night, it was my custom immediately

after dinner to adjourn to the nearest sofa for my siesta, a pleasant but pernicious habit acquired from long companionship with my earliest friend, the late Charles Mathews, who always found it indispensable to take forty winks before going to the theatre. At these times Reade used to chaff me about my indolence. I replied, "Ah, it's all very well; but you haven't had a dozen letters to write after a long rehearsal, and you haven't to air yourself before the public for four or five hours to-night; but / have!" Now it was changed: it was his turn to sleep, mine to watch and wait. When he awoke he would soon pull himself together and say, "Ah, John, it's your turn to chaff now."

His eyesight, which had always been weak, now got worse and worse. Even when a dozen candles were alight (he never used gas) he would exclaim querulously, "Dear me, how dark it grows!"

All these symptoms of decaying nature alarmed me, though I did not think the end was so near.

The last night I was at Blomfield Terrace, previous to his leaving England, he read me a remarkable paper which he had written on the Book of Jonah. The subject was handled in his most masterly manner, but in the full flow of his impetuous eloquence, we stumbled upon one of his characteristic blotches. It was to this effect:

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

I made a *moue*—he stopped and said:

"You don't like the hog, I see."

"I don't," I replied. "Do you?"

"Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people; but you are right, John—yes, you are right, it's scarcely scriptural—so out it goes."

It seems appropriate to recall that on that occasion we, as we had done many a time and oft before, discussed the everlasting problems of life, death, time, and eternity.

Years ago he appeared to me somewhat agnostic in his views, now he hoped with a child's humility. When I was leaving after some hours' earnest conversation, he said:

"Well, when all is said and done,

when Tyndall and Huxley have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that protoplasm is the beginning—when Darwin has shown that the great gorilla is the middle, and Mill has proved that annihilation is the end, there yet remains this fact, which they can't get over, there can be nothing more wonderful in our going hence, than our coming here! Therefore, perpend, my son, here are two quotations both by great authors, Charles Reade and Alexander Pope. The first is this (two lines from your pet part, John):*

"There are on earth but two things which never die, Love which decays not, and Faith which binds the soul to Heaven!"

"The last is:

"Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!"

"Now 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' those two choice morsels; meanwhile, remember Albert Gate at four tomorrow."

On the morrow I was at the old home at Albert Gate, according to appointment. It had not been occupied for some time, and Mr. Reade had just arranged to let it. On my arrival I was shown into his disused study, the one so graphically described by him in 'A Terrible Temptation.' He had not yet come, but was expected momentarily. I had not been there for five years,—how dreary and dismantled it looked. The withered leaves which had fallen from the trees in the garden, had been blown under the door-sill, into the room; the fire was nearly out; the gloom of the gray wintry afternoon was settling down steadily from the gloaming into the murk. How changed it all seemed since the old happy times!

Presently he came in; strange to say, he had not looked so bright and cheerful for ever so long. Age became him—his white beard and silky white hair looked quite handsome; his eyes were sparkling, his cheeks a little flushed. His dress, too, was singularly becoming. He wore a large seal-skin coat, seal-skin gloves, and his usual sombrero. Round his neck was a large soft muffler

of white silk. When we parted he seemed elate and confident. Of the two I was the more sad and disheartened at his going away, although I little dreamt he was going to his death. I wished him Godspeed, renewed health and strength, then he went one way, and I another.

I had promised that I would settle some business for him at the Adelphi Theatre that evening.

Having executed my commission, I duly advised him thereof. Not hearing from him I wrote again, and received the following letter in reply:

HOTEL SPLENDIDE, CANNES, 4th Dec., 1883.

"MY DEAR COLEMAN: I certainly must have missed your letter somehow, and now write to thank you for your zeal and ability on my behalf.

"I shall be happy to receive communications from you with regard to any matter of public or private interest, so please note my address.

"My own condition is a sad one. Either I have a cancer in the stomach or bowels, or else a complete loss of digestion. So far as animal food is concerned I have been obliged to resign it entirely, excepting in the form of soup, and soup is to me, as you know of old, little better than hot water. I am making arrangements to have a cow milked twice a day into my pitcher, and if two quarts of milk and twelve raw eggs *per diem* will keep an old man alive, I may live another year.

"This is a delightful place, if you keep in the sun, which is quite as warm as the sun of May in England, but it only warms the air where it strikes it. I find it winter in the shady streets, and everywhere after sunset; but there is great difference between the temperature of this place and Paris, for here are avenues of palm-trees flourishing, not in boxes, but in the bare soil, not very lofty, but with grand and beautiful stems; there are also aloes in bloom, and orange orchards weighed down with the golden fruit; there are also less pleasant indications of a warm climate: the flies are a perfect pest during meals, and at night I am eaten up with mosquitoes.

"Now what are you doing? Please tell me. I have never been well enough to work on 'Griffith Gaunt,' but I have got your MS. by me, and fully appreciate your excellent suggestions. . . .

"The charge for a letter to me is now only 2½d., and in my solitude and affliction, a little gossip from my old friend will be doubly welcome. Write me as soon as possible a good long letter, attack a sheet of foolscap, don't be afraid of it, and above all

"Believe me, now and always yours,
"CHARLES READE."

In compliance with his request, I gave him a full and particular account of all

* Father Radcliffe in "Two Loves and a Life."

that was going on in town, at the theatres, etc., and endeavored to laugh him out of his sad presentiments, quoting the examples of Lyndhurst, Disraeli, Gladstone, Montefiore, etc. After this I wrote three or four times, but the above is the last letter I ever received from him. Knowing how erratic he was in his correspondence, his prolonged silence, though it pained me, gave me no cause for alarm, especially as I had read his letter on the Belt case, published in the *Daily Telegraph* immediately after the Lord Chief Justice had formulated his extraordinary dictum, as to the value of opinion *versus* fact. In this, Reade's last published utterance, I was delighted to find all his old intellectual vigor, and all his irresistible logic, all his remarkable power of grouping facts, and balancing the weight of evidence for or against, all his judicial faculty of deciding fairly and impartially upon the merits of any case in which he was not himself personally interested. To my thinking, he had never struck out straighter from the shoulder, never written anything better, or stronger; I concluded therefore that he was regaining health and strength, and I looked forward to his returning, like a giant refreshed, to commence our campaign next season.

I was soon disillusioned. On Thursday, April 3d, I was startled by the news that he had returned to England dangerously ill. I went down to Shepherd's Bush at once and begged to see him; but the doctors had given imperative instructions that no one was to be admitted, except those who were in immediate attendance upon him. I was informed that he had been alone (save for his secretary) through the winter, and finding himself death-stricken he had summoned his relations to take him home. They found him almost in *articulo mortis*. When they arrived at Calais the Channel was dreadfully rough. In his best days he was a martyr to *mal de mer*, and had a horror of the sea; it was this alone which prevented him from accepting numerous invitations to visit America, where he was more popular even than in his own country, and where a royal welcome awaited him, any time these twenty years.

For nearly a week his departure was delayed by the weather. At last came a lull, of which his friends took advantage. When they commenced to move him, the motion of the carriage caused him intolerable pain, but his nieces walked on either side holding his hands, and so they soothed him, until at last he consented to be carried on board. Strange to say, he suffered very little during the voyage; but the railway journey home shook him terribly. When he got to Shepherd's Bush he had just strength to articulate, "I have come home to die."

His words were prophetic. When they had carried him to his chamber it was only too apparent that he would never quit it alive.

It was the second time, within two months, that the shadow of death had fallen on that roof. Only a few weeks previous, the head of the house, "the Squire," as they called him down at Ipsden, Henry, the son of Charles Reade's eldest brother, a stout hearty man of forty, had been stricken down with a mortal malady, and died in that very room.

It is idle now to think of what might have been; but it is my firm conviction that if, years ago, before functional derangement had set in, Mr. Reade had consented to be guided by medical advice and to take physic (which he always detested), and submit to proper dietetic treatment, he would have been alive now. It is quite certain that the eminent physicians who attended him during his last illness found that all throughout he had been entirely mistaken as to the nature of his disease. There was no indication of cancer in the stomach; but for years he had been suffering from induration of the liver, and emphysema of the lungs, combined with functional derangement and impaired digestion.

From the moment of his return it was seen to be impossible for him to recover, but all that loving care and kindness could do was done to alleviate his sufferings.

On Sunday, April 7th, I took my last living leave of my poor friend. His nearest and dearest were around him. He was quite unconscious, and but the shadow of his former self. I asked him if he knew me, but he made

no answer. I thought he pressed my hand gently as I kissed his, but in such moments as these, our nerves are so shaken that we never really know what actually does take place; I only know I felt myself in the presence of death, and that I realized the fact, from which there was no escaping, that all hope was past, and that those who loved him best could only pray that the end might come soon—the sooner the better.

The favorable bulletins which appeared for the next few days did not deceive me, and I was not surprised when the news of his release came on Friday.

They told me, afterward, that toward the end he wandered slightly, sometimes spoke in French to imaginary servants who were helping him aboard the boat at Calais; that he called for money to give them; and then at last

"Life lulled itself to sleep, and sleep slept into death."

On Tuesday, April 15th, he was buried in Willesden Churchyard. The funeral rites were as unostentatious as his life had been. There were only ten chief mourners, kinsmen and old friends, among whom I was privileged to take a place.

Wilkie Collins was peremptorily ordered by his physician to refrain from attending; but he wrote a most touching letter, bewailing the loss of his oldest friend, a friend of forty years' standing.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, who had a few days previously testified so eloquently in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* to the sterling worth, the nobility of character, and the genius of Charles Reade, was also debarred from joining us.

The art of reading the "Order for the Burial of the Dead" with propriety is an accomplishment which appears to be rarely or ever included amongst the acquirements of the average clergyman; but on this occasion the inspired words were read so nobly that they gained an added beauty from their touching and tender utterance by the Vicar of Willesden, who is, I believe, an old friend of Mr. Reade.

The morning had been cold and gray; but the moment we left the church, the sun shone forth bright and glorious on the masses of flowers which were heaped upon his coffin, on the lid of which was the following inscription:

"CHARLES READE.
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.
Born, June 8th, 1814.
Died, April 11th, 1884."

"Dramatist" first, always first! At his own request, the words were thus placed. The ruling passion was strong in death, and to the last he remained faithful to his first and early love—the Drama.

When they laid him in the grave, as far as my eyes could see through the mist which rose before them, there were present two hundred people, more or less, amongst whom I could distinguish of men of letters, only two, Robert Buchanan and George Augustus Sala; of actors, only four, Messrs. Calhaem, Jackson, Billington and Davenport. I noted also two tender-hearted women, who came from a distance to strew flowers over his grave.

Had Charles Reade been a Frenchman, Paris would have been in mourning, the people in their thousands would have followed to his last resting-place the man who from the first moment that he took pen in hand, used it in behalf of the weak, the helpless, and the oppressed.

After all, what matters the absence of a few score actors, or a few thousand spectators? Their absence or their presence troubles him not now. He sleeps none the less soundly beside his "wise counsellor, loyal ally, and bosom friend."

"Though he is dead his name will live forevermore."

Yes! So long as England remains a nation, so long as the stars and stripes float over the great country which he loved next to his island home, so long as the language of Shakespeare and of Milton is spoken in any quarter of the habitable globe, so long will the name of Charles Reade be

"Familiar in men's mouths as household words!"

—Temple Bar.

FIDDLERS THREE.

I.

"DIAMINE! but we have been as near a quarrel as any three men could be, and yet escape it," said Pio, with some contentment of manner, though the flush in his face, and glitter in his eyes, told how excited he had been.

"That's true; but an argument is a glorious thing. Of all the means of chasing weariness, or getting over ground, that is the best, the truest, the safest—get well into an argument, and, *per Bacco!* the very dust that rises from your feet, as you stamp your feeling on the dry ground, takes form, and witnesses to the truth, or the difficulty, or the absurdity of the question you discuss; and so, instead of dulness wearying you, delight cheers you on, and by the time you have won your point, you have gained a league, or even more."

"That's right enough," said Benedetto, "if you don't lose your friend. But for my part, I always say, *prove* what you say. That's the best way. Don't talk and talk till you bring the heavens themselves on a level with the valleys, and so lose where you started from, and where you are going to; but say what you mean in *three words*, and then—silence! Stand like a stone pillar, with scales balancing on either side, and *prove* what you say; then, whichever way the balance goes, you are just the same—friends."

"*Sapristi!* you have reason, and yet are as without reason as the pillar you advocate. And I bless God that all men are not cast in that mould. Night and Day never shake hands, except in the presence of the stars (who are bound ever to keep the peace between them), but they *never meet or travel together*. Would you have all men black—or gold? No, no—no, no! Heaven forbid! An argument is *life*—especially when it is between such men as we three, who understand each other, and can give and take a hard word; and are bound together—*necessary* to each other, so secure from parting!"

"So we say, and yet but ten minutes ago it seemed as if each of us thought himself quite independent."

"True, my friend—that is the point of union. *I* am free from *you*—can exist without *you*—*you* without *me*—Benedetto without either; three independent men, each responsible only to himself. Together we work, eat, sleep, travel, each for his own personal plan; yet united." Henri gave a glance of admiration at his companions, and took to himself, mentally, the admiration which he felt ought to be given to him by both.

"Union means *concession*," said Pio.

"Undoubtedly," said Henri; "that is what I started with. I know that if you see that I am right, you will agree to do as I wish, and leave the long, difficult, passionate music for fit audiences at the theatre, and keep to the light music, which, you know, always pleases, and brings more pence than any other."

"Except marches," said Benedetto.

"Or melodies," said Pio. "I do not see the least reason to make it a personal question, or again risk a quarrel. It is not whether you, or I, or Benedetto play best, but which sort of music appeals to the largest public, and finds quickest sympathy. I am convinced that some melodies speak straight to the heart and soul. They are divine. It cannot be right to lay them aside and only play things which amuse without wakening a thought, or at best make people's feet long to move."

"Heaven and earth, what a result! Why do folks long to dance? Because their hearts are light; and I say that these tragic dirges are not fit for most people in ordinary life. Look at men, as they work—what are their faces? *Sad!* Then you play a pathetic, heart-breaking aria; and, from sadness, you either rouse them to tears, or sink them to apathy. But—a waltz! Why, a waltz has sentiment, lightness, brightness; drives away grief, and invites cheerfulness and gayety to fill the soul—till there is no room for even the shadow of grief or weariness."

"Try it," said Benedetto; that is all I say—try it!"

"So we will," said Pio. "But by that I do not give in entirely. I would

put it to the plain, practical test of money. We will try the three kinds of music, and each time go round with the hat. Then—"

"Then," broke in Henri, "I already see the result—the end I proposed is gained. No doubt, no doubt! Men have sorrow, and do not invite more; but gaiety, or any one who can bring gaiety, is welcome—welcome as the sun in the morning."

Benedetto seemed amused at Henri's eagerness to prove himself right. Pio smiled, as he listened to all the young man said with careful attention; then, after walking some steps in silence, he drew his violin from its green baize bag, and, holding it guitar-fashion, let his long fingers stray over it, and make an accompaniment to melodies he had in his head, and hummed a few bars occasionally.

"Well, here is an opportunity of proving what we argued," said Benedetto, as a turn in the road brought them within sight of a hill, at the top of which roofs of houses crowded in confusion above a range of dark trees, that showed how high the ground rose suddenly, lifting this village out of the way of passers-by, or of other towns.

"*That?*" said Pio—his dark eyes flashing, as if lighted from a fierce memory in his soul—his hand striking a deep, full chord that had defiance in it, though he let it die away into a wailing tremulous vibration before he stopped all sound—"that is a pig's town! Their commerce is fattening pigs and washing dirty linen! What would you expect *there?* Their *amusement* is gambling—for the first chance of indulging in vice. And warning men that their dirty coarse bodies are the only barriers between them and the torments of the hell which they now *make* and *enjoy*, is the duty of the devoted priest who lives in that tower, with the cypress beside it to filter the breeze as it sweeps up over their dens, so that the poison may not stifle him as he beseeches his guardian angel to stay, and not be terrified at the sights and sounds below. What can *they* judge of music?"

"It is an opportunity for an extreme triumph, and an unprejudiced judgment," said Benedetto, who had much stolid opposition in him.

"No," said Pio, decidedly. "I never again wish to set my foot inside their gates. Beyond that set of trees we shall come to the beginning of St. Antonio. It begins with the ruins of the Amphitheatre (where our forefathers displayed their courage), and the chapel built of seven stones to contain a crucifix of mysterious veneration. Then the house of a man, who had a heart so big"—Pio began again to make his violin sing its sympathy with his feeling and his voice; and he went on, in a kind of recitative, as if an unseen audience was listening at the end of the avenue of trees which lapped their branches overhead—"a heart so big—so big—a heart so big as to take in all the poor of the place; and give—give—give of his worldly substance, till he had nothing left for himself, and then wandered away bowed beneath the load of grief, mortification, and disdain that came with poverty. And then he proved—that certain words are true—It is more blessed—*more blessed—to give—*than to receive! . . . and then—he died!"

"Not so bad," said Benedetto, decidedly, when Pio ended.

Henri looked at Pio, but did not speak, as he paused, both in singing and accompaniment; and a dog, in the distance, gave a whine, as if the brute still held the legend of the baron's goodness amongst them, and would join in the dirge-like "memoria."

"There is his house," said Pio, putting his violin under his arm, and pressing his hat lower over his brows, as they came into the sunshine. "It is always clean and fresh: and has flowers about it, and a fountain sparkling near it. Everything that makes life pleasant; and the remembrance of him to beautify all. Into that town we will go, and there find people neither too bad nor too good—just the world as it is."

"That is well," said Benedetto, as they came near the railed-in garden, where the flowers were as luxuriant as the neat gardener permitted them to be. "What roses! One does not often see such profusion. I wonder what makes them bloom like that?"

"Who can tell?" said Pio, as they halted before the rails to look in. "They do say that the blessings of the poor he relieved still cling to the trees,

though he is gone. But, of course, that's fancy."

"*Diamine!*" said Benedetto, pulling off a leaf that came through the rails, and biting it, as thoughts jerked through his mind; squaring his shoulders, as he proposed problems, and answered them in silence. He would not have wished either of his companions to see what he thought, for he was questioning how far it was well to give way to fancy, and what fancy was, and whether they had not often lost many advantages by following whims; and whether he should take this opportunity for breaking away, and settling into a steadier, more useful, and respectable life than that he now led—one of a set of travelling musicians.

Pio had always loved independence, and said that music spoke to the heart and soul, and did as much good as preaching.

Henri was Pio's shadow, in a certain way, though not in his theory of music and its mission. Pio was his hero and his friend. He had been sick to death, far away from home, when Pio (visiting Benedetto in the hospital in Florence) had seen him, felt sympathy for him, and made friends with him. When he left the hospital, it was to Pio's room that he was taken; and Pio even took an engagement in the orchestra of a theatre, on purpose to support them both, while Henri was too weak to do anything for himself.

Henri was just over twenty. Pio was thirty—a tall, grave Italian, whose history came out in fragments, and seemed to be in the experience of emotion, not in family events. Benedetto had served with him in the same regiment—music bound them together. Pio relied on Benedetto's common-sense and good honest heart. Benedetto revered the feeling that gave him sympathy, and which somehow made him feel unworthy, and hungry after good at the same moment. He often said to himself that he and Pio were comrades, equal and independent. Pio never claimed superiority, but it was his unasked; and there was no question as to which should lead or decide or take responsibility. Henri, a true Frenchman, delighted in picturing himself as independent—liberty, equality and fraternity

meaning to him companionship with men who kept him out of trouble, and gave him time to gain experience and grow, before he had to put in practice ideas which were pure and beautiful enough to make his life happy, and give him inclinations to good.

Shops soon began; then the houses crowded together, and shut out the view of the plain, with the mountains beyond, and clouds that repeated the mountains in fleecy softness against the sky. It was a simple city, in the form of a cross, with a church at each point, and the cathedral in the centre; as if the folks in the olden times would nail their religion to their town by a vivid remembrance and repetition of Him who founded the religion.

A long street, starting from the river (beyond which stood the church of the Carmine, ever solemnly ready to bless the dead before they were carried on to the cemetery), was the great upright of the cross; the arms of the cross at either side stretched out till they reached the Amphitheatre and the chapel of the Crucifix on one side, the prison and the church of the Santissima Annunziata on the other; then the upright was lost, until again its true place was marked at the top of the mountain, by the grand old monastery of St. Benedict, where learned men still live, and wonderful books and manuscripts are stored, and truth, in art and religion, is kept as in an ark. There, too, a glorious church, rich not only in marble and painting, but in memories of saintly men (proclaiming, like an aureole, the presence of true sanctity), stands as a beacon, attracting men of all nations and degrees of learning and virtue to rest awhile in her presence, and take tokens of her treasures to the rest of the world.

It was an assize town, and it happened to be a Court day; so many people were in the town. Still, as the three fiddlers passed down the principal street, they were looked at, and noticed as strangers.

II.

"As you know the place so well," said Benedetto, "perhaps you have friends here?"

"No, not friends; unless memories are friends," said Pio. "But I met a

man here, who, without knowing it, decided for me what I should *admire*; and I think that wherever one first finds a hero, is, as it were, hallowed ground. So I think of this place as beautiful. And yet I have known people call it a hole, a fever-den."

"Where shall we go to play?"

"Here," said Pio.

It was the evening; the three friends had rested; and "*here*" was the court into which the back of their inn opened. As it happened, they could not easily have found a better place; for though the *locanda* in which they had rested was a very humble one, it formed only a part of the square, and the high buildings all round were filled by persons of all degrees—from wine-sellers and cobblers to the highest gentry of the place; for a part of the Palazzo belonging to the Deputato for the district came to one corner, between the back of a fine hotel and the remains of a prison.

Several of the old stone staircases were outside the houses, with strange square landings covered with little roofs, so that the families might bring out stools, and sit there in the air to work, and exchange greetings and gossips with others, in the balconies, or at the windows near.

Henri first struck a chord,—a simple fifth, with a note of interrogation—and admiration too—in its twang.

Benedetto quietly harmonized his strings, without a glance to either right or left.

Pio came forward turning back his shirt-cuff, to leave full play to his long wrist and fingers. He had his hat slouched forward over his forehead, so that only his bright eyes could be seen. He was difficult to satisfy, tuned and tuned, and settled himself on the top of a wine-barrel to screw and screw at the wretched strings, till one broke; and then his heart smote him for his unkindness to his friend, and he lovingly put on another, and, with the very tenderness of patience, lured it into harmony.

"They *must* stare," said he to Benedetto, when he remonstrated with him for taking so much time. "We want all their attention and their ears; let them, then, have time to satisfy their eyes first."

"Does that water always run and

splash?" asked Henri, pointing to a stream of water falling fast from the lion's mouth of a fountain, then lost beneath stones, to reappear gurgling in eddies in a square tank, over which a plank had been carelessly thrown to save passers-by from accidents.

"Yes, yes," said Pio; "these houses have been here for centuries, built here, over the spring. It was a bold thing to do. Men in those days married Art to Nature, instead of stamping her down, and standing upon her. So, you see, they made passages for the water to run in, and an honorable vase from which it could be brought to sparkle and get life from the air; and it thus joins in everything, and carries away the story of all that it sees and hears."

"I was wondering if it would drown the music," said Benedetto; "that was all."

"No," said Antonio, who was standing by; and he stooped and picked up a little trough, which he placed at the mouth of the lion, so that the stream might rush on uninterruptedly, yet in peace.

To please Henri, they began with a waltz.

Up in the highest balcony, or rather, on the leads, the sounds wakened echoes,—not merely in the arches near, but in the hearts of five poor women, who sat there at work. Two of these women were knitting (for the light was scarcely strong enough for fine embroidery), two who had keen sight were still sewing at a long seam, and the fifth was spinning. Three were young, and two were old; but in such monotony of industry and seclusion they were all much of an age, unless some outside event sent them to the standpoint Time had assigned them. Their simple thoughts dwelt on much the same subjects, the old remembering what the young hoped for and dreamed about, as they sat working, working, for a few centesimi, sewing all the experience of life into plain stitches—which none but the angels could see any meaning in, beyond the two facts that they kept cloth together and earned bread.

It was a waltz they heard, a real waltz, a beat that sent sensations into the very thread—and one moment stopped the work and the next drove it

on, as if the stitches were the echoes of the sound that had delighted.

Oh the sweeping deliciousness of that moving life! One—two—three! one—two—three! No one counted; but they felt it—steps gliding rapturously, wafting the body, while yet it was still, into an imaginative giddiness of exultation, by the variety it brought into the common world.

Several young men joined hands in couples, and danced with ease, and a certain grace, in the paved courtyard.

Looking up, all round, brown faces could be seen—faces of men and women of all ages and ranks in life; but, with scarcely an exception, with one genuine expression, *pleasure*. For in that city Music was a passion, and held the wills of all the classes in its mighty grasp; and the soft lilt of the dance wakened an answering lilt in the men, till the smiles and abandonment of the faces were nothing more than the shadows of forms which the melody took, as it gladly tripped on through its graceful varieties, till it reached an ecstasy and died away. Then people began to think, and their faces again became various; but when Henri stepped forward with his hat, the action was unanimous. Every one felt in his pocket for some coin to give.

The self-denying sisters, from their toil-earned money, gave a whole penny. Two centesimi from each—not to be despised. All those who know the cost of labor, and what those two centesimi had cost, would feel that.

That was a triumph. Henri knew it, and his companions were willing to acknowledge it. Ten minutes of ease, happiness, dreams of beauty, and pulsations of youth, to a great number of toil-worn human beings; ten minutes' absolute forgetfulness of the pain and anxiety of life.

It was indeed a triumph!

But they did not know of something else. The Signorina Marietta was there,—a Signorina, beautiful, rich, clever, of good family—but with a broken heart.

With the Signorina was her uncle—a tall, grave man, with a poetic face, grey hair that curled back off his temples,

and a soft moustache which hid the emotional mouth, that had a traitorish habit of deserting his eyes when they reproved or looked severe. Through this moustache he had gained the character of being hard; and, indeed, he frightened culprits when he was in his official chair as Sindaco, or in private life as the head of the family.

"Duty is never hard to do," he said, severely, to Marietta, as they sat together in the darkness of closed *persiani*, after dinner.

"That may be true, *zio mio*; but it is painful. And it is only saints who like to scourge themselves."

"And do you think I—like—to scourge you?" asked Don Orazio.

"No, indeed, indeed! But—"

"I do it! Yes, my dear, I do it. Very few women know what is best or right for themselves; and therefore it needs those who care for them, and the honor of the family in them, to guard them, and . . . *per Bacco!* but that is well played! One would not expect to hear such spirit and style *here!*" said Don Orazio, rising and going to the window that he might throw back the *persiani* and look out.

Marietta kept her seat on a corner of the broad divan that went round two sides of the room. A heap of pillows had been piled by her uncle at one end, that she might recline, and, if possible, sleep away her distress.

He had been to fetch her home from Rome, where, whilst visiting a friend, she had fallen in love with a handsome young sculptor, a man of good birth and poetic temperament, who had been taken by her lovely face, made a sketch of her as Innocence, and, whilst doing so, brought before her a golden future, bright as the scene from the terraced garden on a summer day, till—the light faded, and she found that the prospect before her contained only the outline of his face, and that in black crayon, softened only into delicacy when she looked at it through her tears.

"Give him up!" was the universal cry of the family.

"Then I will go into a convent," said Marietta.

In the end, her uncle, Don Orazio, who, though a bachelor, had an equal temper and a warm heart, came over to

fetch her away, and try if absence could dim the glowing fervor of the fancy.

This city was half-way; and they stayed here on purpose, that some few events or scenes should come in her mind, between Rome and her lover, and Naples and her home.

Her face had the stain of tears upon it; her hair was rough; her delicate hands were cut by the bright stones in her rings, from twining her restless fingers together convulsively—permitting them to express the torture that her heart endured, and her tongue dared not reveal.

Henri was leading, and his body almost trembled in his desire to excel. He was fond of dancing, and felt the fascination of the quick easy measure.

Don Orazio threw back the *persiani*, and the sound came uninterruptedly into the room. At first Marietta would not listen or care; but the sounds kept on—that beat of dancing feet—that minor tenderness—that champagne of laughter, frothing to the last.

Don Orazio turned from the window. Yes; Marietta was there, her hands clasped intently, and her eyes bright. The past and the future were joined in the tones of that waltz, and gave her the present—to enjoy, not to waste. She had no memories of common sensations, no thought of whirling round the room in her lover's arms, no mere fact to recall and give her pleasure. It was the new life that was awakened; the youth that has an instinct for justice and independence, and that rebels against control. She rose above her old beaten self, with her bruised pride and love. No convent for her, no escape into clandestine marriage (had such a thing been possible), but a swift throwing of herself on the waves of life, to float carelessly, happily, trustingly (if God pleased it) to her lover's feet; and if not—still to *float on*, and on, face upward, looking to the sky and sun!

Don Orazio pushed his delicately perfumed hair from his temples, and wiped his brow, on which the beads of perspiration stood; deliberately he seated himself, looking at Marietta, and within reach of her hand.

"My, love!" he said, and then he paused.

"Dear uncle!" said Marietta, look-

ing up, the light in her eyes still speaking of her excitement.

"My child," he said speaking very low, "youth is a very pleasant thing; one enjoys everything when one is young. It is sad that it passes so soon—so very soon. I could swear to you that, hearing that music, listening to that fair-like undulation of sound, it requires all my common-sense to make me believe that I am old; that already the color has gone from my hair, the lightness from my step. And yet it makes me recall that we each have but one draught to drink of that magic fountain, and so should try not to make it bitter with tears."

Marietta looked into his face—watched the pain that flitted over it, and in her own mind added for him the words he did *not* speak—"—as I did!"

"You are young—you have the cup to your lips—and—the tears are ready to drop into the draught as you drink—unless—"

"No," said Marietta, interrupting him firmly, "that is over, uncle dear! I will wait. I will not cry or fret."

"Child!" said Don Orazio, almost solemnly, "you did not make your own heart; and tears do not wait for our bidding. What a thing it is to be young—*young!*" The old gentleman sat, still dreaming, it seemed, of days long since gone by; he had Marietta's hand in his, and passed his fingers over it gently, as if he were blind, and was reading, by signs, mysteries he could not see. At length he said, beating the tips of her fingers against the palm of his other hand,—"Tears must cease, and hearts must not be broken. My tough old hand must hold thy heart till the wound is healed. Patience, little child, patience! Scourge thee, indeed! Did I say so? It is Time who holds the scourge, not I. Scourge thee, my pretty one? Nay, I will give thee my hand to console thee, while Patience brings the rest to pass."

Marietta knew what that meant. Patience, with Don Orazio, was another name for Fortune, and she was well content to be consoled, knowing that he would faithfully keep his word, and try to his utmost to make her love successful, and help her to wait, and then to marry. She it was who got up to kiss

his forehead, but her kiss had sadness in it; it was of consolation, not hope: the knowledge that no help of hers could take from his past any record of pain, or bring into his life (except in sympathy or remembrance) any of the joys of which he had spoken.

Together, this time, they went to the window to look out. Henri had collected the money, and was putting it into his pocket, a smile of satisfaction on his face; he was sure that no other collection that night would bring as much.

"Hist!" said Don Orazio, feeling in his waistcoat-pocket for some coin that should express his appreciation—at last being forced into selecting a piece of paper, worth ten francs, to wrap a penny in, that it might fall safely to the court below.

"To thee, and to me, they have been worth much, my child," he said gently—"yes, to each, to both of us, worth more than words can define, or than money can express."

Again the fiddlers began to play. It was Benedetto's trial. Melodies—one or two *canzone popolari*—one or two cheerful melodies from operas. Pio led; but Benedetto at times had to change, and take the lead; and then it was Pio, who, with ready skill, filled in the harmonies: for, though they were wanderers, they were all good musicians.

High up, in the very *locanda* where the three friends lodged, was a room—square and bare. In it were two rush-chairs, a table, and a bed. A towel hung on a peg, a basin and small jug of water stood on the floor. The walls were whitewashed; the window was in a black frame, high up, and deep-set in a sloping projection. From it one could see the mountain, with the monastery at the top, which reminded one of St. Christopher bending beneath the weight of the Divine Child.

In this room were a woman, a child, and a baby.

The floor was strewn with wild flowers; and a great bunch had been put in water in one of the common earthen jars with four lips, suitable to many drinkers from one vessel, and graceful in its usefulness.

The child, though only four years old, had the square, sleeveless, blue cotton bodice of the Neapolitan *contadina* to her long frock; her chemise was fastened in front with its bright button; her apron, and band round the waist, and white handkerchief on her head, even the plaits of hair beneath, were a copy of her mother. Already the sun had tanned her skin, and playing at hard work had marked the small hands, which now beat against the door, to insist that some one should let her out.

The mother seemed not to hear. The baby, swathed tight, like a bundle, was on her knees, and she fed it, almost mechanically, with sopped bread.

There was music below in the court—music which, at other times, would have brought her to the window, or kept her running across fields, to get within its sound. Now she was deaf—stunned by grief. No tears were in her eyes—no gentleness in her heart. The hard facts of life were about her—in her ears echoed the calm voice of the President of the Court of Assize—

"Ten years' labor—at the galleys!"

Ten years! It was widowhood, without hope. Ten years at Ischia, or other Government prison. Ten years—ten long years! That is what the waltz time had repeated to her—till she closed the door, and began to feed her baby.

Elisabetta had been asleep then—it was the crying of the baby that had awakened her: that, and the despairing groan with which poor Francesca realized that even her milk was gone, and that though the baby clamored to be put to her breast, it was no longer from her that it could take life.

He, her husband, was condemned—disgraced! What was there left to her and her children but condemnation and disgrace? How could she bear it?

Ten long years!

"Open!" said Elisabetta, pulling her mother's sleeve. "Open! I want to go to the music!"

Francesca got up, laid the infant in its cradle, and opened the door. Elisabetta went into the long broad balcony, or open space on the roof, which was spread with rushes, and had evidently been used for men to lie and sleep on during the great cattle fair and *festa*.

The air came in, and touched Francesca's brow. The sounds came in, and beat sharply on her brain, and her heart groaned the refrain—

Ten long years!

All the way over the hills she had come to hear the trial; had sold her necklaces and ear-rings, and almost all her finery, to pay the best *avvocato* that was known in those parts to plead for him; and she had had pleasure—poor soul!—in the sacrifice, and had blindly felt that the dearer it cost her the more sure she was to save him—save him, who lay in such peril.

It was the work of ten minutes that this husband of hers had to expiate.

The old story—an angry word—an angry retort. Two fiery young men with knives. A blow that meant to kill, but did not—a blow intended to defend, but that killed. And then—a great black shadow—Death himself standing between heaven and hell, with two men clasping his knees and grovelling on the earth, each willing to exchange places with the other, in the agitation of that instantaneous but fleeting repentance that comes with the realization of disaster, when passion is hot, and there has been no time for pride or revenge to change it into a crushing relentless engine—dead to everything but itself.

Three days had Francesca been waiting there, for the case before her Ferdinando's had been a long one—a dispute as to the ownership of land, with many mortgages on it. Three days had used up her money. There was still a piece of bread upon the table—her lodging was paid for the night: next morning, by break of day, she would be up—to go home.

Home!

That home was a small cottage in the midst of an olive-orchard and vineyard, with a view of mountains and a breath from the sea, though it was some miles away. Cypressess stood here and there near it, and there were pigeons and poultry. The family were well-to-do for their class, but in that home were three young children and a tall young woman, a widow;—and these children had been made fatherless, and this girl a widow, by Francesca's husband. For it was her brother with whom he had

had a dispute, and who, in the quarrel, had lost his life.

So, home was a place without men (except the poor old grandfather), until a discharge could be got for a younger brother, now a soldier, or until the widow married again.

Yes, she might marry again—she was not crushed as Francesca had been.

Ten long years!

Benedetto played a fair selection of melodies from "*Il segreto per esser felice*"; he passed to the simple little air that children sing—"Santa Lucia." Elisabetta knew it, and sang it up in the roof—not very well in tune, though loud enough to have an echo; and the sound seemed to tumble down again, and had much the same effect that a child's zigzag in pencil has on mamma's letter to papa—it does not make it clearer, but still is the child's, and has a wish in it.

Francesca took her in her arms and lifted her, to look over into the courtyard and see the fiddlers. It was a low, broad wall; an old box was close to it: she seated herself upon it, and rocked Elisabetta backward and forward, clasped close to her—so very close, the child did not like it, and struggled. Francesca put her down, and, passing into the back room, threw herself upon the floor in the corner.

No escape—no chance—no hope! Wherever she went, people would whisper and pity her. Her children would be pointed at as the children of a galley-slave!

"*Il segreto per esser felice*!" How often had Francesca heard it played by the band—sung by the young men at the *festa*! For it suited youth. "Despise the sorrow that threatens clouds for to-morrow!" They might be able to do so; but how despise shame, or how laugh at the grief which hid those she loved from her sight and threatened certain suffering? What "secret of happiness" could there be for her?"

Ferdinando had never looked so handsome, so tender, so to be looked up to and admired, as when he had leaned forward to take Elisabetta in his arms to kiss good-bye. Even the Signor Presidente was sorry for them, and had a tremble in his voice as he delivered sentence, and warned all the young men

who crowded the court not to allow themselves to be placed in a like position.

Elisabetta had been tired of the court, had been taken out and fed by some kindly woman who was waiting there, and then had gone with some children to the highroad, coming back to the court with her apron full of wild poppies, eyebrights, snake-flowers, and the deadly nightshade: for the children's sympathy had shown itself in gathering great bunches of the brightest flowers for her; and these were the flowers that now stood in the jug and strewed the floor.

The fiddlers played on. They were finishing "*Mariannina Capricciosa*."

That had been one of Ferdinando's favorites. Elisabetta could sing that too.

Ah, Elisabetta! She sang it then, and clambered down to find her mother and make her sing too. But the tune stopped: again Henri was going round with the hat. Many new persons had come in to listen, and they gave kindly; but perhaps their greatest admirer had been that small child up in the balcony, little Elisabetta.

They waited, and rested. Some one invited them to have wine—in which a great many joined—so there was a long interval.

Henri counted his money. He was triumphant—certainly he far outdid Benedetto—though it was not usual for so many to give after the first performance.

Francesca still lay, her head on her arm. That cold, hard floor suited her. A widow—and no widow! Work was not appalling to her; for, in truth, neither she nor her sister-in-law was unused to hard work, and many a time had they together dug a field, while the husbands laughed, smoked, talked, and looked on. But there had been no shame—no parting.

It was a hot evening, the room was close, the odor of the poppies grew every moment more strong. She did not notice it—she felt numbed with her grief. He would never come back! No, she was sure he would die! And perhaps it was her fault.

The *avvocato's* eyes, when he turned

upon her, had said—"Yes, it is your fault!" Yet she had only spoken the truth—the bare truth.

"Who struck the first blow?" asked the Presidente.

"Camillo," said Francesca.

"Did it wound Ferdinando?"

"Only a scratch. He saw it, and was quick."

"Were your brother and husband good friends?" asked the *avvocato* for the Crown.

"Not very," said Francesca.

"In fact, they did not like each other—they quarrelled—there was bad blood between them?"

"Sometimes," said Francesca.

Then it was, that the *avvocato* sat down; and with his eyes wrote on Francesca's heart—"It is *you* who have condemned him!"

"Oh to be dead instead of him! Oh to work with him! Oh never to have had these children, whose only knowledge of their father would be—that he was a convict—in prison!"

"*Babbo* can't hear—no—*Babbo* cannot hear,—for *il Babbo* is gone to prison!" sang Elisabetta, with no thought in her heart of what it meant.

Francesca heard it, and started with distress. The child came in, and seeing Francesca lying on the floor, came to her, still singing—

"*Il povero Babbo, il Babbo is always in prison!*"

The mother looked up to reprove her, hatred getting into her soul, from what she thought was the little one's carelessness and want of love; but, looking into her face she saw wonder, and innocent regret; wonder that she should lie on the floor, regret that "*il Babbo*" was not there with them.

"And is this the purpose of life?" said Francesca, passionately. "Grow up, and marry, have children, and then wish them dead! Better that they *should* die! I—what do I want with life? only for them! That is what Ferdinando said. For *me*, there is no more hope—with me, no more joy! Think of me as dead—live for *them*!"

The open door brought a draught of air into the room. The odor of the poppies was strong: this time Francesca noticed it, and rose slowly, thoughts coming by degrees to her mind, as she

tried to associate what she now experienced with past facts in her life.

Yes, there was nightshade there—the flower of Death! with black berries, green berries, and flowers with golden centres.

How often had she known her mother warn her not to eat them! How often had she herself warned other children to be careful! How often had she carried poppies out of her room when the little ones brought them home to play with! because she knew that they would make her sleep late, and she had to be up with the sunrise to work!

These scarlet poppies were wisely placed amongst the grasses—they showed bravely in the hedges, and by the common road; and each held a secret in its fragile cup—perhaps a blessing for the weary, longing for sleep.

Francesca felt what she could not define—a certain relief at the presence of the flowers.

She looked at her baby—what a glorious child he was! so round and healthy, so heavy, so content, and peaceful! A forehead like his father's, eyes like his; and even now, strong hands that could give mighty thrusts; as she had often laughingly said to Ferdinando himself.

She was nursing him, caring for him, for what? Perhaps to follow in his father's steps, and grow into full strength to walk into the blight of shame! Why not? who could say?

Francesca's heart beat violently. She began to feel, not exhausted, but excited, from the fever that comes from exertion, agitation, and want of food. She had not thought of eating, except a piece of water-melon at the door of the court, during that time of waiting when the Presidente rose for half an hour's refreshment at mid-day.

Her throat was dry; her breath could scarcely pass without pain and effort. She must drink. She looked round for water, and saw, for the first time, that there was none, except that in the vase, from which Elisabetta's flowers were already drinking the life and freshness. She stretched out her hand and took them out of the vase. The water was still bright. She cared little, but, tasting it, found it bitter.

Slowly she drank a few drops, with satisfaction in the taste,—the involuntary ease one feels in recognizing a guide who will lead one out of a strange country, back home, when one is lost in strange lanes. Her mind was too full of giant fears and dreads to allow her to make a plan. The only feeling was that of standing at the edge of a precipice, where some one she loved had fallen; and the struggle between the natural instinct for preserving life, and the natural yearning to find again, at all costs, the love that had never seemed so precious as in the losing.

"Ten long years! years of exposure to weather, heat and cold in extremes, scanty food, bad air, bad companions, bad treatment of all kinds! Antonietta's husband came back—yes, that was true—and sat all the day in the sunshine, and had grey hair and long stiff limbs, and a face that one could not help looking at, it had such a wild nothingness in it. *That* was after ten years. Don Carlo said that the work was so hard it was indeed twenty years. My Ferdinando will be like that, and it will be through me!"

Francesca hid her face in her hands to shut out the sight, as if it had already been before her. Oh the payment for one blow! the long death of each separate power for the expiation of one sin! There was no escape, no refuge in hope, and only the rest of blankness in despair. The real suffering was too appalling to that loving heart. Blindly she stretched out her hands to call sleep to wrap her round, and let her sink lower, lower, lower, anywhere, away from the present pain.

The strange bitter taste lingered long in her mouth. The kind flowers lay before her on the table. They, too, were dying, their fading, languishing blossoms giving forth their parting greetings to the air that travelled back to the sun, to the river, to the bank where they grew.

She took some of the flowers in her hands, and caressed them as well as her hard toil-hardened fingers would allow her. The bunches of berries were hardly ripe; she crushed one or two; she bit one—it was acid, and bitter too.

And little Elisabetta sang as she peeped over at the fiddlers,—"*Il povero*

Babbo cannot see; for *il Babbo* is always in prison!"

Just then the slow sweet tones of Pio's violin broke the stillness. He began playing a favorite of his, "*Il balen del suo sorriso*," Benedetto giving the accompaniment with sympathetic harmony.

Francesca heard it, knew it well, but did not associate it with any words. To her, at that moment, it sounded solemn—a sort of death-chant, almost like a litany, speaking of heaven and the angels, and the life beyond.

"Yes," she said to herself, looking at her boy and little Elisabetta, "it will be better for them. Our Lord loves little children. Better for them to be angels in Paradise, free from all chance of sin, than left here to suffer like him and me."

She had a dagger in her hair, a dagger with a strange handle, like a twisted serpent, the tail in its mouth, after coiling in strange contortions to make a firm cross at the hilt. It had belonged to her mother (and who could say how many other women of the family?) Its very possession had been a protection, associated as it was with a motto, which has been the text of many grand stories, "Death before Dishonor!"

But the idea of the wounding or stabbing, or carrying out her purpose in a cruel way, was repulsive to her. She could not have endured the sight of blood. It was quite another thing to let the little ones sink to sleep, and wake in Paradise.

With determination she took the flowers, and broke their pretty blooms into the rough plate which had held the baby's supper.

"How many would be enough?" she murmured to herself. "How many—berries—are they really poison, till they become quite black?"

She laid her dagger on the table. The tiny sheath had once been lacquered with gold; now it was plain, but bright from constant use. It seemed fitting to use it to press the flowers, but it did not lend itself kindly to dealing death at second-hand. She put it aside, and took the common iron spoon with which she had fed the child.

How anxiously she looked at them and pressed them! How the odor rose

as she mashed and pounded them down in water with fierce haste and force! She took them all; so now nothing remained but pale pink 'snake-flowers' amongst the grasses.

The brightest signs of life had gone to make Death.

How Pio played! It was the ending tumult of passion now—quicker, louder, with full, deep tones; and then the long delicate *cadenza*, that sounded like the last appeal of a soul to heaven before it sank in despair.

Francesca poured the fluid she had made so roughly into the vase.

The baby still slept. Elisabetta looked over her shoulder, back to her mother. "Come," she said, "*mamma mia*; there is a beautiful signorina looking and listening—and she pointed to me—and a great signora is there too."

Francesca looked up, and saw how the child had reached over, till she was in imminent danger of falling, when she certainly must have been killed. Instinctively she crossed quickly to her side and drew her back. No; not that! She could not think of that! She felt thankful to Marietta for having noticed the child, and enabled her to save her from so sad an end. She took her in her arms and kissed her—kissed her passionately; but Elisabetta was not willing to have her amusement taken from her, and soon scrambled down, and again peeped over, only more cautiously than before, standing firmly on the box.

Pio now was playing a very simple direct melody which Francesca had never heard; but she was forced to listen. It was "*Orfeo's lament for Euridice*."

It seemed to make her taller—she was exalted—that simple appeal of love to love! How small the present seemed, and how grand the future opening before her! She and her children in heaven praying for the father—watching by him, may be!

A sleep—yes, a deep sleep! A freezing of the heart . . . then a gentle thawing in divine sunshine; an awakening by the loving hands of angels; voices of children; safe from any more pain, any more possibility of sin or shame!

That trembling, wailing sound! How involuntarily it brought before her

the awakening, so full of beauty and love! But—what was that? It seemed to say—Lost!

Lost!

The courtyard was still: not a breath but the steady strong tones of the violin. The very flowers seemed bending low in silence to listen. Surely that descending cadence, that pathetic phrase, said—Lost!

Pio played on. Francesca stopped pouring water upon her flowers that she might listen.

"Oh, if one could end life without dying!" she thought to herself—"without taking these little ones into the dark—the dark! But their angels will be with them," she said to herself; "they will be safe. Our Lord loves little children. It is only to make them sleep!"

"Dost thou know?" sang Pio's violin, with almost the pathos of a human voice; "*dost thou know?*" It was a question that touched her heart. What was she doing? *Did* she know—could she tell? Even if angels did rescue the souls of her children from the bodies that she destroyed—if they carried them lovingly from the deep river into which she plunged them, could she be sure that they could find her? Where would *she* be? Alone—lost—lost! Perhaps beyond the reach of angel-voices, hidden in despair, deep, deep beneath the reach of light, or life, or hope!

There was a few minutes' stillness, then the last phrase of the melody was repeated.

Francesca felt as if on a plank, crossing a torrent. She had not the courage to go on nor the courage to go back.

The tones of the violin came again to her soul, low—like a friend talking—the modulations from frenzied despair to the appealing resignation expressed in Gounod's "*Meditation*" (the Ave Maria).

Her thoughts went to the past—to her hopes, her intentions to live a good life and win heaven. Had she not had her children baptised on purpose that they might begin life with consecration, and go on, on to merit Paradise? Must they needs sin because a tempest had shipwrecked their father?

Suffering and the sublime effect of

that life-giving music lifted her, as it were, out of herself. She was no longer a peasant woman, with little hopes and wishes, and a careless, purposeless mind. Her soul was wakened to emotion—emotion that blotted out all facts of life, and placed her so near the edge of this world's experience, that she seemed able to hear the voices of angels; not singing hymns of praise or rejoicing, but whispering the truths that should guide her on her way, and save her from stumbling in the dark.

"*Their angels behold the Father's face.*"

Their tiny hands and helpless cries lead their parents in this world the road of patience, forbearance, and thankfulness.

Why should a mother turn from such guidance, and stain herself worse than Ferdinando himself was stained?

Ferdinando's hand—that well-loved, hard-working, honest hand—was stained with blood!

Yes; say what she could, the fact remained—stained with blood!

Francesca paused. Pio was now at the second phrase of the "*Meditation*," Benedetto playing the accompaniment as if it were the wind sighing—so tenderly, yet with such strength.

"Pray for mercy now—not sin again—not sink him deeper with a heavier guilt,—but bear—bear—endure!"

Yes, that is what the strain said to her.

"Endure—hope—fly—fly where only the sore-distressed and tempted can find shelter—to the Divine Consoler! Pray!"

The tears flowed from Francesca's eyes; she put her hand into her bodice to find her handkerchief, and taking it out, pulled out also her rosary, with a silver crucifix at the end of it. It had been her mother's. It fell upon the table. She seized it, kissed it, threw herself on her knees by the bed in too great an agony to find words, appalled at the necessity of approaching the Author and Giver of Life hand in hand with Death.

The music seemed to be praying for her—seemed to bear on and away, above the clouds, those sobbing whispers of that divine prayer which meets all needs, appealing, as it does, to the

Great Father of All in humble submission and loving confidence.

"Deliver us from evil!"

Yes; Francesca could pray it now. She would not attempt to deliver herself or turn away. On she would go—be all that she had strength or courage to be. Take Ferdinando's place till his return, pray for him during his absence, be father to his children, son as well as daughter to their father, and protector to Camillo's little ones.

The music had been like lightning, rending the cloud and showing her not only the abyss she had escaped, but a glimpse of heaven itself!

It had been stronger than Death.

What a life was before her—how full of opportunities for good! And she would have sought death! She was heartily ashamed of herself and her sin. She looked at the vase, and the death which she had believed and hoped it contained was now hateful to her. She took the vase with both her hands, and threw it into the corner with all her might. Of course it was broken and the contents spilt. The crash awoke the baby.

How thankful she was to hear him cry! So real had been her thought, that against her knowledge her heart rejoiced to find that he lived. She almost dreaded rocking him to sleep again, lest death should have obeyed her summons, and, standing too close, chill her darling with his shadow.

Her Camillo—her own boy—with Ferdinando's eyes and brow!

Joy and thankfulness—very unreasonable but very real—came into her heart, forcing despair to make room for them, that she might have courage to live.

"The music's gone," said Elisabetta's clear little voice.

Francesca looked at her, and then at Camillo. The anguish of the intended parting was still wounding her—she was hungry for proofs of their life and love, longed to feel them both in her arms, warm and happy. She lifted her boy from the cradle, and seated herself on the box, beside Elisabetta, exhausted and weary.

Elisabetta turned, and put her arms round her mother's neck, then patted her cheeks.

"Ah, mamma mia! *Ti voglio tanto bene! ti voglio tanto bene!*" she said: "*anche Camillo,*" she added, laying her rosy little cheek upon Francesca's shoulder, that she might look over at the baby.

"And I should have lost them, and myself too," said Francesca to herself, passionately; "oh that music, that music! If that man could only know what he has done for me and for them!"

Looking into the court she could see Henri and Benedetto—Henri leaning against the wall, and putting his violin into its baize cover, his face very solemn, his manner quiet, as though in Church.

Benedetto had a smile upon his face, and was looking up at Marietta.

Marietta, with Don Orazio at her side, stood in the window, her face calm, but looking transparent, as if lighted by spiritual enthusiasm rather than material life.

She was no longer floating—she had reached a shore; she was at the foot of a mountain, nerved to make a brave attempt to reach the summit.

"Shall I give them something?" whispered Don Orazio. "*Per Bacco!* that fellow played like Orfeo himself!"

"Send for him," whispered Marietta back again, for she felt hushed. "You can't give him money; he stopped the other man from asking more. Did you see his face when he was playing? He might have stood for John the Baptist—wild, but spiritual, and pure, and . . . oh, what was that, *zio mio?*"

They both looked down, and saw that Henri had a rosary, with a silver crucifix attached, in his hand, and was looking up.

They, too, looked up, and saw a bright-eyed *contadina*, with two children clasped in her strong arms, in the broad balcony, just below the roof.

"Why did she give that?" said Marietta.

"Because she had nothing else to give," said Don Orazio.

"Nothing else—and part with *that!* Oh, *zio mio*, let us go to her! She *must* want help!"

"Likely enough, *carina!* We will care for her, as we are cared for. For, you see, we all want help, some time or

other—*all!*—the strongest as well as the weakest—help, in soul and body, heart and mind. And when we are perilously near falling, falling down beyond all

help or remedy—*ecco!* we are lovingly saved in time, by just a thought—a feeling—a voice from the Divine—if we only heed it!"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ENGLISH SUPREMACY IN THE EAST.*

BY F. BULKELEY JOHNSON.

* * * * *

IT is too late to discuss the question whether Great Britain would not have been a happier, a more harmoniously ordered, and an altogether stronger country morally—and, having regard to relative responsibilities, materially—had not the possession of India given her that control over the commerce of the world which has so largely contributed to make London the centre of finance, English provincial towns huge hives of uncertain and varying industry, and has been the main cause of the collection within the three islands of a vast population, exhibiting extremes of wealth and poverty, and offering a fertile field, in the event of sustained commercial reverses, for the promotion of social and political agitation. We have entered upon a path necessitating the prosecution of a work which, manfully undertaken, is not unworthy of a great nation, and we could not retrace our steps without being subjected to ruinous disaster. Apart altogether from any consideration of our responsibilities to the peoples with whose natural destinies we have interfered, it can be conclusively shown that to abandon or to lose India and the commercial vantage ground afforded by its possession would necessitate a serious diminution of important branches of our trade, and consequently a reduction of the present population of Great Britain, leading to a general decline in the value of all description of property throughout the kingdom—a process not to be contemplated without dismay, in view of the intense suffering which could not fail to be inflicted upon all classes.

* Contrary to its standing policy THE ECLECTIC publishes only an excerpt from the article bearing this name in the *Nineteenth Century*, as the passage embodies the portion which would be the most likely to interest American readers.—ED.

The emigration on a large scale of the industrial classes would only occur after the silent endurance of great misery on the part of the masses; while so largely interdependent are the ramifications of commerce all over the world that any sudden collapse of work in one great centre of industry produces a sympathetic effect in most other centres, and for a time at least no country would be in a position to offer an asylum to our emigrants, thus causing the pauperism of the world to be greatly increased.

If one may judge from the controversy with regard to the comparative merits of Free and Fair Trade which not long ago occupied the platform and the periodical press, the echoes of which have as yet scarcely died away, the real operation of the Eastern branch of our commerce upon British trade and industry as a whole is far from being generally understood. Let us consider, for example, the continued reiteration by a not unimportant body of writers and speakers, and the acceptance of the doctrine by a much larger class in the country than is commonly supposed, of the alleged evils arising out of the so-called adverse balance of our trade with the United States, France, and other Protectionist countries. So far from this condition of our trade being injurious, it may be demonstrated to be of singular advantage to the United Kingdom—of greater advantage probably, relative commercial power being considered, than if all nations were to abandon a Protectionist policy and adopt a system of unrestricted trade. For until countries such as the United States—the condition of whose potential manufacturing capacities would naturally make them more or less successful competitors of the United Kingdom in the markets of the world—abandon their

Protective tariffs, they leave extensive fields of commerce open to the almost exclusive action of the only nation which bases the success of its manufacturing policy upon cheapness of production and State-unaided skill. The process by which they exclude us from their own markets effectually shuts them out from being our successful rivals in any other market.

The influence which our Eastern possessions, apart from their purely direct trade with the United Kingdom, exert upon our commerce as a whole may be briefly described by two illustrations. The United States sells to Great Britain annually cotton and breadstuffs to the value of 88,000,000*l.*, and buys from Great Britain direct imports of cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures, etc. to the value of about 40,000,000*l.* How is this adverse balance, which in some quarters is regarded as so great an evil, adjusted? Not by means of bullion payments, for Great Britain produces no bullion, and holds none beyond what is necessary for currency requirements, and the returns of trade show that, taking one year with another, the imports and exports of specie to the United States as nearly as possible balance each other.

The question we have put is to be answered by a study of the course of Eastern trade.

The United States buys in India, China, the Straits, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, seeds, spices, coffee, tea, silk, etc., while her exports to those countries, beyond a few special articles of cotton manufacture and kerosene oil, are almost *nil*. The means of payment are provided, partly by the interest on British capital invested in America, but mainly by the proceeds of cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures and coals exported from Great Britain and sold in the East, which are handed to the Eastern bank agencies in exchange for bills on London. On the other hand, the money thus received by the banks is employed in the purchase of bills drawn by merchants in the East on American bankers in London against shipments of Eastern produce to New York, and these bills are used to extinguish the debt which Great Britain owes to the United States for cotton and

breadstuffs already referred to. Thus, directly or indirectly, the imports to the United Kingdom from America are wholly paid for by the produce of British industry.

So also in the case of France. France sells to Great Britain annually wine, silk, piece goods, and *articles de luxe* to the value of 40,000,000*l.*, and she takes from Great Britain in direct imports coal, cotton, woollen and other manufactures to the value of about 30,000,000*l.*; but France buys Eastern produce largely, and exports to the East little, and again, the balance against us is adjusted by the sale of British manufactures in the East, and the accounts are settled like those of the United States in London. It is thus manifest that our commerce with the East, by far the greater portion of which is carried on with India, alone enables us to become the purchasers in the cheapest markets of the world of food for the support of our redundant population, as well as raw material for our manufacturing industries, and to conduct a large and valuable trade with the United States, France, and other countries. But the advantages of our Eastern trade do not end here. It is obvious to all those who are acquainted with the subject that the profit gained by Great Britain on the export of manufactures to India and China is infinitely more important than would be the case were the same business to be done directly with France or the United States. A bale of goods exported to the far East carries with it larger profit, not only to the manufacturer and the merchant, but to the banker who advances upon it, and to the underwriter who insures it, than if it were shipped to Paris or New York. More elaborate forms of packing necessary for greater risk of transit give employment to numerous classes of artisans, while, lastly, the more costly charge for transport supports that vast mercantile marine which is one of the mainstays of England's commercial power. Under such circumstances, it need hardly be remarked that the proposals which have been put forward by certain writers, to place retaliatory duties upon imports to Great Britain from Protectionist countries, would, if adopted, have the effect in the

first instance of reducing our power of sale of British products in the far East, where are to be found the most profitable markets for their disposal, and, consequently, our power of buying food and raw material in the cheapest markets of the world for the maintenance of our industrial population; while, as the ultimate result, we should influence the withdrawal of capital and labor in Protectionist countries from agricultural enterprise, and force those essential elements of manufacturing success into the paths of competition with us over the fields which are at present occupied almost exclusively by ourselves. For it must ever be borne in mind that the United States possess far larger stores of coal and iron than are to be found in Great Britain; cotton is grown more readily on American soil than on any other, and cheapened labor and a reduced customs tariff are the sole conditions requisite to bring forward the Atlantic States of the Union as our successful competitors in manufacturing industry.

We have thus far glanced only at the value of India as the main source of that tripartite and indirect trade with foreign countries which is so important to our industrial population. But our connection with India gives us the means of conducting on the most favorable terms an intercolonial traffic, which contributes to increase the wealth and promote the industry of the United Kingdom. India sends to Hong-Kong and China cotton, opium, and other commodities, the proceeds of which are employed by our merchants in purchasing tea, silk, hides, cassia, sugar, etc., exported to Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and the United States, and India is repaid to a great extent for the produce she thus exports by British manufactures, shipped to Calcutta, Rangoon, Madras, Bombay, and Kurrachee. Lastly, the very large and direct trade which we carry on with India, and, as we shall presently show, with our other Eastern dependencies, is probably the most valuable we possess, owing to the immense population on which we have to work, the enormous agricultural and other resources, as yet undeveloped, and the absolute immunity

from hostile tariffs which our industry enjoys.

In the consideration of any question of our external trade it should not be forgotten that, although the opening of the Suez Canal has led to an enormous expansion of our commerce, and especially of our mercantile marine, this result has been in no small degree caused by our readiness, owing to previous training and experience and the possession of abundant capital already employed in commerce, to take advantage of the opportunities which were afforded us as the first in the field. The geographical advantages, however, possessed by the various States on the littoral of the Mediterranean, especially France, Italy, Austria, and the future occupiers of Constantinople, must in the long run tell against us; slowly but surely those nations will strengthen their direct communications with the East and take from us that valuable distributing trade over the continent of Europe which has brought so much wealth to the United Kingdom, and will even challenge our manufacturing supremacy.

America, too, as she relaxes her restrictive tariff, will compete with us more and more in the manufacture of cotton goods. It is probable that the returns of the present year will show a considerable increase in the proportion which vessels carrying foreign flags have hitherto borne to those under English colors passing through the Canal, and that the tendency of that proportion to increase will become more marked year after year.

It is therefore clear, if we are to maintain the volume of our trade, we must adopt all the means in our power to cement our commercial connection with India and our Eastern dependencies. To abandon them or to lose them would be to give up a position of inestimable commercial value, and either to restore these countries to their primeval state of anarchy and barbarism or to hand them over to other nations, who, wiser in their generation, would accept the responsibilities and the concurrent advantages which our feebleness would disclaim. Happily, public attention has at length been roused to the subject

of Indian affairs, and a national determination has been taken to secure our commercial highway to the East.

Notwithstanding that a House of Commons professing to represent the country, but strangely unmindful, amidst the contests of party, of the true interests under its charge, regards Indian discussions as a bore, a committee of its members has at last been appointed to consider the long called-for extension of railway communication, the neglect of which has for years past been a reproach upon our Indian administration. It may be hoped that apprehension about the questions which will be asked by English workmen, the coming depositaries of political power, as to the in many respects negative results of our stewardship hitherto of the national domains, will stimulate the activity of the most parochial-minded politician who aspires to their suffrages to study the importance to the welfare of our people of the conservation of our Eastern Empire and the development of its resources.

But if these conclusions as regards the importance of India be true, the same truth applies, although in lesser degree, to those smaller settlements which the colonizing vigor and commercial aptitudes of Englishmen have planted on barren rocks and amidst previously trackless jungles in the extreme East. Hong-Kong, the Straits Settlements, Borneo, and Ceylon all contribute to swell the volume of that mighty stream of traffic, tripartite along its length, but united at its *embouchure* in London, by the profits of which the dangerously large population of the United Kingdom is mainly supported. The island of Hong-Kong is but a geographical expression to most Englishmen, and, when thought of at all, is for the most part regarded merely as a smuggling depôt, an offence and cause of ceaseless irritation to China. Although this view of the case has been presented by a late governor in a public address, no statement can be further from the truth, and the allegation made at Nottingham by Sir John Pope Hennessy in 1882 has been effectually disposed of by the evidence taken before a Colonial Commission. It has been conclusively shown that, owing to the propinquity of the

island to the mainland, the Chinese preventive service is able to thoroughly protect the interests of the Imperial revenue, and that, with the exception of one or two articles easily portable and capable of ready concealment, there is little or no smuggling carried on. What breaches of the revenue laws of the neighboring mainland do occur are exclusively committed by Chinese. Hong-Kong is the furthest outpost of our possessions in the extreme East. In 1840 it was a barren island, inhabited only by a few fishermen; now it has a population of 160,000. Besides being an independent centre of trade in itself, it forms the main guarantee of the security of those thriving little settlements of foreigners in the Chinese ports, each a centre of activity from which radiate influences commercial, social, and political, destined in time to overcome the *vis inertiae* of the Chinese Empire and force its lethargic population forward in the paths of moral and material progress.

Let us glance for a moment at what has been achieved in this way since the establishment of the colony. In 1840, and for many years subsequently, the southern and south-eastern coast of China swarmed with pirates, who dominated the entire seaboard of the provinces of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Si, within which, excepting in the immediate vicinity of large towns, a state of disorder little removed from anarchy prevailed. A monument in the city of Victoria records the severe losses sustained by a combined British and United States naval force in an attack upon a piratical stronghold a few miles distant from Hong-Kong. It was perilous for unarmed vessels to anchor near the coast, and pirates frequently landed within the limits of the harbor and the town itself on marauding expeditions. Taxation was oppressive, trade languished, the ordinary wages of labor hardly sufficed for barest existence, and society was on the verge of dissolution in many districts. The Taeping rebellion was the outcome of this state of things. Gradually, by the help of the revenue derived from foreign trade, and the employment of troops disciplined and led by British and foreign officers, and the preservation of the treaty ports

by British naval and military forces, the central Government regained its authority, piracy in the neighborhood of Hong-Kong was suppressed by a strong hand, and an increasing foreign commerce provided employment for the people, who have been thus weaned from brigandage by the superior profits of honest labor. At this time the southern coast of China has become as safe for traffic and to the ordinary traveller as were the shores of Great Britain at the beginning of this century. Districts on the mainland, which within the recollection of residents in Hong-Kong were the scenes of hopeless pauperism, are now, owing to the foreign demand for their produce, which the neighboring colony initiates and encourages, remarkable for the well-being of the inhabitants; scarcely any one of the female peasantry, at work in the fields, being without the decoration of one or more silver bangles and other ornaments of value. Five million tons of shipping pass through Hong-Kong harbor in the course of the year, of which some ninety per cent are under the British flag. Most of these vessels convey inward to the colony and to China some British commodity, the product of Colonial, Indian, or Home industry, and carry back with them either the returns for that industry or the representative in kind of the interest of British capital, invested abroad, which is spent in the United Kingdom, and thus contributes to the support of its population. The loss of Hong-Kong to the British Empire would be analogous to the loss of branch premises in a popular and crowded thoroughfare to the business of a metropolitan tradesman: his capital might remain, but his opportunity to display and dispose of his wares to his ordinary customers would be gone, and a rival would occupy his place.

But Hong-Kong, in addition to being a valuable *entrepôt* for British goods, is the only port in the far East from whence our naval forces, in the event of a maritime war, could derive their supplies of coal or be refitted and maintain their place at sea in defence of our enormous trade in the China waters. Without this naval *dépôt* our China squadron would be dependent upon Singapore

(which is equally unprotected) for its supplies, and would be compelled to keep within easy distance of the Straits of Malacca. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely credible that our Government leaves the harbor of Hong-Kong without defences, beyond a few earthworks, on which not a single armor-piercing gun is mounted. These earthworks, expensive but useless, have been thrown up from time to time on the occasion of those frequent scares of war which during late years have momentarily roused our people from their somnolent optimism and apparent credulous confidence in a national prestige which was won only by the self-denial and vigor of our ancestors. The scare forgotten, the earthworks are allowed gradually to find their way into the sea, by disintegration, under the influence of tropical rains.

The position of Singapore is even more important, as being not only the centre of commercial communication between India, China, the Eastern Archipelago and Australia, but the seat of government of considerable territories, which, for the most part now uninhabited forest, are rich in minerals and agricultural resources, and are rapidly attracting a numerous population of industrious Chinese. This flourishing commercial emporium, planted by the genius of Sir Stamford Raffles at the apex of the Malayan peninsula, taps the trade of the whole Eastern Archipelago which is not monopolized by the Dutch. Until 1875 this settlement, with the territory of Malacca, wrested early in the century from the Dutch, and the island of Penang, with the adjacent province of Wellesley on the mainland, comprised the colony known as the "Straits Settlements," but since that year there have been taken under the Straits Government the so-called "Protected States" of Perak, Selangor, and Sunjei-Ujong. The indiscriminating opposition to the extension of the British dominions which has proceeded from a powerful party in the United Kingdom has hitherto prevented these straits from being declared as incorporated with the Colony of the Straits Settlements, although they to all intents and purposes are so. By an artifice,

not altogether worthy of a great nation, the nominal authority of the Government is carried on by the sham-machinery of a native ruler and a Supreme Council, while all real power—executive, judicial, and legislative—is vested in the British Resident, appointed by and acting under the orders of the Governor of the Straits Settlements. The Indian Criminal Code is in force, but as regards civil cases the Resident for the time being and his subordinates are a law unto themselves. As one of the district collectors recently remarked to a plaintiff who complained of a judgment and asked under what law it was delivered: "I decide," said he, "by British law when I think it right; but

when I disagree with it, by my own law."

The consequence of this anomalous state of things is, that whilst the British nation is practically and solely responsible for the results of the administration of these States, the future of the Government is potential with the elements of trouble, political and civil, and moreover the influx of British capital and enterprise has been hindered, and the development of the resources of the States has been retarded, by the feebleness and hesitation which mark the policy so far adopted by this country.

* * * * *

—Nineteenth Century.

—•••—

A BIHARI MILL-SONG.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

[THE subjoined translation is from a *Jatsar*, or "Mill-song," chanted by the Hindoo women of Shâhâbâd while grinding their morning grain. The Indian text, and a prose version of the original Bhojpuri, were given in an admirable paper communicated to the April number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, by Mr. George A. Grierson, B.C.S., Magistrate of Patna. The *Jatsars* are always of a pathetic character, with a monotonous unmeaning refrain, like this "*Hu-ri-jee*." The Mirza, in the present song, is one of the conquering Muhammedan race, and Horil Singh a Rajpût dependent; and it relates how the sister of the latter put an end to her life rather than marry with a detested Muslim.]

A SONG OF THE MILL.

OF eight great beams the boat was wrought,
With four red row-pins;—*Hu-ri-jee*!
When Mirza Sahib spied at the Ghaut
Bhagbati bathing;—*Hu-ri-jee*!

"Oh, girls! that hither your chatties bring,
Who is this bathing?"—*Hu-ri-jee*!
"The Head of our village is Horil Singh;
'Tis the Raja's sister!"—*Hu-ri-jee*!

"Run thou, Barber!—and, Peon! run thou;
Bring hither that Rajpût!"—*Hu-ri-jee*!
"Oh, girls! who carry the chatties, now,
Which is his dwelling?"—*Hu-ri-jee*!

"The dwelling of Horil Singh looks north,
And north of the door is a sandal-tree:"—
With arms fast-bound they brought him forth;
"Salaam to the Mirza!"—*Hu-ri-jee*!

"Take, Horil Singh, this basket of gold,
And give me thy sister, sweet Bhagbati."
"Fire burn thy basket!" he answered, boid,—
"My sister's a Rajpût!"—*Hu-ri-jee*!

Horil's wife came down from her house ;
 She weeps in the courtyard : " Cursèd be,
 Oh, sister-in-law, thy beautiful brows !
 My husband is chained for them !" — *Hu-ri-jee !*

" Now, sister-in-law ! of thy house keep charge,
 And the duties therein : " quoth Bhagbati ;
 " For Horil Singh shall be set at large,
 I go to release him !" — *Hu-ri-jee !*

When Bhagbati came to the Mirza's hall
 Low she salaamed to him : — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 " The fetters of Horil Singh let fall,
 If, Mirza, " she said, " thou desirest me, "

" If, Mirza, " she said, " thou wouldst have my love,
 Dye me a bride-cloth ; " — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 " Saffron beneath and vermilion above,
 Fit for a Rajpût ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*

" If, Mirza, " she said, " I am fair in thine eyes,
 And mine is thy heart, now, " — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 " Command me jewels of rich device,
 Fit for a Rajpût ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*

" If, Mirza, " she said, " I must do this thing,
 Quitting my people, " — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 " The palanquin and the bearers bring,
 That I go not afoot from them ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*

Smiling, he bade the dyers haste
 To dye her a bride-cloth : — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 Weeping—weeping, around her waist
 Bhagbati bound it. — *Hu-ri-jee.*

Smiling, he bought, from the goldsmith's best,
 Jewels unparalleled : — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 Weeping, weeping—on neck and breast
 Bhagbati clasped them. — *Hu-ri-jee !*

Joyously smiling, " Bring forth, " he cried,
 " My gilded palanquin ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 Bitterly sorrowing, entered the bride,
 Beautiful Bhagbati. — *Hu-ri-jee !*

A koss and a half of a koss went they,
 And another koss after ; — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 Then Bhagbati thirsted : " Bearers, stay !
 I would drink at the tank here ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*

" Take from my cup, " the Mirza said :
 " Oh, not to-day will I take ! " quoth she :
 " For this was my father's tank, who is dead,
 And it soon will be distant ! " — *Hu-ri-jee !*

She quaffed one draught from her hollowed palm,
 And again she dipped it : — *Hu-ri-jee !*
 Then leaped in the water, dark and calm,
 And sank from the sight of them. — *Hu-ri-jee !*

Sorely the Mirza bewailed, and hid
His face in his cloth, for rage to be
So mocked : " See, now, in all she did
Bhagbati fooled me !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Grieving, the Mirza cast a net
Dragging the water ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*
Only shells and weeds did he get,
Shells and bladder-weeds.—*Hu-ri-jee !*

Laughing, a net cast Horil Singh,
Dragging the water ;—*Hu-ri-jee !*
Lo ! at the first sweep, up they bring
Dead, cold Bhagbati—fair to see !

Laughing, homeward the Rajpût wends,
Chewing his betel ; " for now," quoth he,
" In honor this leap of Bhagbati ends
Three generations !"—*Hu-ri-jee !*

—*Contemporary Review.*

VOLTAIRE'S LAST VISIT TO PARIS.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

AMONG the many noteworthy episodes in the life of the author of " *La Henriade*," the closing one, relating to his return to the capital after an absence of more than a quarter of a century, is not the least interesting. He was then in his eighty-fourth year, and the infirmities of age had begun to tell seriously upon him. His mental faculties, however, were still unimpaired, and the natural desire to revisit the scene of his early triumphs, and recall himself to the memory of the Parisians by the last production of his pen, was too powerful an incentive to be resisted by a literary veteran who, even on the brink of the grave, retained his old insatiable yearning after the incense of popularity.

Towards the beginning of February 1778 he left Ferney, and travelling by easy stages reached his destination on the 10th of the same month, and took up his quarters in the hotel of his intimate friend the Marquis de Villette, situated on what now bears the name of the Quai Voltaire, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune. On the following morning he received a deputation of three members of the Academy, headed by the Prince de Beauvau ; these were succeeded by the actors of the Théâtre

Français, all in deep mourning on account of the recent death of Lekain, whose funeral had taken place on the very day of Voltaire's arrival in Paris. The latter, who had been kept purposely in ignorance of the event, and who had counted on the co-operation of the great actor for his new tragedy, looked anxiously around in search of his favorite pupil ; upon which, Bellecourt, the spokesman of the company, pointing gravely to his colleagues, murmured in a voice broken by emotion, " This is all that remains of the Comédie Française !" The old man stood for an instant speechless, then overcome by the sudden shock, fainted away.

As might have been expected, the advent of so illustrious a personage excited an extraordinary sensation throughout the city ; crowds assembled daily round the hotel in the hope of catching a glimpse of him, and a constant stream of visitors, including every celebrity in literature and art, vied with each other in presenting their homage to the patriarch of letters. All were received by M. de Villette and Count d'Argental, by whom their respective names and qualities were announced in turn to Voltaire, who, attired in his habitual costume of

dressing-gown and night-cap, said a few words to each new comer, generally responding to their complimentary speeches in a similar strain. When, as frequently happened, the flattery heaped upon him was unusually extravagant, he seldom failed to indulge in some caustic rejoinder, in order to show the speaker that he accepted the adulation exactly for what it was worth and not an iota more.

One of the most obsequious in his attentions was Fariau de St. Ange, the translator of Ovid and author of a forgotten comedy and other equally mediocre productions; he was inordinately vain, and previously to being admitted to the philosopher's presence had prepared an harangue, the ingenious novelty of which he imagined would glorify himself as much as, if not more than, the individual to whom it was addressed. "Monsieur," he began, as soon as the ceremony of introduction had taken place, "I come to-day to contemplate Homer, my next visit will be to Sophocles and Euripides; after that, I purpose returning in honor of Tacitus, Lucian, and—" "Monsieur," quietly interrupted Voltaire, "I am very old and feeble, as you see, so with your permission we will consider the remaining visits you mention as included in the one you are good enough to pay me to-day."

To another, who maintained that, as he had already surpassed all his contemporaries in genius, he would also excel them by living longer than Fontenelle: "Ah, sir!" he replied, "you forget that Fontenelle was a Norman, and Normans cheat everybody, even Nature."

He was speaking one day in terms of high commendation of a literary colleague who had just taken leave of him, when a bystander casually remarked that such sentiments were the more creditable on his part inasmuch as the person in question had attacked him violently in a recently published work. "Ah, well!" coolly answered Voltaire, who had hitherto been unaware of the fact, "it is quite possible that neither he nor I meant precisely what we said."

Elated beyond measure by the respect universally manifested towards his distinguished guest, M. de Villette con-

ceived so exaggerated an idea of his own importance as to assume an air of patronizing condescension naturally resented by the visitors to the hotel. This ridiculous pretension did not escape the notice of the satirical writers of the day, as may be seen by the following widely circulated epigram:—

" Petit Villette, c'est en vain
Que vous prétendez à la gloire;
Vous ne serez jamais qu'un nain
Qui montre un géant à la foire!"

Many curious details relating to this period of Voltaire's life may be gleaned from the letters of Madame du Deffand, and from the autobiographical memoirs of the actor Fleury; the former, for a long series of years, his constant correspondent, having been among the first to welcome his reappearance in the Parisian world; and the latter, figuring repeatedly in the deputations from the Comédie Française, having specially attracted the aged poet's notice as his quondam pupil at Ferney. At the epoch alluded to, Fleury was a mere novice in the art in which he afterwards excelled, and member of a strolling company performing at Geneva—whence they were summoned to give a few representations at the château for the amusement of the guests. With all his traditional veneration for his host, the young actor, as full of mischief as lads of seventeen generally are, could not resist the temptation of surreptitiously handling the ill-combed and dishevelled wig bobbing up and down on his patron's head. Scarcely, however, had he touched it, when he felt that Voltaire's eagle eye was upon him. Turning shortly round, and transfixing the offender with a penetrating glance, the owner of the peruke effectually put a stop to any further indiscretion by saying in a blandly courteous tone, emphasizing every syllable so as to complete the confusion of his auditor: "Allow me, monsieur, to remind you that pages' tricks are not in fashion here. At Ferney, it is the custom to respect a wig for the sake of what is underneath it." "After this," says Fleury, "thinking that he had punished me sufficiently, he took me by the chin, made me look him full in the face, and graciously dismissed me with the flat-

tering prophecy that, scapegrace as I was, I might hope some day to be a comedian.

On the second visit of the actors to the Hôtel Villette, we are told by the same authority, a complimentary address was spoken by Bellecourt and responded to by Voltaire with a great display of emotion. When all except Fleury had retired, La Harpe, who was present, remarked that Bellecourt's delivery had appeared to him more than usually pathetic and effective. "Yes," replied the patriarch with his wonted cynical smile, "we both played our parts uncommonly well."

Madame du Deffand visited him twice, and alludes to their second interview in the following lively style: "Yesterday (the twenty-first), I went again, accompanied as before by M. de Beauvau; but this expedition was by no means as agreeable as the preceding one. We were received by the niece Denis, the best creature in the world, but certainly the greatest slattern; by the Marquis de Villette, an insignificant stage-caricature, and his young wife, who is said to be amiable and is called 'belle et bonne' by Voltaire and the rest. When we came to the salon, after passing through several rooms in all of which the windows were wide open, Voltaire was not there, but shut up with his secretary in another room. We were requested to wait, but the Prince (de Beauvau), who had an appointment, was unable to stay, so I was left alone with niece Denis, the Marquis 'Mascarille,' and 'belle et bonne.' According to them, Voltaire was half dead with fatigue, having read his piece from beginning to end to the actors that afternoon and heard them rehearse their parts. I wanted to go, but they would not hear of it; and in order to induce me to stay, Voltaire sent me four lines he had written on the Sculptor Pigalle, who is at work on a statue or bust of him. After I had waited a good quarter of an hour, in came Voltaire, saying that he was completely exhausted and could hardly speak. I rose to take leave, but he detained me and began to talk of his play, begging me repeatedly to come and hear the final rehearsal, which is to take place in the hotel. His mind is full of it, and his sole motive

for coming to Paris is to have it performed. If the piece has not a great success it will kill him."

Shortly after Walpole writes as follows: "He (Voltaire) thinks of nothing else (but his play), except of being received by the King and Queen, which Madame du Deffand, who has paid him two visits, thinks he will not obtain. I should like to have been present at this interview of the only two surviving lilies of the 'siècle de Louis Quatorze;' yet he is more occupied with the dandelions of the present age."

On March 15th his tragedy of "Irène," the title of which was originally intended to be "Alexis Comnène," was performed for the first time at the Comédie Française, Madame Vestris, one of the best tragic actresses of her day, personating the heroine. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the excitement prodigious; the court, with one notable exception—his Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, who detested Voltaire—being present in grand gala, and the flower of Parisian society mingling with the most distinguished representatives of literature and the arts. It was, however, soon apparent that the piece possessed little intrinsic merit, and that neither the plot nor the characters were sufficiently interesting to rank beside the previous productions of the same writer; but not a word of discontent or unfriendly criticism was heard. People listened in respectful silence, and at the conclusion the name of Voltaire was greeted as enthusiastically as if this pale and feeble effort of his expiring genius had been a "Mérope" or a "Zaïre." It is needless to say that at the Hôtel Villette congratulations poured in from all sides; more than thirty members of the leading families in France repaired thither after the performance, and inscribed their names in a register kept for the purpose; and it was easy to persuade the old man that his latest work had achieved a success equal to that obtained by any of its predecessors.

In the circle of his intimates there was of course but one opinion on the subject, and M. de Villette even went so far as to affirm that, if Fréron had not died two years before, he would have been one of the warmest admirers of "Irène." Voltaire shook his head in dissent.

"No," he said, "it was always war to the knife between us, and would have been so still. But, although we hated each other cordially, I never denied that he had talent—of a certain sort. Nay, when a German prince on his way hither for the first time asked me whom I could recommend as a most capable person to give him a correct idea of the literature of the day, I told him plainly that I knew no one so likely to answer the purpose as that scoundrel, Fréron."

"What would you have done," inquired La Harpe, "if the terrible critic had rung at the gate of Ferney, and solicited hospitality?"

"Done!" exclaimed Voltaire, his old resentment blazing forth at the idea of such a possibility; "I should have"—here he paused, and after a moment's reflection replied—"I should have invited him to sup at my own table, and placed at his disposal the best bedroom in the château."

"He would probably not have occupied it so long," suggested Madame Denis, "as the Italian who came for a night, and remained with us three months."

"Ah," said Voltaire, chuckling faintly at the recollection; "contrary to Don Quixote, who mistook inns for castles, that gentleman evidently mistook castles for inns."

On March 30th, after attending a sitting of the Academy in his honor, the author of "*Irène*," in compliance with the general desire, visited the Théâtre Français in order to witness the sixth performance of his tragedy. Everything had been arranged beforehand to insure him a brilliant reception; and his appearance, surrounded by a bodyguard of satellites, was greeted with loud acclamations from all sides of the house. When the curtain had fallen on the last act of "*Irène*," the important part of the ceremony began; the poet's bust was placed on the stage, and displayed to the audience, the actors and actresses standing grouped around it. This was the signal for a burst of enthusiasm, which lasted more than a quarter of an hour; the ladies rising spontaneously from their seats and waving their handkerchiefs, while every eye was directed towards the hero of the evening, who sat trembling with excitement and emo-

tion in his box. Mlle. Lachassaigne then stepped forward, and deposited a laurel crown on the bust,* the other members of the company imitating her example; while Madame Vestris recited the following lines composed for the occasion by M. de Saint-Marc:—

Aux yeux de Paris enchanté
Reçois en ce jour un hommage
Que confirmera d'âge en âge
La sévère postérité!
Non, tu n'as pas besoin d'atteindre au noir
rivage,
Pour jouir des honneurs de l'immortalité!
Voltaire, reçois la couronne
Que l'on vient de te présenter:
Il est beau de la mériter
Quand c'est la France qui la donne!

Meanwhile, Mlle. Fanier (Dorat's old love) embraced the bust, as did her colleagues one after another; and more than one occupant of the pit made an attempt to climb on the stage and bestow an accolade on the marble. As a fitting termination of the spectacle, "*Nanine*," also by Voltaire, was then performed, the bust and its laurel crowns not being removed until the final descent of the curtain. By order of the King, the court alone was not officially represented; the Count d'Artois, however, contrived to slip away from the royal party at the opera, and after witnessing incognito the latter part of the proceedings sent his aide-de-camp with a flattering message to the venerable poet, expressing the pleasure he felt in joining his congratulations to those of the nation.

Deeply affected by the excitement he had undergone, and overcome by fatigue, the recipient of all these honors had barely strength to acknowledge the plaudits repeated again and again as, borne on the shoulders of a dozen enthusiasts, he left the theatre, and was escorted in triumph to his carriage. The adjoining streets were lined with a mixed multitude of all classes, eager to participate in the delirium of the hour, and augmented every instant by fresh arrivals from various quarters of the city. Amid deafening cries of "Long live the author of '*Méropé*,' '*Brutus*,'

* This scene forms the subject of a charming engraving by Gaucher after a drawing by Moreau the younger, entitled the "Apoteosis of Voltaire."

and 'Zaire!' the state equipage of M. de Villette proceeded at a foot's pace in the direction of the quay, accompanied by an immense concourse of people; until on arriving at the Rue du Bac an unexpected incident occurred, which owed its origin to a "happy thought" of the "scapegrace," Fleury. A group of workmen, stationed at the corner of the street commanding a good view of the procession, were evidently inclined to join in the uproarious manifestation, but without any very distinct idea how to begin. To them Voltaire's literary celebrity was a matter of indifference; in their eyes he was a philosopher, or, according to their interpretation of the term, an enemy to priestcraft, and as such alone they regarded him. While they stood undecided how to express their sympathy with what was going on, Fleury, who had divined the cause of their embarrassment, adroitly hinted to one of the foremost that the popular idol's real claim to their admiration being his hatred of injustice and oppression, an allusion to his defence of Calas and Sirven would be at once appropriate and gratifying to him. The suggestion was eagerly adopted, and during the slow progress of the carriage along the quay, shouts—at first isolated, then quickly taken up by a thousand voices—of "Long live the friend of the people, the defender of Sirven and Calas!" rent the air, and impressed Voltaire, as he afterwards confessed, more forcibly and far more durably than any other episode of the eventful day.

Early in April he visited Madame du Deffand for the first and last time. "He remained an hour with me," she says, "and was in a most amiable mood. He has just purchased a house in the Richelieu quarter, and intends passing eight months of the year in Paris, and the other four at Ferney. Every possible honor has been shown him here, the court alone declining to receive him. He is eighty-four, and positively I am

inclined to regard him as almost immortal, not one of his faculties being in the slightest degree impaired by age."

Her next mention of him briefly records his death, which took place on May 30th, and is alluded to as follows by Walpole in a letter to Mason: "All my old friend (Madame du Deffand) has told me of Voltaire's death is, that the excessive fatigue he underwent by his journey to Paris, and by the bustle he made with reading his play to the actors and hearing them repeat it, and by going to it, and by the crowds that flocked to him: in one word, the agitation of so much applause at eighty-four threw him into a strangury, for which he took so much laudanum that his frame could not resist all, and he fell a martyr to his vanity. Nay, Garrick, who is above twenty years younger, and fully as vain, would have been choked with such doses of flattery; though he would like to die the death."

Notwithstanding his reported reconciliation to the Church, and a confession said to have been signed by him, the curé of St. Sulpice refused to receive his body, which, after having been embalmed, was transported by the Abbé Mignot, his nephew, to the abbey of Scellières in the diocese of Troyes, and there interred; the simple inscription "Here lies Voltaire" being engraved on his tomb. Fifteen years later, during the revolution, a monument was erected to his memory in the church of Ste. Gèneviève in Paris, then denominated the Panthéon.

His entire property, representing an income of 70,000 livres a year, besides a quantity of furniture and a library of fifteen thousand volumes, mostly annotated by himself, was bequeathed unreservedly to his niece, Madame Denis. The books—either by gift or purchase—subsequently passed into the hands of the Empress Catherine of Russia.—*Belgravia*.

PROTECTION FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY WILLIAM J. HARRIS.

IN an annual report which the United States' Consul-General in London sent to the Secretary of State at Washington,
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XL., No. 5

in November, 1882, he made use of the following words:—

Every Government administered so as to

conserve the real well-being and permanent prosperity of its people as a whole, must specially foster and sustain, amongst its varied industries, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial, those which are a prime necessity to the greatest number, whenever it has become evident that private enterprise and capital are alone unable to establish and maintain them. The fostering and sustaining must be done by means of protection against foreign competition on the one hand, or by means of direct support on the other.

This dictum, coming from an eminent American gentleman of the highest culture—from one who has every opportunity of finding out all the disadvantages of *ad valorem* and *specific* duties* in a most complex tariff—whose daily occupation it is to certify the invoices of shipments made from this country to his own, and whose constant study it must be, to stop up the many loop-holes for fraud, is worth the most attentive consideration of Englishmen. All who are acquainted with the United States' Consul-General know that he has a mind free from prejudice; that he has been willing to study most carefully our system of free imports; that he has sat under Mr. Giffen at the Statistical Society; that the controversial economic literature of the day has been thoroughly studied by him, and that he is of all men in the world the one who would be most likely to have detected the evils of a protective system: and yet he, with all his knowledge of our manners and customs, has re-asserted the old heresies. In fact, we have been unable to convert the very man who ought to have been our aptest pupil.

The controversy between Free Trade and Protection has not expired. There is, in fact, at the present time in this country more doubt as to the success of our trade policy than there has been for thirty years. There is a great dislike among many to use the word Protection. It represents a system which has been so much denounced by leading English politicians, that when a member of Parliament now rises from his seat to complain of some unfair condition of English trade, he usually commences with an apology, and ends with an assurance to the House that he contemplates no protective remedy. Members are afraid of the scorn of those who

hold the reins of power, and thus far guide our policy on the lines laid down by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright.

This is a time, however, when the trade of England demands a fresh investigation. In the decade 1845-55, when most of our free import legislation was passed, we were in a position very different to the present. We were then the first Power in the world, so far as our manufacturing skill was concerned. We were in the midst of building our largest railways. We not only undertook the building of our own, but we also constructed those of many other countries. The stimulus to the trade of the world was undoubtedly given by steam. Just as steam cheapened production, so did it also multiply production; and this country being far in advance of the rest of the world, could send its manufactures to all other countries, and sell at prices that were never dreamt of, in the days of hand labor. In the midst of this, came the Crimean War, and, consequently, a great advance in the price of wheat. Russia, which previously was our great source of supply, was shut to us. The United States and our Colonies had not been developed by the railway system, and our own wants, therefore, indirectly produced an enormous foreign demand for our manufactures. Thus was the stimulus given to the construction of American and Colonial railways; and while the capital was wanted to develop the fresh settled land, the work was to a large extent intrusted to our own contractors and manufacturers.

Here lay the great secret of English prosperity, and for a certain period it advanced by greater strides than that of France, Germany, and the United States. This was in consequence—firstly, of the initial conditions; and secondly, of the absence of disturbing causes, such as warlike operations and consequent conscriptions within our own country. Our political economists of the present day attribute all the development of wealth to one cause, which they call Free Trade. We have certainly had free imports, but we have never had Free Trade. Free Trade means free exchange, and except with India, where we have forced it at the point of the sword, we have never enjoyed it. The

growth of wealth undoubtedly followed the advent of Cobdenism for a long period, but it was a *post hoc*, and not a *propter hoc*, prosperity. The real cause was steam, and added to that, the intelligence and pluck of our manufacturers. That intelligence and pluck happily remains with us still.

Having thus shortly stated my view of the historical facts, let us next examine what the so-called Free Trade system of this country really means. It means simply this—that we are forced to raise the whole of our taxation of, say, £140,000,000 sterling per annum (local and Imperial) in our own country, while all other nations raise theirs partly on themselves and partly on those nations who find it necessary to sell the surplus labor of their inhabitants. Thus in this country the investment in productive enterprises of various kinds has been so great during the period when foreign nations were compelled to purchase from us, that now, when the tide has turned and they enter into competition with us, we are compelled to sell to them at their own price; so that we now pay a considerable portion, and sometimes the whole, of the duties which they have from year to year increased upon our manufactures. What is the result? Firstly, we undoubtedly pay our own taxes, and beyond this our industrial population has, in effect, to pay a large part of their taxes also. For instance, supposing we export £200,000,000 worth of goods of all sorts, and the average duty on such goods in foreign countries amounts to 30 per cent., there is a charge of £60,000,000, a large part of which is allowed by ourselves from the proper value of the article. What are the future prospects

of improvement in this respect? None whatever.

The only manufacturers in this country who have recently been full of export orders are those who export machinery and mill-work. We are therefore exporting, in ever-increasing quantities, the very sinews of our own industry, and enabling the countries we supply to be more and more independent of us; while every improvement in labor-saving apparatus is copied abroad as soon as discovered here. An analysis of our exports at the beginning and end of the decade through which we have just passed, will show the diminution in the margin for British manufacture, and the decline has been pretty regular for the whole period.

I have picked out some of the chief manufactures which we export, and of which quantities, as well as prices, are entered in the Board of Trade returns, and I have purposely left out such exports as iron and steel rails, on which there was great inflation in the previous period, on account of our doing so much railway work in foreign countries. I have also kept to round numbers instead of the exact figures in the Blue Books. The first set of figures relates to our exports of yarns, the second to our exports of textile manufactures, and the third to our imports of the raw materials from which the exports were manufactured. I will call the columns A B and C.

A is the actual value of the exports and imports of 1883.

B is the value that would have been shown if the price had been equal to that of 1873.

C is the difference between the two.

A.	B.	C.
Exports of 1883.	If at prices of 1873 amounts would have been.	Difference in price.
Cotton yarn.....£16,000,000	£22,000,000	£6,000,000
Jute yarn.....270,000	360,000	90,000
Woollen yarn.....3,230,000	5,240,000	2,000,000
£19,500,000	£27,600,000	£8,100,000 loss.
Cotton piece goods.....£56,000,000	£74,000,000	£18,000,000
Jute " ".....2,500,000	3,800,000	1,300,000
Woollen " ".....15,500,000	23,000,000	7,200,000
£74,000,000	£100,800,000	£26,500,000 loss.

RAW MATERIALS.			
	A.	B.	C.
	Imports less re-exports for 1883.	If at prices of 1873 amounts would have been.	Difference in price.
Cotton.....	£39,000,000	£54,000,000	£15,000,000
Jute.....	3,500,000	4,500,000	1,000,000
Wool.....	9,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000
	<hr/> £51,500,000	<hr/> £68,500,000	<hr/> £17,000,000 gain.

From these figures it is evident that there has been a gain in purchasing the raw materials retained for manufacturing purposes of £17,000,000. Presuming that 60 per cent. of this raw material was used for manufacturing our exports, and the other 40 per cent. for manufacturing what our own people use, it results that the raw material used in making the exports cost something over £10,000,000 less, while the declared value of our exports of the materials made therefrom showed a diminished value of over £34,000,000, or a net loss to manufacturer and artisan of £24,000,000 sterling between the prices of 1873 and those of 1883. The former period was a wonderfully inflated one, for all manufactures which were used in the construction of railways and public works, but it was not more than ordinarily busy in textile industries.

The difference cannot be attributed to any very appreciable extent to improvements in machinery, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter received from a large manufacturer:—

The machinery is practically the same. If you had gone back twenty years, then there would have been a considerable difference. We seem to have got almost as far as it is possible. The improvements now are small ones, and such as can scarcely affect the cost either one way or another.

So much for our exports; but how about our imports? What encouragement are we giving to the foreign manufacturer over our own? We are giving to every foreign manufacturer one open market which our own exporters are without, and that market is one of the largest in the world. It is our own.

The French and German manufacturers find themselves over-stocked at some particular moment with goods of a special sort. Two courses are open to them under the circumstances; either

to lower the price materially to their own home buyers, or to send their surplus here and draw on Englishmen for a cash advance. This latter course is pursued in the majority of cases; and the Board of Trade economists rejoice at it, and tell us that it cheapens similar productions in this country, and that, the consumer being the all-important person, we ought not to complain. A very cursory examination of our imports of manufactured goods will supply the answer to this fallacy. If the price of goods which the poor consumed were lowered there might be some compensating advantage, but these manufactured goods which come to us from the older countries of the world are nearly all such as the rich alone require. Silks, fancy hosiery, lace, high-heeled boots, articles de Paris, French clocks, kid gloves, artificial flowers, &c. &c. are not of any importance to the wage-earners.

The free import of nearly all these things contributes to the enjoyment of the rich; to a less extent to the enjoyment of the middle-classes, and not at all to that of the poor.

The rich and their servants may amount to as many as three millions, the various grades of the middle classes may be as many as seven millions, and the wage-earners number twenty-five millions; and as we are asked to affirm that the political power of all shall be equal; we must also admit that the rich should have no advantage in purchasing which militates against the poor.

What the poor want is a large import of raw material and a small import of manufactures. The results of the French Treaty of Commerce are always treated by the economists of this country as successful; but, regarded from a workman's point of view, they were the reverse. The treaty was made in 1860 for twenty years. It allowed France to impose duties on our manufactures, and

forbade us to charge any on hers (always excepting wines and spirits). Let us examine the statistics for 1860, and compare them with those of 1880, and see how they told upon English manufacturing industry.

In 1860 we imported for home consumption about £9,000,000 worth of raw wool, and £2,000,000 worth of manufactured woollen goods; in 1880 we imported for home consumption £12,000,000 worth of raw wool, and £9,500,000 of manufactured woollen goods. Thus, while the raw material only advanced by about £3,000,000, the manufactured article advanced by £7,500,000 sterling. I maintain that, if we had had a small duty on the manufactured article for the whole of that period, our imports of the raw material would have largely increased, and the imports of the manufactured article would have grown only to a corresponding extent—our manufacturers and workmen would have learnt superior trades instead of being forced into the lowest forms of manufacture, and foreign nations would have been more dependent upon us for their purchases than they now are. Next let us take silk, and subject that article to the same test that we have applied to wool. In 1860 we imported for home use £6,500,000 worth of raw silk, and £3,000,000 manufactured; in 1880 we imported for home use £3,500,000 worth of raw silk, and £13,000,000 of manufactured. Now, these figures are most extraordinary, and merit the closest attention of all working men. Silk is a luxury of the rich quite as much as tobacco is a luxury of the poor. The poor would gain very much through having this manufacture restored to this country. We used to be able to make silk as well as the French, and we soon could again. The trade is almost lost to us, and who among the population of these islands gains anything by its free import? Only the rich. The poor don't dress in fine silks. There would be no fairer tax than one on such luxuries. The poor have to pay* an enormous tax on their tobacco, which is

their luxury; while silk, the luxury of the rich, goes free.

So much for the import of such goods as our officials choose to designate as purely manufactured goods. Let us consider some other imports. Corn and meat we must place in another category. Bread is an article which is consumed by the wage-earners far more largely than by the rich. Meat, also, has become a necessity to a large majority of the working classes. Those who advocate a duty on wheat for the sake of benefiting the agriculturist, must be aware that if the farmer be benefited the poor must be injured; and if the poor be not injured, it would be from the fact that the foreign producer would pay the whole of the duty. In that case, the farmer would not be benefited. The real result would probably be that when the world produced more than we required, the foreigner would pay the greater part of the duty; and when there was any difficulty in supplying our needs, we should have to pay it. In a letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to a working-man of my acquaintance, he gave the opinion that it would be impossible to levy duties on manufactured goods, without also taxing corn. I disagree with Mr. Gladstone on this point. It is quite true that we have no right to offer an advantage to one branch of our manufacturing industry, and to refuse assistance to that industry which, of all others, has, perhaps, suffered the most; but if we turn to the United States' Consul-General's despatch with which I opened this paper, we shall find the case is provided for. He says: "The fostering or sustaining must be done by means of protection against foreign competition on the one hand, or by means of *direct support* on the other."

Agriculturists throughout the country would be much better satisfied with a relief from their most unjust burdens than with any tax on corn. We are told, however, both by Mr. Gladstone and by Mr. Chamberlain, that any relief of agricultural burdens would be an ultimate gift to the landlord. In the days of protection it might have been so, but it cannot be so with free imports.

Land in England has now to compete acre for acre with land abroad. In England and Wales the burdens on land,

* There can be but little doubt that import duties on articles which we do not ourselves produce are in great part paid by the consumer.

other than rent, amount to more than 10 per cent. on the produce. In the United States these burdens only amount to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In our colonies they are still less. What, therefore, could be so fair as a reduction of, or a return of, taxation to the *bond fide* farmer? Rents have declined from 20 to 50 per cent., and are likely to decline more; and it is not right that rents should decline so much and all the other charges remain as they are. Land that is used for agricultural purposes is really the raw material from which food is manufactured. We free all foreign raw material from taxation, and yet we leave a most iniquitous impost on the material produced at home. What would Mr. Chamberlain say if it was proposed to put an import duty on raw wool? He would not tell us, in that case, that the owner of the raw wool would pay the whole tax. He would not even go so far as I do, by admitting that the said owner would pay a portion. He would say that the English consumer would pay the whole. The argument applies equally with the raw material of food. The house in which the farmer lives should pay rates and taxes; his land should pay none. The earth is just as much the raw material of food as wool is the raw material of cloth.

I only apply this argument to land used for productive purposes (agricultural or mineral); when used for enjoyment or ornamentation the argument does not apply. Remove these unjust charges from the farmer, and he will at once employ more labor and produce more food; and I maintain that food produced at home is worth twice as much to the nation as imported food. In the one case the proceeds of the sale are all spent at home; in the other case very little more than one-half is spent in this country.

I will now instance some manufactured articles which the Board of Trade officials do not include at all under the designation of manufactures, and, as a type of the group, I will give that most simple of all manufactures, namely, flour. The Americans value their power to export flour to this country very highly. I copy an extract from a Western newspaper. I could give one hundred such, but one will suffice as a sam-

ple. The extract follows an interesting account of some enormous flour mills which were being erected. It runs as follows:—

We are glad to chronicle the announcement of such an enterprise, not only because we are proud of the growth and progress of the manufacturing industries of the great North-west, but for the still better reason that we believe that our entire surplus wheat crop ought to be exported in the shape of manufactured flour, instead of in its raw state, as the greater proportion of it now is. We hope the day is not far distant when not a bushel of wheat will be exported from this country. It is the life and the vitality of the soil that is exported with the wheat, but which is saved and returned to it in the refuse product of the mill, turned into food for stock. And this, to say nothing of the labor furnished to the army of workmen required to carry on the work growing out of the operations of the great mills required to turn the hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat into the manufactured flour.

Now, this shows the policy of, not only America, but of all foreign nations: a policy which is almost forced upon them by our stupidity—the fact of our allowing the free importation of the results of foreign labor, while we indirectly tax our own manufactures to the extent of our own internal taxes. Let us see now what the result has been in regard to the import of flour from the United States, as compared with the raw material wheat. The trade and navigation returns for June, 1884, give them as follows for the six months January to June:—

	1882.	1883.	1884.
Wheat,	£8,147,699	£8,295,102	£5,400,854
Flour,	2,504,885	4,769,682	3,478,193

Thus, in 1882, 23 per cent. of our supply consisted of the manufactured article; in 1883, 36 per cent.; in 1884, nearly 40 per cent.

The increasing import simply prevents the putting up of new mills in this country, and the employment of more workmen, and limits the amount of our real property assessment to the national income by discouraging the building of new mills. What do our neighbors the French do, to prevent this very simple trade being taken away from them? They charge a duty on the flour which amounts to 2s. per qr. of wheat, while their duty on wheat (the raw material) is only 1s. This difference is sufficient to limit the import to very small dimen-

sions, and I never heard that bread was dearer in France in consequence, but the French miller is protected to the extent at least of his own internal taxes.

The reason why all this flour comes is, that the American millers never allow themselves to have a surplus, so as to over-stock the market at home. Whenever the home demand is slack, they send it here, and consequently they keep their home trade free from unnatural depression. It would be a great advantage to us as feeders of stock, and, therefore, manufacturers of meat in this country, to have the bran, pollard, &c., which comes on the wheat, brought here and sold in this country, so as to give us meat at a somewhat cheaper rate. We lose all this advantage, and gain nothing to compensate us for the loss.

In the same category of manufactures coming from countries beyond our own Empire we may add sawn timber, refined sugar, dressed leather, and many other things which the Board of Trade considers unworthy of the name of manufactures.

With respect to sugar, the case is exceedingly strong, owing to the bounty given abroad, which must in the end ruin our manufacturers, and which will undoubtedly have to be met, both in the raw material and the manufactured article, with countervailing duties.

The assurance on the part of the Board of Trade officials that the foreign bounty on sugar is wholly and entirely a gift to the English nation is all moonshine so far as the working-classes are concerned.

The Germans know what they are doing, and they are confident that they get a very good *quid pro quo* for all they pay. In fact, the transaction between them and ourselves amounts to this: they indirectly pay us about £600,000 per annum for the privilege of making our sugar for us, thereby depriving our farmers and agricultural laborers of the industry of beetroot culture; and also our sugar-refiners and their workmen from a large part of the manufacturing trade. In exchange for this indirect payment to us, they shovel in about £6,000,000 of our money, which finds its distribution amongst the German people, and especially amongst the working-classes. If their own taxes are

raised by the £600,000, they have our £6,000,000 with which to pay the excess.

Now what are the arguments used by our present economical writers against such a policy as I have sketched in this article. They tell us that foreign nations would retaliate. But have not other countries far more to fear, than to gain, by such a course? Is it not the comparatively new countries of the world who are becoming our best customers? and do they not pay us for our manufactured goods with raw materials? Surely they have no cause to retaliate in consequence of our taxing manufactured goods?

What would be the effect on our American cousins, when they found us first doubting, and then discarding, our economical creed? The whole agricultural community of that country would be in the greatest fear of our taxing their wheat and meat, with a view to helping our own colonies. There are many among us who now support such a policy, and it is a perfectly intelligible one; but it is one which it will probably be to our interest to avoid. Here is the opinion of Mr. Seymour, late Democratic candidate for the Presidency:—

If England should tax American grain imports to the extent of even so little as 10 or 20 cents per bushel, while allowing the grain of her own colonies to enter her ports free, she can bankrupt the farmers of the American North-west. She can, by a like discrimination as to beef, pork, butter, cheese, and other farm products, cripple, if not ruin, our farmers all over the country, because it is too apparent to need argument that, with our vast railroad system and the agricultural lands developed by it, our own people cannot consume what our farmers produce.

With such manifest results as these staring them in the face, we cannot suppose that the American people wish to commit suicide with their eyes open. On the contrary, there would be every inducement for them to conciliate us by making suitable reductions in their tariff.

So far as India and our other colonies are concerned we should, of course, have to regard them as a portion of our own country, and give them the advantages which we now do; but we should at the same time persuade them to give to us corresponding advantages by admitting our manufactures on better

terms than those of countries outside of the Empire.

What would be the effect on France? She sends to us much more than we export to her, and, therefore, would dread reprisals. With the present state of her finances, she could not afford to make duties prohibitory. She is dependent on her customs' duties for a large part of her revenue; and if she had to raise all by internal taxation, she would provoke a revolution.

Germany will, under any circumstances, raise her protective duties to what she finds suits her best; and the fact of our raising a moderate revenue from her exports to us, would not cause her to tax our goods at a higher rate than she taxes those of France, Russia, or Italy, who all do the same. It is a most significant fact that Germany is amply satisfied with her return to a protective policy. To prove this, I take the following extract from the *Times* newspaper of the 4th July. 1884:—

The proposal of the German Government to raise the scale of duties on several articles, including cotton and silk lace and embroideries, is exciting considerable interest in Nottingham, as the trade of the town is likely to be seriously effected by the measure. Some correspondence has passed between the local chamber of commerce and the Government on the matter and the secretary of the chamber has received a communication from Lord Fitzmaurice, inclosing a memorandum from Lord Ampthill, the English Ambassador at Berlin, whose attention has been directed to the subject. His Lordship remarks that the preamble to the Bill (which is at present before the Federal Council, and will shortly be discussed in the Imperial Parliament) frankly states that the higher duties are proposed for the purpose of protecting German industry; and it refers to the protective departure taken in 1879 as having largely stimulated the increased employment of labor in Germany, and the prosperity of several branches of industry which had been languishing under the effects of foreign competition. In proposing the measure the Government states that it has been careful to select articles of luxury, and to avoid raising the duty in any case which would injuriously affect any German industry. As there does not appear to be any sign of serious opposition to the Bill on the ground of any special German interest being involved, Lord Ampthill thinks there would be little prospect of any arguments against the measure, based on the protection of a foreign industry, obtaining a successful hearing at the present moment.

It is found in Germany that since the return to higher duties which took place in 1879, the wages have increased with-

out the price of goods increasing, and she has actually greatly increased her exports, even of those highly manufactured goods which yield the greatest amount of employment to her people, and the reason for this is not far to seek.

When manufacturers are constantly interfered with by the surplus of foreign nations being thrust upon their buyers, they lose courage, and it is only those who have enormous establishments who can compete; but when demand is kept more regular, capital is employed more freely, and works are enlarged; the expenses of management and plant are reduced to a minimum, and although wages rise, yet improved machinery, and increased production keep the prices down. This has been eminently the case in Germany.

Another argument much insisted upon by all the Cobdenite writers of the present day is to this effect. They say that as a certain part of our population has amassed large investments in foreign countries, it is necessary to afford every facility for the remittance of the interest on dividends accruing therefrom. There are probably about half a million of persons who are interested in foreign investments, either directly or indirectly; but it is a poor argument to present to our wage-earners, to say that because these half million persons wish to bring money here, they are to have the power of bringing those manufactured goods, which interfere with the earning power of the poor, without contributing fairly to the taxation of the country. Surely the workingman will answer, "I have no wish to prevent my rich countryman from receiving his remittance, but let him either bring it over in raw material, or if he brings it in the manufactured state, let him pay a tax upon it." Again, we are told that to limit trade in this way would limit the amount of shipping employed; but the exact contrary would be the case. Directly our imports of manufactures were curtailed the imports of raw material would be increased, and, as raw materials of manufacture come from distant countries, and finished manufactures come from neighboring ones, the shipowners would gain thereby.

The other arguments that are paraded

against us are those of the statistics of the growth of prosperity under our present system. It is said that the income tax is increasing, but on examination it is found that the reverse has been the case during the last eight or nine years, taking the actual increase in population into account, and moreover the wage-earner does not contribute to income tax. Deposits in savings banks have certainly increased considerably, but not so fast as in Germany and the United States. Mr. Giffen, of the Board of Trade, made what (I suppose) was meant as an attack on our contention, *that the people were, to a large extent, unemployed*, by giving statistics, showing that the earnings of our working men are much more than they were fifty years ago. This is, of course, a fact that no one will deny, and the same fact is still more apparent in Germany, France, Russia, and the United States. The percentage of rise in those countries (which I mention particularly, because they are all highly protectionist) has been greater than in England. Mr. Giffen argued from his figures that the wage-earners have made more progress in the upward scale than any other portion of the community. It was unfortunate for Mr. Giffen that the political necessities of the President of the Board of Trade should, within two or three months of the publication of these views, have obliged him to upset them in the most ruthless manner.

The Marquis of Salisbury had, meantime, published his memorable paper on the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. This publication was such an undoubted success, that certain Radical politicians were afraid that the working classes would be won over by the genuine sympathy of the Conservative Leader, and Mr. Chamberlain therefore set himself to vie with the noble marquis by publishing an article on the same subject in the *Fortnightly Review* of December 1883. So anxious was Mr. Chamberlain to address the wage-earners in a popular manner, that he completely forgot all that his permanent secretary had tried to prove, and described their condition in these words: "Never before was the misery of the very poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless or degraded."

And again: "But the great majority of the toilers and spinners have derived no proportionate advantage from the prosperity which they have helped to create, while a population equal to that of the whole metropolis has remained constantly in a state of abject destitution and misery." It appears, therefore, that the Board of Trade is ready to prove either proposition. The real fact is that Trade Unions in many parts of the country have kept the rate of wages higher than the industries under present circumstances will allow; while in other parts, where trades unionism has had less power, the wages and employment have fallen away. It is, however, a well ascertained fact that there now are, and for years have been, more working men and women out of employment in this country than in any other English, French, or German speaking country in the world.

We are told by our economical writers that cheapness is a national advantage, and that the reduced price of our own manufactures is compensated by the reduction in cost of the imported means of living; that if the prosperity of one trade is diminished, the workmen engaged in it have merely to find employment in another. This is all very fine, but, in the first place, I would suggest that the workingman who has been brought up to silk-weaving does not care to be ruined in the prime of life, and then told that he only has to turn his hand to making pig-iron and all will be well. Moreover, we only have two sorts of industry in which we can hope to be paramount in the future. They are those which are especially connected with iron and coal. If all other manufacturing industries are to be permanently reduced, with our population at the same time increasing, these two industries will naturally be over-stocked with labor. The results may be already felt by examining the statistics collected in Glasgow for the twelve years between 1871 and 1882 inclusive. Dividing these twelve years into three quadrennial periods, we find that in 1871-4 the export price of coal was 15s. 10d., and that of iron warrants 91s 4d.; for the next four years, 1875-8, the export price of coal was 11s., and that of iron warrants 56s. 3d.; and in the third

period the export price of coal was 9s., and that of iron warrants 30s. "So much the better," Mr. Giffen would say; "cheapness is a blessing." But how has it told on the wages of the men employed? In the first period, Scotch iron miners' wages averaged 6s. 8d. per day; in the second period, 4s. 3d.; in the third period, 3s. 11d. At the present moment the price of iron has gone down to 41s., or thereabouts, and wages are in a most unsettled state.

Taking the above figures for the periods under review, and comparing them with the prices at which we have imported the means of living, we find that in the first period we could get one quarter of American wheat in exchange for 1,350 lbs. of pig-iron. In the second period we had to give 1,847 lbs. of pig-iron for one quarter of American wheat; and in the third period for one quarter of American wheat we had to give 2,184 lbs. of pig-iron; and, therefore, although the price of American wheat had gone down, yet it had not declined nearly as much as the chief articles we exchanged for it. Let us take the exchange by the value of wages earned instead of the value of the article produced. In the first period the Scotch iron miner gave eight and a quarter days' wages for a quarter of American wheat. In the second period he had to give ten and a half days' wages; and in the third period he had to give more than twelve days' wages. Working men by their food and other necessities with the value of their labor, and not with stored-up wealth; and if, instead of wheat, I had taken American beef or cheese, the loss to our own countrymen would have been even more apparent.

In this country we have made wise laws which limit the hours of labor. There is no doubt that since the Factory Act legislation was passed, there has been an increase in the duration of life; and for this reason alone, if for no other, it ought to be maintained. But there are also other most important advantages. The Factory Act has given to the working-classes leisure time; and this leisure time will be of increasing advantage to them when the Education Act has borne full fruit. The Cob-

denites, from their own point of view, were quite right in opposing factory legislation. They regarded free imports as the greatest cause of the country's prosperity, and they doubtless saw that short hours and free imports were opposed to each other. If our men only work fifty-six hours in a week against seventy-two hours in France and Germany, and the machinery is practically the same, it follows, as a natural sequence, that the Germans and French must do much more work for the same money. It is not only the hours of labor for the wage-earners on which they have the advantage, but it is also the extra hours for the machinery; and these two factors form a most important calculation when manufacturing profits are cut down to their lowest point. Working men are very ready to protect themselves against imported labor in their own rough-and-ready way. Surely they must perceive how much easier it is to import the finished work of these men than the men themselves; and manufacturers must open their eyes to the same facts, and see how impossible it is becoming for them to compete either in the home trade or in the export trade, under such conditions. It comes, therefore, to this. The men have to protect their factory legislation, and with it their duration of life; and the masters have to protect their means of living, and their means of finding full employment for their machinery; and this can only be done by establishing a great trades union against the foreign manufacturer, and charging such an import duty on manufactured goods as will neutralize the advantages possessed by the other nations, and encourage the investment of more capital in productive enterprise at home.

The Board of Trade officials give a list of the imports of what they are pleased to call manufactured goods, for the half-year ending 30th June, valued at £27,000,000, which equals £54,000,000 in the year. There is not ten per cent of this amount that confers the slightest enjoyment on the poor. Of other manufactures, such as I have indicated in this paper, together with luxurious production not strictly manufactured, there may be some twenty-five

or thirty millions imported, making, say, eighty millions in all. We, therefore, have a very considerable sum to deal with, and a very considerable revenue to raise. Although import duties would undoubtedly decrease the amount of manufactures imported, the revenue would, undoubtedly, be of immense benefit to the nation, and would give it a means of redressing those hardships under which our agriculturists and other

home producers suffer, without unjustly taxing any part of the community.

If steps are not soon taken in this direction, the outlook for the employment of our artisans is indeed gloomy; and we cannot wonder at the idea gaining ground in many commercial centres, that a crash is impending, which will drive the economic theories of the past forty years to the four winds of heaven. —*National Review*.

THE CONFLICT WITH THE LORDS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE process of coercing the House of Lords by popular demonstrations on which the country is once more entering, is surely most irrational and pernicious. What can be more irrational than to retain a branch of the legislature nominally invested with co-ordinate power, and, each time that it votes freely on any important question, to bully it out of its convictions? What can be more pernicious, especially in times like these, than to familiarize the people with the use of violence, or of the show of violence, as the means of overriding legislative authority and forcing their will upon the Government? A class of agitators is called into being and passions are excited only less venomous than those of civil war. Prejudice tempered by street parade is surely not the constitution of the future.

The burst of surprise and indignation with which the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Lords has been received, if it is not feigned, can only be called fatuous. What do people expect? Is any physical law more certain in its operation than the tendency of hereditary legislators representing privileged families to vote against political change? Has not the House, ever since it ceased to be a feudal baronage placed in antagonism with the Crown and became a modern aristocracy, invariably obeyed the law of its being? Has it not always shown its natural fear of progress by opposing not only political change, but change in every line? Did it not struggle against Habeas Corpus, the Reform of the Criminal Law, and the Emancipation of the Press, as well

as against the Abolition of Rotten Boroughs? Did it not even by its attitude and its well-known disposition delay the Abolition of the Slave Trade? If at two periods, in the contest with Charles I., and in that with James II., it for a moment ranged itself, or half ranged itself, on the side of liberty, was it not in both cases alarmed for its own power and property,* and did it not in both revert at once to its natural courses? It passed readily enough the Franchise Bill of 1867, though the populace of the cities to which that Bill extended the suffrage was far less trustworthy in essential respects than the peasantry whom it is now proposed to enfranchise. But this was an exception which proved the rule with a vengeance, since a crafty leader had assured the party that the measure would practically strengthen reaction by swamping the progressive intelligence of the country. A more signal proof could hardly be imagined of the futility of expecting the Lords to act in a spirit of senatorial wisdom, and as a calm court of legislative revision. As a court of legislative revision they have never acted in the whole course of their history: they have acted invariably as a privileged body, the privilege of which was every day growing more obsolete, and was therefore every day placed in greater jeopardy by progress. Decisive experience com-

* There is a passage in Fielding's "True Patriot" which seems to show that the restoration of abbey lands had not ceased to be an object of apprehension to the aristocracy even in 1745.

bines with reason in telling the nation what must be the conduct of an assembly so constituted as the House of Lords, and in teaching the people that if they do not like such conduct, instead of bullying the Upper House, they ought to amend the constitution, or rather to make a real constitution, and have done with constitutional figments. Coercion almost puts one's sympathies on the side of the House of Lords.

The hereditary principle of government has manifestly had its day, and done its work, so far as the more advanced notions are concerned. Nobody wants to withhold from it the credit due for historical services. No man of sense wants prematurely to set it aside if it can be of any further use to humanity. But it is manifestly dead at the root, though it may retain, as such a tree was sure long to retain, a feeble and fast waning life in some of its branches. A glance over Europe satisfies us of the fact. In two or three Legislatures only does an aristocratic element linger; while the dynasties are, for the most part, either faineant, like that of England, or the offspring of revolutions which have broken the hereditary line. None of the dynasties, except that of semi-civilized Russia, retain their ancient prerogatives, or the halo of divine right. All the cognate beliefs and congenial surroundings of hereditism have passed away. Election is now the only source of real authority, and the only solid foundation for a government. The elective system may not be final, and it may not be perfect, but it has come: to recognize it and regulate it is in this generation the appointed task of statesmen. The French Empire finds it necessary to invoke the sanction of a *plebiscite*, and its attempt to make election extinguish itself in favor of dynasticism meets the inevitable doom. A notion prevails that hereditism is still a guarantee for stability; but this is confuted by the history of European dynasties during the last half-century. In England there has been no revolution, because the dynasty was merely a name at the head of the almanack. There has been no dynastic revolution; but the revolutions of government, the real organ of which is the Cabinet, have been incessant and often per-

nicious, especially in the department of foreign affairs.

The real basis of the House of Lords at the present day is territorial wealth. A titular aristocracy, even with its Norman pedigrees clipped by the ruthless shears of history in the hands of Mr. Freeman, might still retain a certain social position, and its titles might have a value in the marriage market: it would have no more political strength than a ghost. But to keep together the estates, which otherwise spendthrift idleness would soon dissipate or a large progeny divide, primogeniture and entail are indispensable; and primogeniture and entail are doomed. Agrarian change is rife; Mr. George has hundreds of thousands of readers, and not a few disciples even in high places; the territorial aristocracy of Ireland has already been dispossessed and its domains have been reduced to a rent charge, though the old feudal law is left standing, with truly Irish incongruity, beside the legislation of the Gracchi. It is evident that confiscation can be averted only by surrendering privilege, and letting the people feel that the acquisition of land is perfectly free to all who have the means of buying it, and who want to use it. It may be questioned whether democracy armed with the extended franchise will do all the things which have been threatened in its name; but it will certainly abolish primogeniture and entail.

It has been urged that the peerage furnishes the country with an order of men dedicated from their earliest years to the duties of public life. Dedicated they may be; but devoted they are not. The scantiness of the attendance in the House of Lords, when London is full of peers, residing there for their pleasure, is notorious, and the anxious fathers of the House have preached against it in vain. Hereditary wealth and rank, by removing the incentives to exertion, infallibly beget sybaritism, and sybaritism wants to enjoy itself, not to read Blue Books and listen to debates. Even the rural duties of the landowner are now neglected to a dangerous extent, while the greater part of his year is spent in a pleasure city.

By the admission of life peers the House of Lords might have gained a

respite. Threatened privilege, whether in England or in France, never knows its hour; it always prefers suicide to reform. But there are objections to the proposal of a different kind from those which led the peers to shut their door against Lord Wensleydale. Nomination is hardly a stronger basis than inheritance. The nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher, nor did that of France ever prove itself an anchor which would hold. Exempted from responsibility, the legislator is divorced from public confidence. Election alone can now confer real authority. Two elements, both weak, though one perhaps weaker than the other, would hardly make up between them a strong Conservative institution; and unless they are strong, be it always remembered, Conservative institutions are worse than nothing; they are deadeners of responsibility and provocatives of revolution. An elective element, on the other hand, introduced into an hereditary house would be a new patch on an old garment. An invidious contrast would always be drawn; and, as soon as the elective element was outvoted, the agitation against the hereditary element would be renewed. If, on the other hand, the new element were assimilated by the old, as some prognosticate, the antagonism between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, which is the source of these troubles, would continue, and fresh troubles would ensue. The reduction of the power of the Lords to a suspensive veto, which some have suggested, seems to be rather an expression of impatience than a serious proposal, and, as a moment's reflection must show, would produce a legislative machine of the most ridiculous kind. As to election of members of the House of Lords by their own order, we know from the results in the case of the representative peers of Scotland and Ireland, that it would simply produce the quintessence of that which it is the reformer's object to avoid.

What is now going on is in effect the reduction of the House of Lords to faineancy by a process somewhat similar to that by which the Crown was finally divested of power, though less tranquil, inasmuch as in the case of the Crown,

nothing was required but the refusal of a Minister to serve without a majority, while, in the case of the House of Lords, it is necessary to get up national agitations and menacing parades in the streets. This method is no doubt congenial to British temperament and consistent with British history; it is the method which those who are called practical men prefer. Let them adhere to it if they will, and if they deem such scenes as the present beneficial to the political character of the nation; but let them remember that reduction to faineancy is abolition, and that henceforth the House of Commons will be the supreme and sole government of the country. They still treat it as if it were only the representation of the people, and as if the Crown were still the government. When they pass Franchise Bills, the practical effect of which on government they have apparently not attempted to forecast, they still talk of uniting the whole nation in a compact body round its ancient throne, though the throne, as they must know, is a pageant, while some of the most powerful of their own number are sounding beforehand the tocsin of social war. With all their practical wisdom and greatness, they are hoodwinked by traditional forms, and their blindness is leading the country into great peril. The American Constitution, to the success of which they point, was framed in full view of democracy and was therefore provided with safeguards, real though not adequate, such as the Presidential veto, a Senate elected in a Conservative way, an Executive which, though elected in a way the reverse of Conservative or desirable, still holds power for its legal term by a tenure independent of parties in the Legislature, a written Constitution in the keeping of a Supreme Court, added to which is the highly Conservative influence of the Federal system which localizes the majority of disturbing questions, and sets bounds everywhere to the legislative sweep of dominant opinion. But in England democracy has entered unawares beneath the mantle of an old feudal constitution, in the monarchical and aristocratic portions of which power was fancied and is still fancied to reside. Consequently, no safeguards were ever

provided except by chance, and in an indefensible form, such as that of the Rotten Boroughs. Apart from the moribund authority of the House of Lords, the only Conservative institution in England now retaining real force is the non-payment of members of Parliament, which, combined with the expensiveness of public life, practically confines the representation for the most part to the rich; and this is not a satisfactory sort of security or one which can be expected long to endure.

Is the House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, or as it will be constituted after the extension of the Franchise, fit to be the sole and absolute depository of supreme power? Can an assembly of six or seven hundred men, elected on the demagogic principle, and by something like universal suffrage, be trusted to govern the country? This is the question which presents itself to British statesmen, and which it is necessary that they should answer before they plunge into blind extension of the franchise and to abolition, actual or virtual, of the House of Lords. Appearances could hardly be more adverse than they are at present. The new rules of procedure, which were to introduce order into chaos, seem to have only afforded one more illustration of the futility of a change of laws without a change of character. Faction rides rampant over patriotism, and on both sides of the House seeks to compass its ends by intriguing with rebellion, in which, as in everything else that is disloyal and destructive of the character and dignity of the legislature, representatives of hereditary aristocracy play a leading part. The disunionist movement in Ireland, which, at the outset, having no military force, might have been easily brought to an end by patriotic unanimity and firmness, has been rendered dangerous in the highest degree, and the nation has been almost laid at the feet of a knot of conspirators against its integrity by the weakness and the vices of the House of Commons. Nobody feels assured that, amidst all the factiousness, self-seeking, and distraction, a steadfast resistance will be made even to dismemberment. The House complains of the excessive amount of business, and is almost ready to surrender legislative unity in order

to relieve itself of a part of its load. But nine tenths of its time are not spent in business; they are spent in faction fights, in declamation which is often little more than a reproduction of leading articles in the newspapers, and in asking questions for the sake of annoyance or of self-display. Actual obstruction has now become a regular mode of party warfare; it is practised not upon one side of the House only; it has wrecked one Session at least, and to its powers of mischief there seems to be practically no bounds. Grand Committees may do — indeed they have done — something, but they cannot do very much, because party will insist on overriding their decisions in the full House. In such councils there can be no steadiness or consistency. Foreign affairs and Imperial questions especially cannot fail to suffer from such treatment as they must receive. Instead of being the moderator, the House, with its evil game of faction, is the source of agitation: there, not in the nation, the present disturbances have their seat. Even decency of debate threatens to depart since the social law of "the best club in London" has lost its controlling power. These are merely echoes of the complaints which come over to us from England, and members of the House of Commons itself confess their fear that when the personal authority of Mr. Gladstone is removed, all order and organization will be lost. A governing assembly which is suspended over the brink of anarchy by the thread of one aged statesman's life, may well be regarded with anxiety by the country. If the decadence of the House of Lords is manifest, scarcely less manifest seems to be the catastrophe of the House of Commons. If the hereditary principle is in evil plight, the demagogic principle appears to be in a plight scarcely less evil.

The organization of the House of Commons hitherto has been party. But now party fails. It can be rational and moral only so long as there is some one great issue dividing the community pretty equally into two camps. In fact, it is almost an accident of English history, which was filled for centuries with the struggle between the party of prerogative and the party of Parlia-

mentary government. Theories that mankind is naturally divided into Whigs and Tories by temperament, that, as comedy puts it, every boy and girl is born a little Liberal or a little Conservative, are desperate attempts to give a universal and permanent character to that which is temporary and almost local. To form a basis for parties the issue must be single as well as of paramount importance; crosslines of cleavage are fatal to the system, as is beginning to appear in the United States, where all is confusion because the line of tariff reduction crosses that of administrative reform. But the number of such issues is limited, and when they are exhausted, a party becomes a faction which can be held together only by passion or corruption. Sectionalism has now hopelessly set in and is rapidly breaking up the basis of party government in all the Legislatures of Europe. This is the inevitable tendency of things as minds grow more active and independent, to say nothing of the multiplication and increased intensity of individual ambitions. So it will be till politics become a science, in the deductions of which all must alike acquiesce, when party will receive its death-blow in another way. The malady of sectionalism attacks the Liberal party especially, because there are many lines and rates of progress, while there is only one mode of standing still; but the unity of Toryism, too, is threatened by idiosyncrasy, which there is no general principle of sufficient influence to restrain, if not by divergence of opinion. In vain are homilies preached by those who wish for the attainment of their own special object to restore the strict party organization. In vain is the Prohibitionist or the Anti-vaccinationist exhorted to lay aside his crotchet and give his mind to the main issue; he replies that the main issue is that to which his mind is already given. The Irish have now entirely left the party camp, in which they were long laboriously kept by the compact of the Whigs with O'Connell, and now form a flying squadron hovering between the two camps and making government impossible. If there is to be no authority in England henceforth but that of organized faction, there is likely to be no authority at all, or only

an authority as unstable and as fugitive as the tumbling wave.

The organizing force of the House of Commons has failed, and the principle upon which it is elected has at the same time proved unsound. The principle is that of direct election by large constituencies with extended suffrage. Nothing has been more clearly proved than that this means practically election by wirepullers. The nominal electors, numbering perhaps many thousands, and scattered, it may be, over a large district, are hopelessly incapable of laying their heads together for the purpose of agreeing on a man, even supposing the mass of them to be otherwise qualified for the task. The ascendancy of the wirepuller is the inevitable result; and the wirepuller is too often a man who deserts honest callings to make a trade of politics. Both the political parties are now finding it necessary to set up the Caucus and the machine, as the indispensable instruments of victory over their opponents. The growth of sectionalism conspires, with the loose texture of the constituencies, to render necessary this method of preserving party unity. The machine once fairly constructed and installed in power, the country is in the hands of the machinists. In the hands of the mass of the citizens, the franchise becomes illusory, or amounts only to the privilege of choosing between the candidates of the two machines. Attendance of independent electors at "primaries" has been preached and tried in vain; everything is settled beforehand by the managers, and the independent elector finds himself a laughing-stock. With the wirepuller hand-in-hand comes the demagogue, at whose approach truth, integrity, and patriotism fly from the political scene. Stump oratory will oust statesmanship; it is ousting statesmanship already; and it is difficult to see how control over the national councils will be obtained henceforth except by men who have the gift of stirring masses by oratory, which is far from being identical with fitness to rule a nation. The larger the masses become, and the less capable they are of intelligent devotion to principle, the more they will require the rhetorical stimulant, and, as a necessary part of it, the power of voice

which American politicians have cultivated to an extraordinary degree. Already statesmen, instead of spending their vacations in repose or reflection, are compelled to spend them on the stump. General elections are another dangerous part of the present system. They render it necessary to raise questions for the purpose of exciting the electorate, and they make the policy of the country one of electioneering agitation.

An attempt has been made by the writer elsewhere to set forth the probable advantages of indirect election—that is, of the election of the central legislature, not by the people at large, but by local councils, elected in their turn by the people, and to show how this might be the means of redeeming the elective system from the wire-puller and the demagogue, giving to the people more of real power in the elections than they now possess, securing high character and intelligence for the central legislature by the process of twofold selection, and renewing the connection of the Government with the solid worth and patriotism of the country. It is assumed, of course, that the local councils shall be first properly constituted and invested with their proper functions, to which, when the function of choosing the central legislators was added, they would hardly fail to attract the best citizens of the district. An attempt has been also made to commend, as the best substitute for the party system, the regular election of the executive by the legislature, for a term certain, and with such rotation as might preserve the necessary degree of harmony between the two bodies. Further, the writer has contended that the system of two chambers, which is an attempt to divide the supreme power against itself, is at once chimerical and noxious, that it has its origin in a misconception as to the nature of the House of Lords, which is not really a Senate but a privileged interest, and that experience is in favor of a single assembly, in which all the best elements, conservative and well as progressive, may find their place, and temper each other's action by mutual influence, not as under the bicameral system by collision. Assuredly, whatever of real worth there is in the House of

Lords would find its position better in such an assembly than in the practical ostracism to which, under the guise of privilege, it is at present condemned, and in which odium is added to impotence. In a country in which social influences are very strong, rank and local station would perhaps be only too sure of election.

To help, or try to help, in forming a constitution, however, is not the object of this brief paper. Its object is to suggest that the forming of a constitution has become necessary. The long revolution, extending over three centuries, by which the Crown and the House of Lords have been stripped of practical authority, and power has been concentrated in the House of Commons, now touches on its close. It has demolished the old government, but it has not founded a new one. A government must now be founded, if the nation is to be secured against anarchy; and it will not be founded, the work of founding it will only be made more difficult, by blind extensions of the franchise. Democracy has come; it must be recognized; but, at the same time, it must be organized and regulated in England as it has been in the United States, though much more effectively, with the improvements which the experience of the last century suggests. Unorganized and unregulated, it will be confusion; and it is into unorganized and unregulated democracy that England, by the conflict of parties, is being drawn. The days are not evil, but they are stormy, and the outlook is stormier still. The masses, rendered sensitive and speculative by education, have become keenly alive to the inequalities of the human lot, and they believe that they can remove them and indefinitely improve their own condition by the use of political power. Social science, which might teach them the limits of legislative change has not yet penetrated their minds, and the controlling faith in an ordering and compensating Providence has lost its hold. Concessions once made to democracy can never be retracted except through a counter-revolution, and it is difficult to see, when an unlimited franchise has been granted, what leverage constructive statesmanship will be able to employ. Without

much delay, then, a government must be founded—a government, elective, national, and responsible, but, at the same time, strong enough to maintain political order and afford the country a stable ad-

ministration amid the movements of social and economical change. The task is formidable: to a mere party leader it is almost impossible; but it cannot be declined.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF INSTINCT.

BY G. J. ROMANES.

"GAVEST thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. . . . Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding."

This is the oldest theory of instinct. The writer of that sublime monument of literary power in which it occurs observed a failure of instinct on the part of the ostrich, and forthwith attributed the fact to neglect on the part of the Deity; the implication plainly being that in all cases where instinct is perfect, or completely suited to the needs of the animal presenting it, the fact is to be attributed to a God-given faculty of wisdom. This, I say, is the oldest theory of instinct, and I may add that until within the past twenty-five years it has been the only theory of instinct. I think, therefore, I ought to begin by explaining that this venerable and time-honored theory is a purely theological explanation of the ultimate source of instinct, and therefore cannot be affected by any scientific theory as to the proximate causes of instinct. It is with such a theory alone that we shall here be concerned. "When giants build, men must bring the stones." For the past eight or ten years I have been engaged in elaborating Mr. Darwin's theories in the domain of psychology, and I cannot allude to my own work in this connection without expressing the deep obligations under which I lie to his ever ready and ever generous assistance—assistance rendered not only in the way of conversation and correspondence, but also by his kindness in making over to me all his unpublished manuscripts, together with the notes and clippings which he had been making for the past forty years

in psychological matters. I have now gone carefully through all this material, and have published most of it in my work on "Mutual Evolution in Animals." I allude to this work on the present occasion in order to observe that, as it has so recently come out, I shall feel myself entitled to assume that few have read it; and therefore I shall not cramp my remarks by seeking to avoid any of the facts or arguments therein contained.

As there are not many words within the compass of our language which have had their meanings less definitely fixed than the word "instinct," it is necessary that I should begin by clearly defining the sense in which I shall use it.

In general literature and conversation we usually find that instinct is antithetically opposed to reason, and this in such wise that the mental operations of the lower animals are termed instinctive; those of man are termed rational. This rough and ready attempt at psychological classification has descended to us from remote antiquity, and, like kindred attempts at zoological classification, is not a bad one so far as it goes. To divide the animal kingdom into beasts, fowls, fish, and creeping things, is a truly scientific classification as far as it goes, only it does not go far enough for the requirements of more careful observation; that is to say, it only recognizes the more obvious and sometimes only superficial differences, while it neglects the more hidden and usually more important resemblances. And to classify all the mental phenomena of animal life under the term "instinct," while reserving the term "reason" to designate a mental peculiarity distinctive of man, is to follow a similarly archaic method. It is quite true that instinct preponderates in animals, while reason preponderates in man. This obvious fact is

what the world has always seen, just as it saw that flying appeared to be distinctive of birds, and creeping of reptiles. Nevertheless, a bat was all the while a mammal and a pterodactyl was not a bird; and it admits of proof as definite that what we call instinct in animals occurs in man, and that what we call reason in man occurs in animals. This, I mean, is the case if we wait to attach any definition to the words which we employ. It is quite evident that there is some difference between the mind of a man and the mind of a brute, and if without waiting to ascertain what this difference is, we say that it consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of reason, we are making the same kind of mistake as when we say that the difference between a bird and a mammal consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of flying. Of course, if we choose, we may employ the word "reason" to signify all the differences taken together, whatever they may be; and so, if we like, we may use the word "flying." But in either case we shall be talking nonsense, because we should be divesting the words of their meaning, or proper sense. The meaning of the word "reason" is the faculty of ratiocination—the faculty of drawing inferences from a perceived equivalency of relations, no matter whether the relations involve the simplest mental perceptions, or the most abstruse mathematical calculations. And in this, the only real and proper sense of the word, reason is not the special prerogative of man, but occurs through the zoological scale at least as far down as the articulates.

What then is to be our definition of instinct?

First of all, instinct involves *mental* operation, and therefore implies consciousness. This is the point which distinguishes instinct from reflex action. Unless we assume that a new-born infant, for example, is conscious of sucking, it is as great a misnomer to term its adaptive movements in the performance of this act instinctive, as it would be similarly to term the adaptive movements of its stomach subsequently performing the act of digestion.

Next, instinct implies hereditary knowledge of the objects and relations with respect to which it is exercised; it

may therefore operate in full perfection prior to any experience on the part of the individual. When the pupa of a bee, for instance, changes into an imago, it passes suddenly from one set of experiences to another, the difference between its previous life as a larva and its new life as an imago being as great as the difference between the lives of two animals belonging to two different subkingdoms; yet as soon as its wings are dry it exhibits all the complex instincts of the mature insect in full perfection. And the same is true of the instincts of vertebrated animals, as we know from the researches of the late Mr. Douglas Spalding and others.

Again, instinct does not imply any necessary knowledge of the relations between means employed and ends attained. Such knowledge may be present in any degree of distinctness, or it may not be present at all; but in any case it is immaterial to the exercise of the instinct. Take, for example, the instinct of the *Banxex*. This insect brings from time to time fresh food to her young, and remembers very exactly the entrance to her cell, although she has covered it with sand, so as not to be distinguishable from the surrounding surface. Yet M. Fabre found that if he brushed away the earth and the underground passage leading to the nursery, thus exposing the contained larva, the parent insect "was quite at a loss, and did not even recognize her own offspring. It seemed as if she knew the doors, nursery, and the passage, but not her child."

Lastly, instinct is always similarly manifested under similar circumstances by all the individuals of the same species. And, it may be added, these circumstances are always such as have been of frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species.

Now in all these respects instinct differs conspicuously from every other faculty of mind, and especially from reason. Therefore, to gather up all these *differentiæ* into one definition, we may say that instinct is the name given to those faculties of mind which are concerned in consciously adaptive action, prior to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between means employed and

ends attained ; but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species.

Such being my definition of instinct, I shall now pass on to consider Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instincts.

Now, to begin with, Mr. Darwin's theory does not, as many suppose that it does, ascribe the origin and development of all instinct to natural selection. This theory does, indeed, suppose that natural selection is an important factor in the process ; but it neither supposes that it is the only factor, nor even that in the case of numberless instincts it has had anything at all to do with their formation. Take, for example, the instinct of wildness, or of hereditary fear as directed toward any particular enemy—say man. It has been the experience of travellers who have first visited oceanic islands without human inhabitants and previously unvisited by man, that the animals are destitute of any fear of man. Under such circumstances the birds have been known to alight on the heads and shoulders of the new-comers, and wolves to come and eat meat held in one hand while a knife was held ready to slay them with the other. But this primitive fearlessness of man gradually passes into an hereditary instinct of wildness, as the special experiences of man's proclivities accumulate ; and as this instinct is of too rapid a growth to admit of our attributing it to natural selection (not one per cent of the animals having been destroyed before the instinct is developed), we can only attribute its growth to the effects of inherited observation. In other words, just as in the lifetime of the individual, adjustive actions which were originally intelligent may by frequent repetition become automatic, so in the lifetime of the species, actions originally intelligent may, by frequent repetition and heredity, so unite their efforts on the nervous system that the latter is prepared, even before individual experience, to perform adjustive actions mechanically which, in previous generations, were performed intelligently. This mode of origin of instincts has been appropriately called the "lapsing

of intelligence," and it was fully recognized by Mr. Darwin as a factor in the formation of instinct.

The Darwinian theory of instinct, then, attributes the evolution of instincts to these two causes acting either singly or in combination—natural selection and lapsing intelligence. I shall now proceed to adduce some of the more important facts and considerations which, to the best of my judgment, support this theory, and show it to be by far the most comprehensive and satisfactory explanation of the phenomena which has hitherto been propounded.

That many instincts must have owed their origin and development to natural selection exclusively is, I think, rendered evident by the following general considerations :—

(1) Considering the great importance of instincts to species, we are prepared to expect that they must be in large part subject to the influence of natural selection. (2) Many instinctive actions are performed by animals too low in the scale to admit of our supposing that the adjustments which are now instinctive can ever have been intelligent. (3) Among the higher animals instinctive actions are performed at an age before intelligence, or the power of learning by individual experience, has begun to assert itself. (4) Many instincts, as we now find them, are of a kind which, although performed by intelligent animals at a matured age, yet can obviously never have been originated by intelligent observation. Take, for instance, the instinct of incubation. It is quite impossible that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm with the intelligent purpose of developing their contents ; so we can only suppose that the incubating instinct began in some such form as we now see it in the spider, where the object of the process is protection, as distinguished from the imparting of heat. But incidental to such protection is the imparting of heat, and as animals gradually became warm-blooded, no doubt this latter function became of more and more importance to incubation. Consequently, those individuals which most constantly cuddled their eggs would develop most progeny, and so the incubating instinct would be

developed by natural selection without there ever having been any intelligence in the matter.

From these four general considerations, therefore, we may conclude (without waiting to give special illustrations of each) that one mode of origin of instincts consists in natural selection, or survival of the fittest, continuously preserving actions which, although never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. Among animals, both in a state of nature and domestication, we constantly meet with individual peculiarities of disposition and of habit, which in themselves are utterly meaningless, and therefore quite useless. But it is easy to see that if among a number of such meaningless or fortuitous psychological variations, any one arises which happens to be of use, this variation would be seized upon, intensified, and forced by natural selection, just as in the analogous case of structures. Moreover there is evidence that such fortuitous variations in the psychology of animals (whether useless or accidentally useful) are frequently inherited, so as to become distinctive not merely of individuals, but of races or strains. Thus, among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts I find a letter from Mr. Thwaites under the date 1860, saying that all his domestic ducks in Ceylon had quite lost their natural instincts with regard to water, which they would never enter unless driven, and that when the young birds were thus compelled to enter the water they had to be quickly taken out again to prevent them from drowning. Mr. Thwaites adds that this peculiarity only occurs in one particular breed. Tumbler-pigeons instinctively tumbling, pouter-pigeons instinctively pouting, etc., are further illustrations of the same general fact.

Coming now to instincts developed by lapsing intelligence, I have already alluded to the acquisition of an hereditary fear of man as an instance of this class. Now not only may the hereditary fear of man be thus acquired through the observation of ancestors—and this even to the extent of knowing by instinct what constitutes safe distance from fire-arms; but, conversely, when fully formed it may again be lost

by disuse. Thus there is no animal more wild, or difficult to tame, than the young of the wild rabbit; while there is no animal more tame than the young of the domestic rabbit. And the same remark applies, though in a somewhat lesser degree, to the young of the wild and of the domestic duck. For, according to Dr. Rae, 'If the eggs of a wild duck are placed with those of a tame duck under a hen to be hatched, the ducklings from the former, on the very day they leave the egg, will immediately endeavor to hide themselves, or take to the water, if there be any water, should any one approach, whilst the young from the tame duck's eggs will show little or no alarm.' Now, as neither rabbits nor ducks are likely to have been selected by man to breed from on account of tameness, we may set down the loss of wildness in the domestic breeds to the uncompounded effects of hereditary memory of man as a harmless animal, just as we attributed the original acquisition of instinctive wildness to the hereditary memory of man as a dangerous animal; in neither case can we suppose that the principle of selection has operated in any considerable degree.

Thus far, for the sake of clearness, I have dealt separately with these two factors in the formation of instinct—natural selection and lapsing intelligence—and have sought to show that either of them working singly is sufficient to develop some instincts. But, no doubt, in the case of most instincts intelligence and natural selection have gone hand-in-hand, or co-operated, in producing the observed results—natural selection always securing and rendering permanent any advances which intelligence may have made. Thus, to take one case as an illustration. Dr. Rae tells me that the grouse of North America have the curious instinct of burrowing a tunnel just below the surface of the snow. In the end of this tunnel they sleep securely, for when any four-footed enemy approaches the mouth of the tunnel, the bird, in order to escape, has only to fly up through the thin covering of snow. Now in this case the grouse probably began to burrow in the snow for the sake of warmth, or concealment, or both; and, if so, thus far the bur-

rowing was an act of intelligence. But the longer the tunnel the better would it serve in the above-described means of escape; therefore natural selection would tend to preserve the birds which made the longest tunnels, until the utmost benefit that length of tunnel could give had been attained.

And similarly, I believe, all the host of animal instincts may be fully explained by the joint operation of these two causes—intelligent adjustment and survival of the fittest. For now, I may draw attention to another fact which is of great importance, viz., that instincts admit of being modified as modifying circumstances may require. In other words, instincts are not rigidly fixed, but are plastic, and their plasticity renders them capable of improvement or of alteration, according as intelligent observation requires. The assistance which is thus rendered by intelligence to natural selection must obviously be very great, for under any change in the surrounding conditions of life which calls for a corresponding change in the ancestral instincts of the animal, natural selection is not left to wait, as it were, for the required variations to arise fortuitously; but it is from the first furnished by the intelligence of the animal with the particular variations which are needed.

In order to demonstrate this principle of the variation of instinct under the guidance of intelligence, I may here introduce a few examples.

Huber observes, "How ductile is the instinct of bees, and how readily it adapts itself to the place, the circumstances, and the needs of the community." Thus, by means of contrivances, which I need not here explain, he forced the bees either to cease building combs, to change their instinctive mode of building from above downward, to building in the reverse direction, and also horizontally. The bees in each case changed their mode of building accordingly. Again, an irregular piece of comb, when placed by Huber on a smooth table, tottered so much that the bumble bees could not work on so unsteady a basis. To prevent the tottering, two or three bees held the comb by fixing their front feet on the table, and their hind feet on the comb. This they continued to do, relieving guard, for

three days, until they had built supporting pillars of wax. Some other bumble bees, when shut up, and so prevented from getting moss wherewith to cover their nests, tore threads from a piece of cloth, and "carded them with their feet into a fretted mass," which they used as moss. Lastly, Andrew Knight observed that his bees availed themselves of a kind of cement made of iron and turpentine, with which he had covered some decorticated trees—using this ready-made material instead of their own propolis, the manufacture of which they discontinued; and more recently it has been observed that bees, "instead of searching for pollen, will gladly avail themselves of a very different substance, namely, oatmeal." Now in all these cases it is evident that if, from any change of environment, such accidental conditions were to occur in a state of nature, the bees would be ready at any time to meet them by intelligent adjustment, which, if continued sufficiently long and aided by selection, would pass into true instincts of building combs in new directions, of supporting combs during their construction, of carding threads of cloth, of substituting cement for propolis, and of oatmeal for pollen.

Turning to higher animals, Andrew Knight tells us of a bird which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs; but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horse-hair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibres and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor-bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew. The common house-sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest-building to circumstances; for in trees it builds a domed nest (presumably, therefore, the ancestral type), but in towns avails itself by preference of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely formed nest. Moreover, the chimney-

and house-swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliott Coues, all the species of swallow on that continent (with one possible exception) have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zealand, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the Paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the rivers on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build "new ones on the tops of high trees, afterward bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water;" and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of the wild ducks of Guiana. Now if intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole breed or species of bird transport their young upon their backs—or, as in the case of the woodcock, between their legs—but even to make web-footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest-building.

Turning now from the instinct of modification to that of incubation, I may give one example to show the plasticity of the instinct in relation to the observed requirements of progeny. Several years ago I placed in the nest of a sitting Brahma hen, four newly-born ferrets. She took to them almost immediately, and remained with them for rather more than a fortnight, when I made a separation. During the whole of the time the hen had to sit upon the nest, for the young ferrets were not able to follow her about, as young chickens would have done. The hen was very

much puzzled by the lethargy of her offspring, and two or three times a day she used to fly off the nest calling on her brood to follow; but, on hearing their cries of distress from cold, she always returned immediately, and sat with patience for six or seven hours more. I found that it only took the hen one day to learn the meaning of their cries of distress; for after the first day she would always run in an agitated manner to any place where I concealed the ferrets, provided that this place was not too far away from the nest to prevent her from hearing the cries of distress. Yet I do not think it would be possible to imagine a greater contrast between two cries than the shrill piping note of a young chicken, and the hoarse growling noise of a young ferret. At times the hen used to fly off the nest with a loud scream, which was doubtless due to the unaccustomed sensation of being gripped by the young ferrets in their search for the teats. It is further worthy of remark that the hen showed so much anxiety when the ferrets were taken from the nest to be fed, that I adopted the plan of giving them the milk in their nest, and with this arrangement the hen seemed quite satisfied; at any rate she used to chuck when she saw the milk coming, and surveyed the feeding with evident satisfaction.

Thus we see that even the oldest and most important of instincts in bees and birds admit of being greatly modified, both in the individual and in the race, by intelligent adaptation to changed conditions of life; and therefore we can scarcely doubt that the principle of lapsing intelligence must be of much assistance to that of natural selection in the origination and development of instincts.

I shall now turn to another branch of the subject. From the nature of the case it is not to be expected that we should obtain a great variety of instances among wild animals of new instincts acquired under human observation, seeing that the conditions of their life, as a rule, remain pretty uniform for any periods over which human observation can extend. But from a time before the beginning of history, mankind, in the practice of domesticating animals, has been making what we may

deem a gigantic experiment upon the topic before us.

The influences of domestication upon the psychology of animals may be broadly considered as both negative and positive—negative in the obliteration of natural instincts; positive in the creation of artificial instincts. We will consider these two branches separately. Here we may again revert to the obliteration of natural wildness. We all know that the horse is an easily breakable animal, but his nearest allies in a state of nature, the zebra and the quagga, are the most obstinately unbreakable of animals. Similar remarks apply to the natural wildness of all wild species of kine, as contrasted with the innate tameness of our domesticated breeds. Consider again the case of the cat. The domesticated animal is sufficiently tame, even from kittenhood, whereas its nearest cousin in a state of nature, the wild cat, is perhaps of all animals the most untamable. But of course it is in the case of the dog that we meet with the strongest evidence on this point. The most general and characteristic features in the psychology of all the domesticated varieties are faithfulness, docility, and sense of dependence upon a master; whereas the most usual and characteristic features in the psychology of all the wild species are fierceness, treachery, and self-reliance. But, not further to pursue the negative side of this subject, let us now turn to the positive, or to the power which man has shown himself to possess of implanting new instincts in the mental constitution of animals. For the sake of brevity I shall here confine myself to the most conspicuous instance, which is of course furnished by the dog, seeing that the dog has always been selected and trained with more or less express reference to his mental qualities. And here I may observe that in the process of modifying psychology by domestication exactly the same principles have been brought into operation as those to which we attribute the modification of instincts in general; for the processes of artificial selection and training in successive generations are precisely analogous to the processes of natural selection and lapsing of intelligence in a state of nature.

Touching what Mr. Darwin calls the

artificial instincts of the dog, I may first mention those which he has himself dilated upon—I mean the instincts of pointing, retrieving, and sheep-tending; but as Mr. Darwin has already fully treated of these instincts, I shall not go over the ground which he has traversed, but shall confine myself to the consideration of another artificial instinct, which, although not mentioned by him, seems to me of no less significance—I mean the instinct of guarding property. This is a purely artificial instinct, created by man expressly for his own purposes: and it is now so strongly ingrained in the intelligence of the dog that it is unusual to find any individual animal in which it is wholly absent. Thus, we all know, that without any training a dog will allow a stranger to pass by his master's gate without molestation, but that as soon as the stranger passes within the gate, and so trespasses upon what the dog knows to be his master's territory, the animal immediately begins to bark in order to give his master notice of the invasion. And this leads me to observe that barking is itself an artificial instinct, developed, I believe, as an offshoot from the more general instinct of guarding property. None of the wild species of dog are known to bark, and therefore we must conclude that barking is an artificial instinct, acquired for the purpose of notifying to his master the presence of thieves or enemies. I may further observe that this instinct of guarding property extends to the formation of an instinctive idea on the part of the animal, of itself constituting part of that property. If, for instance, a friend gives you temporary charge of his dog, even although the dog may never have seen you before, observing that you are his master's friend and that his master intends you to take charge of him, he immediately transfers his allegiance from his master to you, as to a deputed owner, and will then follow you through any number of crowded streets with the utmost confidence. Thus, whether we look to the negative or to the positive influences of domestication upon the psychology of the dog, we must conclude that a change has been wrought, so profound that the whole mental constitution of the animal now

presents a more express reference to the needs of another, and his enslaving animal, than it does to his own. Indeed, we may say that there is no one feature in the whole psychology of the dog which has been left unaltered by the influence of man, excepting only those instincts which being neither useful nor harmful to man have never been subject to his operation—such, for instance, as the instinct of burying food, turning round to make a bed before lying down, etc.

I will now turn to another branch of the subject, and one which, although in my opinion of the greatest importance, has never before been alluded to; I mean the local and specific variations of instinct. By a local variation of instinct, I mean a variation presented by a species in a state of nature over some particular area of geographical distribution. It is easy to see the importance of such local variations of instinct as evidence of the transmutation of instinct, if we reflect that such a local variation is obviously on its way to becoming a new instinct. For example, the beavers in California have ceased to make dams, the hyenas in South Africa have ceased to make burrows, and there is a squirrel in the neighborhood of Mount Airy which has developed carnivorous tastes—running about the trees, not to search for nuts, but to search for birds, the blood of which it sucks. In Ohinitahi there is a mountain parrot which before the settlement of the place was a honey eater, but when sheep were introduced the birds found that mutton was more palatable to them than honey, and quickly abandoned their ancestral habits, exchanging their simple tastes of honey eaters for the savageness of tearers of flesh. For the birds come in flocks, single out a sheep, tear out the wool, and when the sheep, exhausted by running about, falls upon its side, they bore into the abdominal cavity to get at the fat which surrounds the kidneys.

These, I think, are sufficient instances to show what I mean by local variations of instinct. Turning now to the specific variations, I think they constitute even stronger evidence of the transmutation of instinct; for where we find an instinct peculiar to a species, or not occur-

ring in any other species of the genus, we have the strongest possible evidence of that particular instinct having been specially developed in that particular species. And this evidence is of particular cogency when, as sometimes happens, the change of instinct is associated with structures pointing to the state of the instincts before the change. Thus, for example, the dipper belongs to a non-aquatic family of birds, but has developed the instinct, peculiar to its species, of diving under water and running along the bottoms of streams. The species, however, has not had time, since the acquisition of this instinct, to develop any of the structures which in all aquatic families of birds are correlated with their aquatic instincts, such as webbed feet, etc. That is to say, the bird retains all its structural affinities, while departing from the family type as regards its instincts. A precisely converse case occurs in certain species of birds belonging to families which are aquatic in their affinities, these species, however, having lost their aquatic instincts. Such is the case, for example, with the upland geese. These are true geese in all their affinities, retaining the webbed feet, and all the structures suited to the display of aquatic instincts; yet they never visit the water. Similarly, there are species of parrots and tree frogs, which, while still retaining the structures adapted to climbing trees, have entirely lost their arboreal habits. Now, short of actual historical or palæontological information—which of course in the case of instincts is unattainable, seeing that instincts, unlike structures, never occur in a fossil state—short, I say, of actual historical or palæontological information, we could have no stronger testimony to the fact of transmutation of instincts than is furnished by such cases, wherein a particular species, while departing from the instinctive habits of its nearest allies, still retains the structures which are only suited to the instincts now obsolete.

Now this last head of evidence—that, namely, as to local and specific variations of instincts—differs in one important respect from all the other heads of evidence which I have previously adduced. For while these other heads of

evidence had reference to the theory concerning the *causes* of transmutation, this head of evidence has reference to the *fact* of transmutation. Whatever, therefore, we may think concerning the evidence of the causes, this evidence is quite distinct from that on which I now rely as conclusive proof of the fact.

I shall now for the sake of fairness, briefly allude to the more important cases of special difficulty which lie against Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instincts. For the sake of brevity, however, I shall not allude to those cases of special difficulty which he has himself treated in the "*Origin of Species*," but shall confine myself to considering the other and most formidable cases which, after surveying all the known instincts presented by animals, I have felt to be such.

First, we have the alleged instinct of the scorpion committing suicide when surrounded by fire. This instinct, if it really exists, would no doubt present a difficulty, because it is clearly an instinct which, being not only of use, but actually detrimental both to the individual and the species, could never have been developed either by natural selection or by lapsing intelligence. I may, however, dismiss this case with a mere mention, because as yet the evidence of the fact is not sufficiently precise to admit of our definitely accepting it as a fact.

There can be no such doubt, however, attaching to another instinct largely prevalent among insects, and which is unquestionably detrimental both to the individual and to the species. I allude to the instinct of flying through flame. This is unquestionably a true instinct, because it is manifested by all individuals of the same species. How then are we to explain its occurrence? I think we may do so by considering, in the first place, that flame is not a sufficiently common object in nature to lead to any express instinct for its avoidance; and in the next place by considering that insects unquestionably manifest a disposition to approach and examine shining objects. Whether this disposition is due to mere curiosity, or to a desire to ascertain if the shining objects will, like

flowers, yield them food, is a question which need not here concern us. We have merely to deal with the fact that such a general disposition is displayed. Taking then this fact, in connection with the fact that flame is not a sufficiently common object in nature to lead to any instinct expressly directed against its avoidance, it seems to me that the difficulty we are considering is a difficulty no longer.

The shamming-dead of insects appears at first sight a formidable difficulty, because it is impossible to understand how any insect can have acquired the idea either of death or of its intentional simulation. This difficulty occurred to Mr. Darwin thirty or forty years ago, and among his manuscripts I find some very interesting notes of experiments upon the subject. He procured a number of insects which exhibited the instinct, and carefully noted the attitude in which they feigned death. Some of these insects he then killed, and he found that in no case did the attitude in which they feigned death resemble the attitude in which they really died. Consequently we must conclude that all the instinct amounts to is that of remaining motionless, and therefore, inconspicuous, in the presence of danger; and there is no more difficulty in understanding how such an instinct as this should be developed by natural selection in an animal which has no great powers of locomotion, than there is in understanding how the instinct to run away from danger should be developed in another animal with powers of rapid locomotion. The case, however, is not, I think, quite so easy to understand in the feigning death of higher animals. From the evidence which I have I find it almost impossible to doubt that certain birds, foxes, wolves, and monkeys, not to mention some other and more doubtful cases, exhibit the peculiarity of appearing dead when captured by man. As all these animals are highly locomotive, we cannot here attribute the fact to protective causes. Moreover, in these animals this behavior is not truly instinctive, inasmuch as it is not presented by all, or even most individuals. As yet, however, observation of the facts is insufficient to furnish any data as to

their explanation, although I may remark that possibly they may be due to the occurrence of the mesmeric or hypnotic state, which we know from recent researches may be induced in animals under the influence of forcible manipulation.

The instinct of feigning injury by certain birds presents a peculiar difficulty. As we all know, partridges, ducks, and plovers, when they have a brood of young ones, and are alarmed by the approach of a carnivorous quadruped, such as a dog, will pretend to be wounded, flapping along the ground with an apparently broken wing in order to induce the four-footed enemy to follow, and thus to give time for the young brood to disperse and hide themselves. The difficulty here, of course, is to understand how the birds can have acquired the idea of pretending to have a broken wing, for the occasions must be very rare on which any bird has seen a companion thus wounded followed by a carnivorous quadruped; and even if such observations on their part were of frequent occurrence, it would be difficult to accredit the animals with so high a degree of reasoning power as would be required for them intentionally to imitate such movements. When I consulted Mr. Darwin with reference to this difficulty, he gave me a provisional hypothesis by which it appeared to him that it might be met. He said that any one might observe, when a hen has a brood of young chickens and is threatened by a dog, that she will alternately rush at the dog and back again to the chickens. Now if we could suppose that under these circumstances the mother bird is sufficiently intelligent to observe that when she runs away from the dog, she is followed by the dog, it is not impossible that the maternal instinct might induce her to run away from a brood in order to lead the dog away from it. If this happened in any cases, natural selection would tend to preserve those mother birds which adopted this device. I give this explanation as the only one which either Mr. Darwin or myself has been able to suggest. It will be observed, however, that it is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it fails to account for the most peculiar feature of the instinct—I mean

the trailing of the apparently wounded wing.

The instinct of migration furnishes another case of special difficulty, but as I have no space to dwell upon the sundry questions which it presents for solution, It shall now pass on to the last of the special difficulties which most urgently call for consideration. The case to which I refer deserves, I think, to be regarded as the most extraordinary instinct in the world. There is a species of wasp-like insect, called the SpheX. This insect lays its eggs in a hole excavated in the ground. It then flies away and finds a spider, which it stings in the main nerve-centre of the animal. This has the effect of paralyzing the spider without killing it. The sphex then carries the now motionless spider to its nursery, and buries it with the eggs. When the eggs hatch out the grubs feed on the paralyzed prey, which is then still alive and therefore quite fresh, although it has never been able to move since the time when it was buried. Of course the difficulty here is to understand how the sphex insect can have acquired so much anatomical and physiological knowledge concerning its prey as the facts imply. We might indeed suppose, as I in the first instance was led to suppose, that the sting of the sphex and the nerve-centre of the spider being both organs situated on the median line of their respective possessors, the striking of the nerve centre by the sting might in the first instance have been thus accidentally favored, and so have supplied a basis from which natural selection could work to the perfecting of an instinct always to sting in one particular spot. But more recently the French entomologist, M. Fabre, who first noticed these facts with reference to the stinging of the spider, has observed another species of sphex which preyed upon the grasshopper, and as the nervous system of a grasshopper is more elongated than the nervous system of a spider, the sphex in this case has to sting its prey in three successive nerve-centres in order to induce paralysis. Again, still more recently, M. Fabre has found another species of sphex, which preys upon a caterpillar, and in this case the animal has to sting its victim in nine successive nerve-centres. On my

consulting Mr. Darwin in reference to these astonishing facts, he wrote me the following letter :—

I have been thinking about *Pompilius* and its allies. Please take the trouble to read on perforation of the corolla, by Bees, p. 425, of my "Cross-fertilization," to end of chapter. Bees show so much *intelligence* in their acts, that it seems not improbable to me that the progenitors of *Pompilius* originally stung caterpillars and spiders, etc., in any part of their bodies, and then observed by their intelligence that if they stung them in one particular place, as between certain segments on the lower side, their prey was at once paralyzed. It does not seem to me at all incredible that this action should then become instinctive, *i. e.* memory transmitted from one generation to another. It does not seem necessary to suppose that, when *Pompilius* stung its prey in the ganglion it intended, or knew, that their prey would keep long alive. The development of the larva may have been subsequently modified in relation to their half dead, instead of wholly dead prey; supposing that the prey was at first quite killed, which would have required much stinging. Turn this over in your mind, etc.

I confess that this explanation does not appear to me altogether satisfactory, although it is no doubt the best explanation that can be furnished on the lines of Mr. Darwin's theory.

In the brief space at my disposal, I have endeavored to give an outline sketch of the main features of the evidence which tends to show that animal instincts have been slowly evolved under the influence of natural causes, the discovery of which we owe to the genius of Darwin. And, following the example which he has set, I shall conclude by briefly glancing at a topic of wider interest and more general importance. The great chapter on Instinct in the *Origin of Species* is brought to a close in the following words :—

Finally it may not be a logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvæ of ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of one general law leading to the advancement of all organic beings, namely, multiply, vary, let the strongest live, and the weakest die.

This law may seem to some, as it has seemed to me, a hard one—hard, I mean, as an answer to the question which most of us must at some time and in some shape have had faith enough to

ask, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" For this is a law, rigorous and universal, that the race shall always be to the swift, the battle without fail to the strong; and in announcing it the voice of science has proclaimed a strangely new latitude—Blessed are the fit, for they shall inherit the earth. Surely these are hard sayings, for in the order of nature they constitute might the only right. But if we are thus led to feel a sort of moral repugnance to Darwinian teaching, let us conclude by looking at this matter a little more closely, and in the light that Darwin himself has flashed upon it in the short passage which I have quoted.

Eighteen centuries before the publication of this book—the "Origin of Species"—one of the founders of Christianity had said, in words as strong as any that have been used by the Schopenhauers and Hartmanns of to-day, "the whole creation groaneth in pain and travail." Therefore we did not need a Darwin to show us this terrible truth; but we did need a Darwin to show us that out of all the evil which we see at least so much of good as we have known has come; that if this is a world of pain and sorrow, hunger, strife and death, at least the suffering has not been altogether profitless; that whatever may be "the far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," the whole creation, in all its pain and in all its travail, is certainly moving, and this in a direction which makes, if not for "righteousness," at all events for improvement. No doubt the origin of evil has proved a more difficult problem to solve than the origin of species; but, thus viewed, I think that the Darwinian doctrine deserves to be regarded as in some measure a mitigation of the difficulty; certainly in no case an aggravation of it. I do not deny that an immense residuum of difficulty remains, seeing that, so far as we can judge, the means employed certainly do not appear to be justified by the ends attained. But even here we ought not to lose sight of the possibility that, if we could see deeper into the mystery of things, we might find some further justification of the evil, as unsuspected as was that which, as it seems to me, Darwin has brought to light. It is not in

itself impossible—perhaps it is not even improbable—that the higher instincts of man may be pointing with as true an aim as those lower instincts of the brutes which we have been contemplating. And, even if the theory of evolution were ever to succeed in furnishing as satisfactory an explanation of the natural development of the former as it has of the natural development of the latter, I think that the truest exponent of the meaning—as distinguished from the causation—of these higher instincts would still be, not the man of science, but the poet. Here, therefore, it seems to me, that men of science ought to leave the question of pain in Nature to be answered, so far as it can be answered, by the general voice of that humanity which we all share, and which is able to ac-

knowledge that at least its own allotment of suffering is not an unmitigated evil,

For clouds of sorrow deepness lend,
To change joy's early rays,
And manhood's eyes alone can send
A grief-ennobled gaze.

While to that gaze alone expand
Those skies of fullest thought,
Beneath whose star-lit vault we stand,
Lone, wondering, and untaught.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

Yet still,—

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

RHODES.

BY ERNEST MYERS.

BEYOND the ages far away,
When yet the fateful Earth was young,
And mid her seas unfurrowed lay
Her lands uncited and unsung,
The Gods in council round their King
Were met for her apportioning.

Then shook the Sire the golden urn
Wherefrom the lots leapt forth to view.
And God by God took up in turn
The symbol of his kingdom due;
Till each had linked some heavenly name
To human hope and human fame.

When lo, a footstep on the floor,
A radiance in the radiant air;
A God august, forgot before,
Too late arrived, was lastly there—
The Sun-god from his fiery car
Unyoked beneath the evening star.

Then said the Sire: "For thee no lot,
O Sun, of all the lots is drawn,
For thy bright chariot, well I wot,
Hath held thee since the broadening dawn
But come, for all the gods are fain
For thy fair sake to cast again."

"Nay now, for me is little need
New lots to cast" (so spake the Sun);
"One isle assign me for the meed
Of that diurnal course I run:

Behold beneath the glimmering sea
A land unclaimed, the land for me."

Therewith he shot an arrowy ray
Down through the blue Ægean deep ;
Thrilled by that magic dart of day,
The hidden isle shook off her sleep.
She moved, she rose, and with the morn
She touched the air, and Rhodes was born.

Then all about that starry sea
There ran a gratulating stir,
Her fellows for all time to be
In choral congress greeting her,
With air-borne song and flashing smiles,
A sisterhood of glorious isles.

And still as from his car on high
Her Lord his daily splendor sent,
She joyed to know his gladdening eye
On her, his best-beloved, was bent :
And ever in that fostering gaze
Grew up the stature of her praise.

What early wondrous might was hers,
The craftsmanship of cunning hands,
Of that wise art the harbingers
Whose fame is uttered through all lands :
Then Rhodians by the Sun-god's side
Besought Athene to abide.

She came, she loved the Rosy Isle,
And Lindos reared her eastward fane ;
To Rhodian chiefs she brought the while
New thoughts, new valiance in her train,
New hope to bind about their brows
The olive of her Father's house.

Then won Diagoras that prize
Yet fairer than his silvery crown,
That voice whereby in godlike wise
His name through time goes deathless down.
In graven gold her walls along
Flamed forth the proud Pindaric song,

She too her own Athenians stirred
To that fair deed of chivalry,
That high imperishable word
That set the Rhodian Dorieus free,
And linked in unison divine
Her Lindian to her Attic shrine.

Bright hours, too brief ! The shadowing hand
Half barbarous of a giant form
Even the strong Sun-god's loyal land
Must wrap in mist of sombre storm,
When Hellas bowed, her birthright gone,
Beneath the might of Macedon.

Yet even then not lightly bound
 Was Rhodes of any vanquisher ;
 With all his engines thundering round
 The City-stormer* stormed not her.
 In vain : anon the Roman doom
 Had sealed her spirit in the tomb.

Long ages slept she. Then a dream
 Once more across her slumber shone,
 Cleaving the dark, a quickening gleam
 All-glorious as in days foregone ;
 A new God's presence nobler far
 Than any Lord of sun or star.

He showed her him whose chosen head
 Had leaned upon his holy breast :
 "For John my well-beloved," he said,
 "Stand forth, a champion of the West,
 Sealed with my name, and his in mine,
 Our vanguard in the war divine."

She rose, she stemmed the Moslem flood
 That roared and ravined for her life,
 Till drop by drop the knightly blood
 Was drained in that stupendous strife ;
 Then, sole amid the o'erwhelming sea,
 Sank in heroic agony.

Twice born, twice slain ! all this is o'er
 Three hundred years ; yet may there be
 (So strong a life is in thy core),
 O Rhodes, another birth for thee.
 Look up, behold this banner new,
 The white cross on the field of blue.

Through all the Isles the broadening light
 Creeps on its sure but lingering way,
 And half are in the fading night
 And half are in the dawning day :
 Thou too, O Rhodes, shalt make thee one
 Once more with freedom and the Sun.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

SEA STORIES.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

EVERY one who has read the voyage to Brobdingnag remembers the passage in which Swift exhibits his nautical knowledge. It has been said that sailors have been deceived by the clever muddle of marine terms ; but this I take leave to doubt. No seaman could discern the least sense in the passage. To "belay the fore down haul," to "haul

off upon the laniard of the whipstaff," to "bring the ship to under foresail and mainsail ;" and later on, "under mizen, main topsail and fore topsail," with the "mizen tack" to windward, and then whilst hove-to "to keep her full and bye," sound unquestionably very nautical ; but there is no satire in the description, because there is no sense in it ; and to pretend that any mariner could have taken it seriously is

* Demetrius Poliorcetes.

a notion that should find no further place in treatises on the famous Dean's writings. But it is a jumble that might very easily deceive a landsman. Greater blunders have been made in books about the sea, and very honestly submitted by the authors as accurate representations of the maritime calling. Unfortunately for writers who really know all about the sea, who have "gone through the mill and come out ground," and who have learnt in suffering what they teach in song; unfortunately for such men the people of this great maritime nation cannot distinguish between what is true and what is absurd. They take for granted that the setting or furling of such and such canvas, the behavior of the vessel, the manœuvring of her under such and such conditions of weather, are all correct because they know nothing about it and find it all duly set forth in print. Books which no sailor could endure to read, have been perused with applause, have passed through many editions and may yet be bought at prices ranging from 3s. 6d. down to 6d. One consequence of the writings of the tribes of men and women who have dealt with the sea has been the depression of the marine novel to the level of the intelligence of boys. The spacious and glorious deep whose thrilling, whose noble, whose beneficent inspirations come from its blue and boundless breast to the heart of the student even as the lights of heaven fall upon the worshipful and enthusiastic spirit of the astronomer; that vast expanse, symbol of the eternity we contemplate when we gaze skywards, has been crowded by ignorant human invention with vulgar incidents, with spiritless traditions, with coarse poetic fancies based upon 'longshore observation of the mighty world of waters, so that it does not and never yet has appealed to us as the land has been made to appeal by the exquisite perceptions of such poets as Milton and Wordsworth and Keats. Who are the poets of the deep? Their names may be counted upon the fingers of one hand: they are Herman Melville, and I rank him first; Michael Scott; Dana, the author of "Two Years before the Mast," and Captain Cupples, the author of "The Green Hand." These men are great in their special walk; and they are great

not only because they have interpreted the meanings of the ocean and informed the ships and calling they write about with the spirit of the sea, even as the song of the wind in the rigging of a vessel becomes a part of her life as she leans before the blast, but they have written as seamen also: as men who have eaten and drank with sailors, who know the few pleasures, the long hardships of the life, whose intimacy with Nature at sea ranges from her wildest to her sweetest moods, from the black hurricane of the North Atlantic to the moonlighted calm of the Doldrums. Of course it cannot be pretended that Michael Scott had the special seafaring knowledge that Dana, for instance, possessed; but no man could have written "Tom Cringle's Log" whose acquaintance with the sea and ships and sailors was not as thorough as that of men who had passed years in the calling. These men wrote in prose—they are not the less poets for that—and they are true to the life in the scores of lovely pictures they have given us. Byron was a great poet; yet I know no such illustration to show how far his art may be vitiated by ignorance of his subject, spite of noble language and rhymes, and vivid, beautiful, pathetic touches as his famous "Shipwreck," in *Don Juan*, which, by being compounded of a lot of extracts from a collection of shipwrecks (probably Archibald Duncan's, published in 1804), will not bear the criticism of a seaman. Byron could swim—Byron was fond of the sea—he sneered at the Lake poets when they deviated into nautical imagery, but he was no sailor; he took Swift's view of the calling, and picking out odds and ends from a dozen records of marine catastrophes, he offered a picture which, for truthfulness, cannot compare with the wonderful oceanic spirit and atmosphere that you find in "The Ancient Mariner," the composition of a poet who actually needed to stand on board a ship in motion to find out whether the "furrow," in other words "the wake" followed free or streamed off free!

As a man who went to sea in the merchant service at the age of thirteen and a half, and who stuck to the calling to the age of twenty, who for seven and a half years ate bad pork and beef,

scrubbed decks, slushed masts, and underwent the whole routine, from furling the mizen royal to helping to pass the weather main topsail carring in days when topsails were single sails, I claim a right to complain with some bitterness of soul of those writers who, knowing nothing about the sea, write marine stories in one, two, or three volumes, and so go on sinking the maritime literature of this country by another and yet another stone fastened to it. Girls may read of captains singing out to "vast pumping," whilst the carpenter peers with one eye down the well to see how high the water stands in it; girls may read of such things, I say, and consider with the author that the well of a ship is like the well in a backyard; and they may also read of the flying jibboom having been furled during a squall, and of a spare rudder having been got out of the maintop when the ship struck and flung the man at the wheel down the fore hatch; and they may prettily wonder how men can be found willing to enter into such a dangerous calling as the ocean. But blunders of this nature become very injurious in course of time. Most circles have nautical friends; the current sea-books are talked about, are cruelly laughed at, and flung to the boys, who become critical too, and absolutely disdainful; as I once saw a lad toss aside one of the late Mr. Kingston's books, because of some error in that gentleman's description of a sea-fight, I think it was. So that my fear comes to this: that if sea-novelists will not make up their minds to go to sea as sailors, and learn to be correct by pulling and hauling and going aloft and the like, even the little boys will give us up, and the end of it must be that the greatest maritime nation in the world will have no other marine literature but the novels of Marryat and one or two others; for we must remember that Cooper, Dana, and Melville belong to the Americans.

Whether the stock of novels we possess, so far as the Navy is concerned, will suffice it is difficult to conjecture. Our naval changes since the days of Marryat are so great that I know of no condition of the old life such as he wrote about that still lingers. Another Marryat should seem to be wanted for this iron age; only were such another to arise,

what will be his materials? It must be admitted that there is very little romance to be found in the Royal Navy now-a-days. All the old seaman-like conditions which one expected to find on the quarter-deck have changed their character, and must now be sought in the engine-room. Manœuvres are effected by propellers, not by tacks and sheets and braces. And, as if there were not enough to accentuate and utterly confirm the change that has been worked by the marine engine, you have as great a proportion of State ships the very ugliest vessels that were ever launched since the days of Noah's Ark. Besides, there never can be any more fighting as in the days of old. Even ramming, or its opposite, the long shot, from pieces of eighty and one hundred tons will probably yield to the submerged explosive; and we shall have to turn to the old naval chronicles to recall that the time was when engagements at sea were matters of pure seamanship; when opposing ships rubbed their channels together yard-arm to yard-arm; and when victory in single actions was nearly always decided by the boarding party and the deadly pike, the weapon that has achieved more for England than all her guns, cutlasses, and muskets put together. It is because of this wonderful marine transformation, that Marryat is one of the few novelists by the extinction of whose works our national literature would be a heavy loser. He is much more historical than history; and in his pages we have such pictures of life aboard the old line-of-battle ships, frigates, ten-gun brigs, cutters, and what not; there is so much vivid depicting of cockpit existence, fore-castle yarning, masthead emotions, and of the wonderful capers which used to be cut by midshipmen, that a man fresh from the perusal of Marryat's novels might fairly feel that he pretty well knew as much about the Royal Navy, as it was fifty years ago. as if, like Midshipman Easy, he had argued the point with first lieutenants, or, like Percival Keene, raised an alarm of fire on board ship by burning a purser's wig. Marryat's is a wonderful art. There is no poetry in him such as you find in Michael Scott or Captain Cupples; he always writes as if he were on the broad grin, and as if the

yarn he is working his way through is a joke and nothing else. When he tries his hand at sentiment he cuts an awkward figure; his heroes make love with the bluntness of a fore-castle hand courting his Susie; his descriptive passages will not bear comparison with those even of writers who have looked at the sea from the shore without ever being afloat. For, take his description of a wreck in "Newton Forster," a piece of writing he evidently put all that was best of him in that way into, and observe the thinness of its ideas and how unsuggestive to him is this most suggestive of all topics the mind could deal with:

"And where," he inquires, "is the object exciting more serious reflection than a *wreck*? (the italics are his). The pride and ingenuity of man humbled and overcome; the elements of the Lord occupying the fabric which has set them at defiance; tumbling, tossing, and dancing, as if in mockery of their success! the structure but a few hours past as perfect as human intellect could desire, towering with its proud canvas over space, and bearing man to greet his fellow-man over the *surface of death*! dashing the billows from her stem, as if in scorn, whilst she pursued her trackless way; bearing tidings of peace and security, of war and devastation—tidings of joy or grief, affecting whole kingdoms and empires as if they were but individuals! Now the waters delight in their revenge, and sparkle with joy as the sun shines upon their victory. That keel which, with the sharpness of a scythe, has so often mowed its course through the reluctant wave, is now buried—buried deep in the sand which the angry surge accumulates each minute, as if determined that it never will be subject to its weight."

There is nothing in this and what follows to excite much admiration; but when he quits a job he is but a poor hand at for humorous scenes, for descriptions of life on shipboard, of encounters between ships, of slaving, of practical joking, who so admirable? who so inimitable? After Dickens I know no author whose characters are so clear cut, who leaves so completely the impression that they are real people, whom one thinks of as personal and even dear friends. He gives us a portrait, more suggestive than an elaborate painting could be in a few lines; as for instance: "Mr. Dragwell was the curate of the parish, a little fat man with bow legs, who always sat upon the edge of a chair, leaning against the back and twiddling his thumbs before

him." All his strokes are in this brief form, and just as Michael Scott is out and away his master in his descriptions of the sea and the land—notably the tropical magnificence of the scenery of the West Indies—so Marryat, in his power of putting his personages before you in a few sentences, is miles ahead of the Scotchman who fills, for example, one knows not how many pages with a tedious drawing (in the "Cruise of the Midge,") of Commodore Oakplank and Lieutenant Sprawl. But the comfort the sailor gets in reading Marryat is, that he finds every manœuvre, every order, every account of sea adventure right. Routine, of course, has vastly changed since the days of "Peter Simple;" but no landsman can follow Marryat without the sense that here is an author who perfectly understands his subject, and whose pictures, extraordinarily as they differ from to-day's discipline and practice, may be implicitly accepted; albeit the reader who thus confides in him should not be able to explain the difference between the main-tack and the fore-sheet. It is not hard to account for his popularity; he not only paints to the life; his humor is overwhelming; his fun is rich, naïve, perfectly sailor-like; one recalls the jokes, the horse-play, the fine comedy touches, the farcical absurdities in which his novels abound, again and again, and always with hearty laughter. There are chapters in "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Newton Forster," and "Percival Keene," which to my fancy are infinitely droller than anything in Smollett, though here too we have as great a humorist as ever wrote in the English language. Who but a real genius could have put Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, before you as Marryat did? What deep and sly perception of character there is in the creation of Mr. Midshipman Easy and his father? Then take such fine comedy as the scene in "Newton Forster," where a young midshipman, at the time mastheaded, is shown to have become a lord by the sudden death of his father. The effect of the news upon the mind of the tuft-hunting captain, who reproves the first lieutenant for sending the boy to the masthead, the lieutenant's indignation, the confusion of ideas which follows

when the midshipman meets the captain, form an amazingly clever incident—but one only of hundreds which may be read in Marryat's novels. Now and then, indeed, you meet with a passage that comes very near to a poetic rendering of ocean incident. I take the club-hauling description in "Peter Simple" to be one of these; but such touches are widely sundered. We read Marryat because of his sailorly accuracy, his fine arch humor, his plots which please in spite of their being a good deal alike, in spite of the heroines being usually in a situation of danger when the youthful heroes first encounter them, and in spite of the most boyish intelligence being able to foretell after a few chapters that the end of the book will end in a marriage, an income of many thousands a year, and in all probability a title. And most of us read him also because he was one of those authors who, when we were boys, gilded our imagination and swayed the course of romance oceanwards to where the deep blue sea of our childlike fancy lay with a shaft of silver in its heart, under the high white sun and the cloudless azure dome; and also because he is endeared to us by association, and by memories which put the wholesome sweetness of a little pathos into our laughter when we turn over his merry pages, full of fighting and love-making, and "larking," and think of what lies between the days when we hid ourselves away to devour his stories, and the Now that is upon us.

He could not be spared. One novel of his is worth all Brenton and James put together, in its power of showing us how our grandsires won their astounding naval victories. And, in a sense, Michael Scott is equally worthy of immortality, because he, too, has given us superb records of how Englishmen fought in the days of oak and canvas; with accuracy and without exaggeration, like Marryat, drawing faithful and admirable likenesses of the noble tars of his day, and leaving to the Incledon and T. P. Cookes of the stage, the Douglas Jerrolds of the drama, and the hundred-and-one fresh-watermen of the nautical novel, the unenviable task of making the public suppose that the typical British seaman is little better

than a common blackguard, with his mouth full of oaths and his head full of rum, yet with the capacity of talking the most unearthly nonsense in big words, when the occasion arises, about the union jack, capstan bars, the roast beef of old England, and the lass that loves a sailor. But, though I honor the memory and genius of Marryat, taste, which may be quite wrong, and conscience, which I know is perfectly sincere, force me to confess that I regard Michael Scott as by far the finer writer and the bigger man. One could certainly wish that he had not been so much under the influence of Byron's genius; that in dealing with his pirates and sea-villains whom he wanted to tinge with romance, he had forgotten all about Conrad and Guldare, and even Selim and Zuleika. There is no harm in his making his handsome villains Scotsmen, nor in even discovering a Caledonian under the black skin of a negro and the tawny hide of a Don Ricardo Campana; but his love of Byronic melodrama carries him dangerously close to the absurd at times—as, for instance, when Mr. Adderfang, the pirate, in the "Cruise of the Midge," is supposed to die in a thunderstorm. Just before "a strong shiver passed over his face, and his jaw fell," a priest undertook to marry him to a young lady "he had kept company with," named Antonia. The scene is the cell of a prison. The priest says: "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" and Adderfang says "Yes."

"Ha! what is that? A flash of lightning—a piercing shriek echoed through the room loud above the rolling thunder—and then a convulsive giggle—something fell heavily on the floor—the wind howled—the lights were blown out—'Ave Maria purissima—sancta madre—soy ciega, soy ciega! (Holy Mother of God, I am struck blind!). The unfortunate girl had indeed been struck blind by the electric fluid, and was now writhing sightless on the floor."

One or two combinations of pirates and thunderstorms, death-bed marriages stopped by flashes of lightning, holy fathers, jails, and a variety of those elements for which Matthew Lewis was renowned in his day, might be pardoned. But the "Cruise of the Midge," and "Tom Cringle's Log," are both irradiated by too much blue-fire; the horrors

are inevitable, but they are made awful and monstrous by the manner in which the author illuminates them by an array of corpse-lights, and hangs over them, and gloats over them, and garnishes them. A single example will suffice. A bloodhound is tearing at a dead Spaniard :

"Every now and then he would clap his head sideways on the ground, so as to get the back grinders to bear on his prey ; and there the creature was, with the dead blue fingers across his teeth, crunching and crunching and gasping, with his mouth full of froth and blood and marrow and white splinters of the crushed bones, the sinews and nerves of the dead limb hanging like bloody cords and threads from—Bah ! you have given us a little *de trop* of this, Master Benjie."

Yes, the author's own judgment cannot be questioned ; both in "Tom Cringle" and the "Midge" there is a great deal too much of this, yet at times this sort of agony is piled with wonderful effect, as, for example, in the description in "Tom Cringle" of the action with the slaver. The vessel takes fire during the engagement : scores of slaves are below, unable to get on deck, and many of them lie shrieking in agony from wounds caused by shot poured down upon them. At last she blows up ; and then follows a dreadful, a shocking, but a most magnificently colored, picture. We see the doomed craft going headlong down right in the wake of the setting sun, "whose level rays make the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappears, glow with the hue of the amethyst ;" and then, when the water had closed over her in a silver surface, shining like a mirror, whilst all around was dark blue ripple,

"a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged with a loud gurgling noise from out the deep bosom of the calm sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards until it reached a little way above our mastsheads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said 'Thou shalt not kill.' For a few moments all was silent as the grave Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, men, women, and children, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck."

Nothing could be finer and truer, in scores of minute touches perceptible to the sailor, than this and many other similar bits in Scott's wonderful stories. He has not indeed the humor of Marryat. Much of his fun is little more than broad and coarse farce, in which there is no lack of drink and grinning through collars. His sense of mirth belongs to the Theodore Hook school, or to Hook's age, at all events ; there is a deal of tumbling about and sprawling and splashing, intermixed with practical jokes, of which many would be quite impossible out of the pages of a work of fiction. Undeniably he makes one laugh, especially when he deals with the negroes ; but his humor does not dwell in the memory like Marryat's, whilst much of the conversation he puts into the mouths of his people carries a forced, unreal, stagey tone. I think every one must find Michael Scott's main merit to lie in his profound poetic perception of the deep and its mighty surface-wonders of shadow and light, calm and storm. And not that only ; he has never been approached in his power of describing a ship. Take his description in the "Cruise of the Midge," of the frigate coming round the point, heaving to, signalling to the crew of the "Midge" up the river, and then gathering way and falling off to secure her former offing ; or his picture in "Tom Cringle," of the corvette sailing abreast of the smuggling craft, and keeping away to bring her guns to bear in succession upon the swift little schooner owned by lankey Obed, whose second in command is Paul Brandywine. These and many more such representations are inimitable drawings, full of the richest poetry, which could only be flattened by metre and dulled by rhymes. In knowledge of effect he has no equal that I can think of. The conception of the shark floating high alongside a moving boat, and then sinking slowly into the dark profound as the boat loses way, till nothing but the outline of the malignant beast is visible in the sparkling outline it makes in the phosphorescent water, shows the hand of a master in its cunning to introduce into incidents exactly such minute details as shall give the subtlest vitality to his canvas. He misses nothing when he writes about the sea

when the midshipman meets the captain, form an amazingly clever incident—but one only of hundreds which may be read in Marryat's novels. Now and then, indeed, you meet with a passage that comes very near to a poetic rendering of ocean incident. I take the club-hauling description in "Peter Simple" to be one of these; but such touches are widely sundered. We read Marryat because of his sailorly accuracy, his fine arch humor, his plots which please in spite of their being a good deal alike, in spite of the heroines being usually in a situation of danger when the youthful heroes first encounter them, and in spite of the most boyish intelligence being able to foretell after a few chapters that the end of the book will end in a marriage, an income of many thousands a year, and in all probability a title. And most of us read him also because he was one of those authors who, when we were boys, gilded our imagination and swayed the course of romance oceanwards to where the deep blue sea of our childlike fancy lay with a shaft of silver in its heart, under the high white sun and the cloudless azure dome; and also because he is endeared to us by association, and by memories which put the wholesome sweetness of a little pathos into our laughter when we turn over his merry pages, full of fighting and love-making, and "larking," and think of what lies between the days when we hid ourselves away to devour his stories, and the Now that is upon us.

He could not be spared. One novel of his is worth all Brenton and James put together, in its power of showing us how our grandsires won their astounding naval victories. And, in a sense, Michael Scott is equally worthy of immortality, because he, too, has given us superb records of how Englishmen fought in the days of oak and canvas; with accuracy and without exaggeration, like Marryat, drawing faithful and admirable likenesses of the noble tars of his day, and leaving to the Incledon and T. P. Cookes of the stage, the Douglas Jerrolds of the drama, and the hundred-and-one fresh-watermen of the nautical novel, the unenviable task of making the public suppose that the typical British seaman is little better

than a common blackguard, with his mouth full of oaths and his head full of rum, yet with the capacity of talking the most unearthly nonsense in big words, when the occasion arises, about the union jack, capstan bars, the roast beef of old England, and the lass that loves a sailor. But, though I honor the memory and genius of Marryat, taste, which may be quite wrong, and conscience, which I know is perfectly sincere, force me to confess that I regard Michael Scott as by far the finer writer and the bigger man. One could certainly wish that he had not been so much under the influence of Byron's genius; that in dealing with his pirates and sea-villains whom he wanted to tinge with romance, he had forgotten all about Conrad and Guldare, and even Selim and Zuleika. There is no harm in his making his handsome villains Scotsmen, nor in even discovering a Caledonian under the black skin of a negro and the tawny hide of a Don Ricardo Campana; but his love of Byronic melodrama carries him dangerously close to the absurd at times—as, for instance, when Mr. Adderfang, the pirate, in the "Cruise of the Midge," is supposed to die in a thunderstorm. Just before "a strong shiver passed over his face, and his jaw fell," a priest undertook to marry him to a young lady "he had kept company with," named Antonia. The scene is the cell of a prison. The priest says: "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" and Adderfang says "Yes."

"Ha! what is that? A flash of lightning—a piercing shriek echoed through the room loud above the rolling thunder—and then a convulsive giggle—something fell heavily on the floor—the wind howled—the lights were blown out—Ave Maria purissima—sancta madre—soy ciega, soy ciega! (Holy Mother of God, I am struck blind!). The unfortunate girl had indeed been struck blind by the electric fluid, and was now writhing sightless on the floor."

One or two combinations of pirates and thunderstorms, death-bed marriages stopped by flashes of lightning, holy fathers, jails, and a variety of those elements for which Matthew Lewis was renowned in his day, might be pardoned. But the "Cruise of the Midge," and "Tom Cringle's Log," are both irradiated by too much blue-fire; the horrors

are inevitable, but they are made awful and monstrous by the manner in which the author illuminates them by an array of corpse-lights, and hangs over them, and gloats over them, and garnishes them. A single example will suffice. A bloodhound is tearing at a dead Spaniard :

"Every now and then he would clap his head sideways on the ground, so as to get the back grinders to bear on his prey ; and there the creature was, with the dead blue fingers across his teeth, crunching and crunching and gasping, with his mouth full of froth and blood and marrow and white splinters of the crushed bones, the sinews and nerves of the dead limb hanging like bloody cords and threads from—Bah ! you have given us a little *de trop* of this, Master Benjie."

Yes, the author's own judgment cannot be questioned ; both in "Tom Cringle" and the "Midge" there is a great deal too much of this, yet at times this sort of agony is piled with wonderful effect, as, for example, in the description in "Tom Cringle" of the action with the slaver. The vessel takes fire during the engagement : scores of slaves are below, unable to get on deck, and many of them lie shrieking in agony from wounds caused by shot poured down upon them. At last she blows up ; and then follows a dreadful, a shocking, but a most magnificently colored, picture. We see the doomed craft going headlong down right in the wake of the setting sun, "whose level rays make the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappears, glow with the hue of the amethyst ;" and then, when the water had closed over her in a silver surface, shining like a mirror, whilst all around was dark blue ripple,

"a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged with a loud gurgling noise from out the deep bosom of the calm sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards until it reached a little way above our mastsheads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said 'Thou shalt not kill.' For a few moments all was silent as the grave Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, men, women, and children, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck."

Nothing could be finer and truer, in scores of minute touches perceptible to the sailor, than this and many other similar bits in Scott's wonderful stories. He has not indeed the humor of Marryat. Much of his fun is little more than broad and coarse farce, in which there is no lack of drink and grinning through collars. His sense of mirth belongs to the Theodore Hook school, or to Hook's age, at all events ; there is a deal of tumbling about and sprawling and splashing, intermixed with practical jokes, of which many would be quite impossible out of the pages of a work of fiction. Undeniably he makes one laugh, especially when he deals with the negroes : but his humor does not dwell in the memory like Marryat's, whilst much of the conversation he puts into the mouths of his people carries a forced, unreal, stagey tone. I think every one must find Michael Scott's main merit to lie in his profound poetic perception of the deep and its mighty surface-wonders of shadow and light, calm and storm. And not that only ; he has never been approached in his power of describing a ship. Take his description in the "Cruise of the Midge," of the frigate coming round the point, heaving to, signalling to the crew of the "Midge" up the river, and then gathering way and falling off to secure her former offing ; or his picture in "Tom Cringle," of the corvette sailing abreast of the smuggling craft, and keeping away to bring her guns to bear in succession upon the swift little schooner owned by lankey Obed, whose second in command is Paul Brandywine. These and many more such representations are inimitable drawings, full of the richest poetry, which could only be flattened by metre and dulled by rhymes. In knowledge of effect he has no equal that I can think of. The conception of the shark floating high alongside a moving boat, and then sinking slowly into the dark profound as the boat loses way, till nothing but the outline of the malignant beast is visible in the sparkling outline it makes in the phosphorescent water, shows the hand of a master in its cunning to introduce into incidents exactly such minute details as shall give the subtlest vitality to his canvas. He misses nothing when he writes about the sea

and ships. I cannot imagine that when he wrote "Tom Cringle's Log" there was anything left for him to learn about the tropical waters he seems to have loved so well, with their marvellous grandeurs of sunsets and sunrises, the tempests of rain flashing up the phosphorescent sea into a sheet of fire, and the framework of the West Indies regal with mountain and radiant with the glories of a thousand shining growths. I know nothing of this superb writer's life; it remains to be told, and should be told, I think, for I am sure he has countless admirers. I am only conscious that he was in extreme ill-health when he wrote "The Midge," which makes the genius in that work a quite marvellous revelation to me; but it must also assure one that had his life been prolonged with a renewal of health or at least of the good spirits he exhibits in "Tom Cringle," our marine literature would have been enriched with more examples of a species of writing it very badly needs.

The tendency of sea-books to fall down to the platform of boys was unpleasantly illustrated to me by a recent edition of "The Green Hand," which I bought for the purpose of this article. I had read this admirable work years ago, in a form that was at all events as much meant for men and women as for children; but I now find it announced on the title-page as "A Sea Story for Boys," as if publishers and author feared that a notice of that kind gave the story its best chance. For boys! why, half the book at least is made up of descriptions so beautiful and perfect that I do not know where to look to find their parallel, unless I turn to the pages of "Omoo," or "Moby Dick," and these are just the parts which youngsters who like movement and fights and hair-breadth escapes, and object to all references to the sun, moon and stars, would skip. Why should this excellently planned and nobly told sea narrative be made to appear as if it were only fit for boys? Imagine "David Copperfield," or "Silas Marner," represented as a "story for the young!" yet the assertion would not be absurder than the statement I find printed on the title-page of "The Green Hand." But Captain Cupples, like Marryat, Cooper,

and, to a great extent, Richard Dana, has to suffer for dealing with a species of fiction which has been miserably degraded, and to an immense extent rendered really only fit for boys by people who have written about the sea in profound ignorance of marine nomenclature and customs, of the character of the sailor, of the elementary principles of seamanship and navigation, and without the least visible capacity of being moved by the grandeur and meanings of the mighty ocean, into whose summer surf they have waded knee-high and not one inch higher. Therefore "The Green Hand" is now offered as a story for boys. But let us not admit this depression of one of the finest narratives in the English language. Let us insist upon hoisting it to the literary masthead again, for if it be too puerile for the perusal of men, then assuredly much of what is best in Byron, much of what is most touching by virtue of its truth in Wordsworth, along with all the best marine yarns by the few masters in that line, ought in justice to be carried up into the nursery for the little ones to thumb, for the very same reason. We quit the man-of-war in this book for the old East Indiaman. The hero, to be sure, is a naval lieutenant, and I could certainly wish, as a merchantman, that Captain Cupples had taken less trouble to glorify one service by the degradation of the other. To represent the chief mate of the ship as a malignant dandy is all very well; but I very strongly object to the picturing of the captain and mates in the employ of famous old John Company as being helplessly inferior as seamen to a young naval lieutenant, and standing idle and confused in squalls and the like, whilst "The Green Hand" bawls the needful instructions to the men under cover of the darkness. Moreover, one should say that the barest probability is very gravely violated when we find a ship outward bound to the East Indies close in with the West African coast, and skipper and mates wildly wrong in their reckoning. In what longitude vessels crossed the Equator in those times I do not know; but I suppose that the practice was pretty much as it is now with sailing ships, and that they would aim rather for Cape St. Roque than Cape Roxo. But

even assuming that these be blemishes, which need not necessarily be the case, who will find fault with them when he marks their brilliant and beautiful surroundings? Nothing, surely, could be finer than the second chapter of the novel, in which the appearance of the *Gloucester* is described as the evening shadows close around her; when—

"High out of and over all rose the lofty upper outline of the noble ship, statelier and statelier as the dusk closed in about her—the expanse of canvas whitening with sharper edge upon the gloom: the hauled up clews of the main course, with their huge blocks, swelling and lifting to the fair wind—and the breasts of the topsails divided by the tightened buntlines, like the shape of some full-bosomed maiden, on which the reef-points heaved like silken fringes, as if three sisters, shadowy and goddess-like, trod in each other's steps toward the deeper solitude of the ocean."

What image could be more perfect? and yet this is but a fragment of a sketch, every line of which is instinct with the poetry that comes from the sea to one who has looked at her with love; who, in many a quiet or stormy watch has held commune with the noble fabric whose deck he walked; who has interpreted the midnight voices of the wind in the invisible tracery on high; who has beheld a hundred marvellous meanings and been inspired by a hundred solemn inspirations in and by the procession of vast ocean waves melting into snow as they roll, in the loneliness of leagues of moonlit calm, in the flaming splendors of the sun rising and setting, in the wild flying of the small green moon through the smoke-like scud rushing athwart the stars on the wings of the gale. Nor is there any lack of seamanship in this book. Some of the sailors are painted with a very black brush; but then, to be sure, they are great scoundrels. The manners are old-fashioned; young ladies say "Sir" to young gentlemen, "Griffins" are very considerably accentuated, and the judge is the surliest and most tyrannical old rogue I ever met with in fiction. But Violet Hyde is a sweet creature; plenty of fun is got out of the passengers, notably the Yankee, Daniel Snout; and there is surely nothing droller in anecdotic lore than the incident of the shark and Mrs. Brady's dog. And as a record of life at sea, in a passenger

vessel fifty or sixty years ago, "The Green Hand" is not less valuable than the best of Marryat's novels which deals with naval life as it was much about the same period. The transformation that has been wrought by time in the navy is matched by the mercantile marine in its passenger service. We don't take four or five months to get to India now; we skip the Cape and sail through the desert, and our vessels do not lift mountains of white canvas to the sky, but are sumptuously furnished hotels, built of iron and driven by steam against a head wind, much faster than a whole gale could have impelled the swiftest of those old East Indiamen which Captain Cupples writes so delightfully about. The change is prodigious; and it is well that we have such accurate and stirring and beautiful memorials of the past as "The Green Hand," to enable us to understand whether we are better off, and if so, how much we are better off, than our grandfathers were when they took ships for foreign parts.

In the same way many of Fenimore Cooper's novels are useful, only, unfortunately, the American possesses neither the seamanlike accuracy nor the fine poetic insight of Captain Cupples. In such books as "Homeward Bound," "Afloat and Ashore," and others of Cooper's tales, the old Atlantic passenger clipper lives, and we are enabled to contrast the old-fashioned passage of over six weeks across the Atlantic with the present passage of a few hours over six days. Cooper has written a great number of sea stories, and to point out what is good and bad in them would fill many pages. I cannot profess myself much of an admirer of his writings. His style is ponderous, and rather priggish; his sea-pictures are full of inaccuracies; he has little or no humor; and I believe the only narrative of his in which a sailor could pick but few holes is "Ned Myers," the whole of which, he himself declares, he took down from the dictation of a man who had been at sea with him. "The Pilot," I believe, is the most popular of his works. It was received with prodigious applause in this country on its appearance, which probably convinced Mr. Fenimore Cooper how profoundly insensible the people of the greatest maritime nation

in the world were to the nautical absurdities of the book, and how still more profoundly indifferent they were to the ridiculous insults which the author, whether in the conversation of his characters or in the behavior of his extraordinary war-vessels, never loses an opportunity to level at Great Britain and her throne and her people. The character of Long Tom Coffin has been praised as a very fine creation; but I will venture to say that if the like of such a man were at any period to have shipped aboard a vessel as able seaman, or in any other capacity, he would have been sent ashore by the captain as a lunatic. Compare this seaman of Cooper with the sailors of *Dana*; the one invents a stage mariner, and makes him growl out a lot of stilted talk, and move his cadaverous body about like some cheap tragedian at a country theatre; the other gives you Jack as he is, as he has always been, and as he is bound to remain until the slowly shifting conditions of his life have blackened his face and sent him to live with a shovel in his hand in the bunkers. There are unquestionably some fine dramatic scenes in "The Pilot," though a haunting sense of improbability—I will not say absurdity—neutralizes much of the effect they would have produced had Cooper gone to work more conscientiously. As a sample of his inaccuracy he makes Tom Coffin kill a whale off the north-eastern portion of the English coast, and then surrounds the dead carcase with shovel-nosed sharks. How would our bathers relish this if it were true? A whale has certainly now and again been seen off these shores; it either floats in dead or is chased; and a shark has also now and again been observed near these coasts, just as mosquitos are to be caught at Bristol. But imagine the people of Scarborough, let me say, watching a Long Tom Coffin killing an immense whale close inshore, and then after the whale has been dead a few hours, perceiving it to be surrounded by sharks, as though indeed the North Sea were the equatorial Pacific or the waters on the Polar verge of the South-East Trade Wind. The oddest ideas of discipline prevail in this book, considering the vessels are men-of-war. The first lieutenant insults the

pilot, the pilot orders him off with much such a gesture as Coleridge's ancient mariner would have made with his long, lank hand; and the captain of the frigate is submitted as a perfect old woman whose capacity as a seaman Cooper never doubts, but whom he allows the first lieutenant—and for that matter everybody else who is so "disposed"—to talk to as if he were a sort of ship's idiot whom all hands are allowed to laugh at. Royals are loosed and set when a gale of wind is approaching; and in the thick of the smother a jib made of duck is hoisted, and very properly blows out of the bolt-rope; the frigate manages to steer safely enough into an intricate part of the coast without a pilot, but cannot get out without one; the tops are hailed to ascertain which way the wind is blowing; the schooner and frigate come within hail, a heavy swell is rolling, and the vessels are under sail, yet in spite of the distracting sounds which arise from the beating and flapping of canvas against masts in a calm, an observation made in a very low voice on board the schooner is distinctly heard on board the frigate; then the courses are suspended "in the brails," when brails are only used for fore and aft canvas, such as spankers, trysails, and the like; again, the frigate, close-hauled under close-reefed topsails, "dashes at a prodigious rate through the waves." The seamanship which these samples (selected from dozens of specimens I have no room for) illustrate, naturally goes to work in the matter of sea-fights with the same result as regards the judgment of nautical readers. The American schooner and an English cutter engage; the English are deplorably beaten—as they always were in marine encounters, of course—but they rally for an instant only to witness their commander pinned to the mast by the harpoon of Long Tom Coffin (fancy a man-of-war'sman always wandering about with a harpoon in his hand!), whereupon a few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to the lower deck or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*." But this is mere trifling

compared to what follows. A British line-of-battle-ship, mounting ninety guns, arises, and the American frigate receives her broadside. The Yankee makes haste, very wisely, to take to her heels; but lo! to leeward are two frigates, one of which in passing she almost knocks to pieces, not smashing the enemy's bowsprit short off as an ordinary frigate would, but tearing it bodily out of the bows, as if it were a decayed tooth, and letting it drop overboard, whilst she engages the other in a running fight, eventually saving herself, after the manner of our own *De Saumarez*, by rushing through a long narrow foaming channel into which the Englishman, though in his own waters, had not the pluck to follow him. As to the pilot himself, I can only say that if his real name was Paul Jones, he must, as a freebooter, have been but a poor creature. He is invariably lost in reverie when his attention as a pilot is most needed; he gasps out stage talk in the ears of the justly bewildered American officers when he ought to be singing out orders; he professes to have a name which, were he to yell it forth to the crew of the British frigate, would paralyze their efforts and cause them to haul down their flag with many apologies for daring to oppose such an awful and murderous creature. Cooper pleases and has pleased, and is to this day read and admired by thousands; but speaking from a sailor's point of view, I really have no words to express the delight with which I quit his novels for the narratives of his countrymen, Dana and Herman Melville.

Whoever has read the writings of Melville must I think feel disposed to consider "*Moby Dick*" as his finest work. It is indeed all about the sea, whilst "*Typee*" and "*Omoo*," are chiefly famous for their lovely descriptions of the South Sea Islands, and of the wild and curious inhabitants of those coral strands; but though the action of the story is altogether on ship-board, the narrative is not in the least degree nautical in the sense that Cooper's and Marryat's novels are. The thread that strings a wonderful set of fancies and incidents together, is that of a whaler, whose master, Captain Ahab, having lost his leg by the teeth of

a monstrous white whale, to which the name of *Moby Dick* has been given, vows to sail in pursuit of his enemy. The narrator embarks in the ship that is called the *Pegoud*, which he describes as having an "old-fashioned, claw-footed look about her."

"She was apparelled like any barbaric Ethiopic Emperor, his neck heavy with pendants of polished ivory. She was a thing of trophies. A cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies. All round her unpanelled, open bulwarks were garnished like one continuous jaw, with the long sharp teeth of the sperm-whale, inserted there for pins to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to. Those thews ran not through base blocks of land wood, but deftly travelled over sheaves of ivory. Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm she sported there a tiller; and that tiller was in one mass, curiously carved from the long narrow jaw of her hereditary foe. The helmsman, who steered by that tiller in a tempest, felt like the Tartar when he holds back his fiery steed by clutching its jaw. A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that."

Melville takes this vessel, fills her full of strange men, and starts her on her insane quest, that he may have the ocean under and around him to muse upon, as though he were in a spacious burial-ground, with the alternations of sunlight and moonlight and deep starless darkness to set his thoughts to. "*Moby Dick*" is not a sea-story—one could not read it as such—it is a medley of noble impassioned thoughts born of the deep, pervaded by a grotesque human interest, owing to the contrast it suggests between the rough realities of the cabin and the fore-castle, and the phantasms of men conversing in rich poetry, and strangely moving and acting in that dim weather-worn Nantucket whaler. There is a chapter where the sailors are represented as gathered together on the fore-castle; and what is made to pass among them, and the sayings which are put into their mouths, might truly be thought to have come down to us from some giant mind of the Shakespearian era. As we read, we do not need to be told that seamen don't talk as those men do; probabilities are not thought of in this story. It is like a drawing by William Blake, if you please; or, better yet, it is of the "*Ancient Mariner*" pattern, madly fantastic in places, full of extraordinary thoughts, yet gloriously coherent—the

work of a hand which, if the desire for such a thing had ever been, would have given a sailor's distinctness to the portrait of the solemn and strange Miltonic fancy of a ship built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark. In "Typee," and "Omoo," and "Redburn," he takes other ground, and writes—always with the finest fancy—in a straight-headed way. I am concerned with him only as a seafarer. In "Redburn" he tells a sailor's yarn, and the dream-like figures of the crew of the *Pequod* make place for Liverpool and Yankee seamen, who chew tobacco and use bad language. His account of the sufferings of the emigrants in this book leaves a deep impression upon the mind. His accuracy is unimpeachable here, for the horrors he relates were as well known thirty and forty years ago as those of the middle passages were in times earlier still. In "Omoo," again, he gives us a good deal of the sea, and presumably relates his own experiences on board a whaler. He seems proud of his calling, for in "Moby Dick" he says:

"And as for me, if by any possibility there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me; if I shall ever deserve any real repute in that small but high-hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if hereafter I shall do anything that, upon the whole, a man might rather have done than left undone; if at my death my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any precious MSS. in my desk, then here I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling; for a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard."

He returns to the whaleman in "Omoo," and in his barque, the *Little Jule*, charms the nautical reader with the faithfulness of his portraiture, and the humor and the poetry he puts into it. There is some remarkable character-drawing in this book: notably John Jermin, the mate of the *Little Jule*, and Doctor Long Ghost, the nickname given by the sailors to a man who shipped as a physician, and was rated as a gentleman and lived in the cabin, until both the captain and he falling drunk, he drove home his views on politics by knocking the skipper down, after which he went to live forward. He is as quaint, striking, and original a personage as may be found in English fiction, and we find him in the dingy and leaky fore-castle of the *Little Jule*, where he is

surrounded by coarse and worn whalemen in Scotch caps and ragged clothes quoting Virgil, talking of Hobbes, "besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially 'Hudibras.'" Yet his portrait does not match that of John Jermin the mate, whom, spite of his love of rum and homely method of reasoning with a man by means of a handspike, one gets to heartily like and to follow about with laughter as, intoxicated, he chases the sun all over the deck at noon with an old quadrant at his eye, or tumbles into the fore-castle after a seaman who has enraged him by contemptuous remarks. Both Melville and Dana, who deal with the Merchant Service, show us in their books how trifling has been the change in the inner life of the sea during the forty or fifty years since they wrote about it. The merchant sailor of 1884 has still the same complaint to make that was made by his predecessor in 1840 and during many a long year before. "The *Julia's* provisions," says Herman Melville, "were very poor;" and he proceeds to point out that the pork looked as if preserved in iron rust, and smelt like stale ragout; that the beef was a mahogany-colored fibrous substance, tough and tasteless, that the biscuit was broken into hard little gun-flints, honeycombed through and through "as if the worms usually infesting this article in long tropical voyages had, in boring after nutriment, come out at the antipodes without finding anything." Their soup consisted of great round peas, polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water; and of their tea he declares himself certain that the Hong merchants never had the shipping of it. To this day, Mercantile Jack is suffering from the traditional fore-castle fare served out to him, supplemented by a niggardliness such as was not known in days when there was less competition in our shipping interests, and when the single-boat company and the managing owner had no existence. He is frequently fed upon victuals which have performed several voyages round the world, and he no longer receives the "tot," or small glass of rum, which in former days helped the old salts to digest food which even an ostrich would look at doubtfully. Sailors were injuriously fed and housed

in Melville's day, and they are no better off now. There have been scores of Acts of Parliament relating to them, but the ills of their inner lives have been untouched chiefly because the people who have legislated for them knew absolutely nothing about the fore-castle's requirements. To acquaint oneself with such matters, a man must ship as a sailor, eat and live and sleep with foremast hands, know what it is to be washed out of his bunk, to live on foul water and biscuit full of worms, when the bad weather will not allow the cook to light the galley fire that the rancid pork or the five-year old square of "beef" may be cooked. It will not do for a man who wants to be reckoned a friend of seamen to get his knowledge of the sea out of yachting, and to write books about what Mercantile Jack ought to and ought not to expect in a luxurious cabin, with flunkeys in livery to fill his inkbottle for him when he has wasted the contents of it. Whenever I read a book or a pamphlet by gentry of this type, I long to send the author to sea for three years in any such capacity before the mast, from A. B. down to cook's mate, as he is able to discharge the duties of. This question of food increases in importance, because the quality of the stuff served out to the men grows worse and worse. Board of Trade surveyors are supposed to supervise the provisions put on board ship; but how often are the biscuit and beef and the like examined by these functionaries? The neglect indeed is so great, that for a long time it has been the custom of many owners to leave the victualling of the ship to the captain, who finds it good policy so far as his own interests are concerned, to "buy cheap." It is well indeed when men who have suffered the experiences and preserved the knowledge of sailors write books about the sea, that they should include all harsh facts which may help to teach the world what the mariner's life is. Dana and Melville have written thus, and whatever they say is stamped with genius and truth. The ocean is the theatre of more interests than boys would care to follow. We laugh with Marryat; we read Cooper for his "plots;" we find much that is dashing and flattering to our patriotism in the "Tom Bowlings," and "Will Watches,"

and "Tough Yarns," and "Topsail Sheet-blocks;" in the sprawling and fighting and drinking school of sea yarns; but when we turn to Dana and Melville, we find that the real life of the sea is not to be found between yellow covers adorned with catching cuts; that all the romance does not lie in cocked-hats and epaulets, but that by far the largest proportion of the sentiment, the pathos of the deep, the bitterness and suffering of the sailor's life, must be sought in the gloomy fore-castle of the humble coaster, in the deckhouses of the deep-laden cargo-steamer, in the crew's dwelling-place on board the big ship trading to Australia and India and China. It is because only two or three writers have kept their eye steadfastly on this walk of the marine calling, and it is because all the rest who have written about the sea have represented the sailor as a jolly, drinking, dancing, sky-larking fellow, that the shore-going public have come to get the wildest, absurdest notion of Jack's real character and professional life. For one who reads Dana and Melville, thousands read Marryat and Michael Scott, and Chamier, and Cupples, and Neale. It is in these books that we find Jack always on the broad grin, always smart in pumps for cutting capers, always yarning and smoking, and lounging, unless drubbing the French: "Pass the grog," he said:

"Pass the grog! pass the grog! your sailor
is a jolly dog,
Ever laughing, ever gay, sings at night and
works by day;
Cares no more for wounds and wealth
Than doctors for their patients' health."

Yes, it is always passing the grog, and singing all night, with lovely Sue to join in the chorus! And this great maritime nation has for generations accepted all this sort of thing as true of Jack's calling, just as on the stage they dress up a man meant to play the part of a merchant sailor in the dress of a naval blue jacket. But it is the nautical novelist who has misled the public, who, knowing perfectly what is right, has deliberately melodramatized the unfortunate sailor, whether mercantile or naval, until readers look with incredulity upon the truthful portraits offered them by such men as Dana and Melville, and

refuse to regard any representation of a nautical man as correct unless he is constantly swearing, constantly getting tipsy, constantly speaking a language crowded with marine expressions; and unless he makes his bow in a tarpaulin hat at the back of his head, a laniard round his neck, an immense collar down his back, and a pair of feet scarcely visible in the bell-mouthed trousers which run extravagantly tight to his hips. For example: Captain Chamier was a seaman, and must, consequently, have been well acquainted with the character of sailors; he must have heard them converse hundreds of times; and yet, in spite of his well knowing that seamen—unless, indeed, they are boys making their first voyage—seldom or never load their talk with professional jargon, any more than soldiers introduce “eyes right” and “shoulder arms,” and the like expressions into their conversation; Captain Chamier, I say, puts such a speech as this into the mouth of what he calls a *beau ideal* of a sailor:

“Go on, Tom, my boy, don’t blush so; what does it signify who your father was. If he had been better than you, why then, I’m blessed if you would not have been like a potato, the best part of you under ground; whereas now you’re like the tall spars of a line-of-battle ship, seen, first and last, above the hull that bore you, with a good character for carrying your canvas like a stout spar through every squall. So, go on, and keep that blush for pretty Susan when we get into harbor.”

This old country has produced many thousands of sailors in her time, and there are many thousand still living; but I will venture to say, that never since she became a naval power was there a sailor, whether serving under the white or red ensign, who made such a speech, off the stage, as the above that is put into the mouth of a “*beau ideal*” of a tar by a man who knew the life. One forgives absurdities in landmen when they deal with the sea, though I am of opinion that writers make a fatal mistake in handling what they have no knowledge of. It was but the other day that I was reading “*Foul Play*,” by the late Charles Reade and Mr. Dion Boucicault. The story is profoundly interesting, and full of that high and original talent for which Charles Reade was distinguished. There is a great deal about the sea in it, and all about the sea is

full of nonsense. The cocksureness of the authors could not fail to render the blunders doubly ludicrous. The ship leaves Sydney and makes slow progress, “being close-hauled, which was her worst point of sailing.” A sailor would appreciate this explanation of slow progress. The vessel, though apparently a fine large ship, has only one mate! Probably the second mate was the carpenter, but we are not told so. Then this only mate has several barrels of spirits stowed away in his cabin, and by means of them he keeps the skipper continuously drunk. The mate goes below, presumably into the after-peak, to scuttle the ship. It is blowing very fresh; the ship is plunging and rolling heavily; yet, despite all the noise raised by boiling seas and thunderous canvas, the hero on deck can distinctly hear the sounds caused by the mate plugging with a mallet the holes he had bored with an auger. Then, to take soundings, the skipper “chalks a plumb-line,” and drops it into the well. A vessel is “canted” that her decks may be washed. It is evident by what follows that the authors meant “careened;” but think of careening a ship to “wash down!” Then, speaking of a square-rigged vessel, a sailor says, “Somebody got into the chains to sound, and cut the lee halyards; next tack the masts went over the side.” Why a man should take the trouble to descend into the channels to cut away the “lee halyards,” and why the masts should go overboard on the next tack, because the “lee halyards” are literally “all gone,” I confess I do not understand. But these and the like errors are a landsman’s; the manifest faith shown by the writers in the accuracy of the crowds of blunders they make is certainly very droll; but they are not half so mischievous in their effects of filling the public mind with a world of nonsensical opinions and ideas about ships and sailors and their duties, as the caricatures of seamen which have come from pens wielded by writers who were sailors by profession.

Dana was the first man to look at the sea-life as a real thing, and to make the world know it as a real thing. America should be proud of that triumphant book, “*Two Years before the Mast*.”

We are a great maritime people; the oceans of the world are our realm, and every billow that rolls from North to South, from East to West, carries a British interest along its liquid path. Is it not wonderful that we should have waited for a Yankee student to show us how to write a book that should be true to the sailor, true to the ship he sails in, true to the great deep he navigates? For my part, I heartily begrudge Boston her famous "yarner," and for the honor of this country could wish that his grand sea-picture had the union-jack hanging over it instead of the eagle that is perched for all time upon its frame. The difference between "Two Years before the Mast" and most of the nautical novels which have been written on this side the Atlantic, is the difference between the marine drama as we are accustomed to witness it in London and provincial theatres, and the calling it caricatures. Dana's book is a solid fact from beginning to end—not one jot more so because it forms a collection of his experiences when at sea, than because of the superb sailor-like spirit, the exquisite accuracy and the great-hearted sympathy that every page is full of. "I vowed," he says, after describing the flogging on board the *Pilgrim*, "I vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast." He could not have gone to work more effectually than by writing "Two Years before the Mast." It was time that somebody showed the public down into the merchant ship's fore-castle, pointed to the bunks in which the sailors sleep, the dripping carlings, the evil-smelling slush-lamp, the water splashing through the scuttle, the poor clothes of the heavily worked men, the infamous food and vile water on which they subsisted. It was time, I say. No landsman could guess the truth, and those who had suffered, who could speak of the horrors of scurvy from darkness and damp and fare such as a hog might disdain, were ignorant and unable to put their story before the world. But then comes Dana, a fine genius, full of spirit. He ships as a foremast hand in a little brig bound round Cape Horn to the Western

American Coast, and he spends three years of his life among sailors, working with them, suffering with them, taking their few poor pleasures with them. We are used to his book now, and since his time plenty of interest has been taken in the Merchant Service; but I sometimes think that an extraordinary amazement must have been excited among those of the public who cared for sea yarns when "Two Years before the Mast" was first published. By what magic could Dana absorb the attention of his readers by a plain unvarnished narrative of fore-castle life in a little brig? But that was not quite it. How did it happen, I daresay people wanted to know, that these poor sailors who so deeply interested them in Dana's work were so utterly unlike the mariners they had been accustomed to read about since the days of Smollett? Where was the Saturday night-larking? where the cans of grog? the "wives and sweethearts?" the dancing on the main-deck? the gay uniforms, the handsome middies, the sea-battles, the lovely heroines, and all the rest of the well-known stuff? Instead of this they found a brutal, coarse-mouthed skipper, a couple of mates neither handsome nor sentimental, and forward, an odd collection of rude and rough figures in Scotch caps and old shirts. There was no heroine, there was no fighting, there was nothing more spirited in the way of diversion than a fandango at Santa Barbara; but there was the best of all things in this world—truth. Because of it the book went straight home to the heart, and inasmuch as that it is as true in the main of life on board ship to-day as it was when written forty-five years ago, there can be no excuse for any one desiring to write for or against the sailor, not to very fairly understand the nature and duties of Mercantile Jack's life whilst "Two Years before the Mast" remains in print.

Yet let it not be denied that so far as the Merchant Service is concerned, the need of another Dana grows urgent. Life in a sailing ship remains much as Dana represents it; but steamers are now plentiful; there is more greed than there used to be and more maws to satisfy; competition has resulted in a sordidness that is a permanent menace

to human life. Another Dana is wanted to give us three years before the mast not in one but in several steamers; in the dangerous "well deck," in the undermanned tank, in the cheap boat that is sent across the Atlantic in winter furnished with engines scarcely powerful enough to keep her "head on" in half a gale of wind; in the overloaded craft whose covering board is nearly awash as she sneaks clear of the eye of the Board of Trade official; in the steamer into whose hold, in the name of dispatch, the cargo has been pitched ready for shifting in the first bit of seaway that is encountered. Another Dana is wanted for the later marine developments of our civilization. Only presuming him to exist, could he be expected to go to sea

to learn what he has to write about? I have very little doubt that were Richard Dana, jun., now living, he would own that he would rather face the storms of the two Atlantics and beat round the Horn to the westward in June for several years running in his crazy, little, old, hundred-and-fifty ton brig, *Pilgrim*, than make a single experiment in search of current nautical experience on board the red and slate-colored drain-pipes which, classed A1 and insured above their value as compounds of brittle plates, cement and rivets adjusted by the "drift," are daily and hourly hauling out of dock to deliver their cargoes in ports which are very often indeed at the bottom of the sea.—*Contemporary Review*.

MODERN MYSTICISM.

BY W. S. LILLY.

I SHALL seem to many readers to utter a paradox if I say that one of the most remarkable notes of this nineteenth century is its mysticism. It is the great boast of a school of writers, claiming specially to represent modern thought, that in this age civilization has taken the place of Christianity; faith and hope in man, of faith and hope in God; and, no doubt, they have warrant for so affirming. A new age it essentially is, an age which opened with a great revolution not merely in the political arrangements of the western world, but in its intellectual conceptions. The old public order of Europe was, at all events nominally, based upon Christian Theism. The primary position of the old philosophy was that man's knowledge of necessary truths depended upon the immutability of the Eternal. But now we may say, with a deeper meaning than the words bore upon the lips of the Attic poet, that Vortex reigns in the place of Zeus. The centre of thought has been shifted from the unchanging, the self-existent, the Divine, to the mutable, the dependent, the human. When Pierre Leroux offered his article "Dieu" to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, forty years ago, it was returned with the observation, "La question de Dieu manque d'actualité." The voice of the

Zeitgeist spoke by the mouth of Buloz. But if sensism is written upon one page of the literature of our age, upon another is recorded the great truth, sadly confessed by the late Mr. Mill, that human life is inadequate to satisfy human aspirations. Consider Goethe, the intellectual king of this new epoch, the interpreter to itself of the modern mind, who more than any one else made it realize the revolution which has swept over it. True it is that the poet was among the worshippers of Vortex. The sense of what M. Buloz called "actualité" was fully developed in him; so much so, indeed, that Novalis taxed *Wilhelm Meister* with artistic Atheism. But where shall we find more eloquent witness to the revolt of human nature against the attempt to shut it up within the prison of the senses? Where breathes there more amply that sentiment of infinity which is the very life of mysticism? Now this way of thinking is most strongly marked in European literature from his time to our own, and that not merely in the poets and metaphysicians of every school from Wordsworth to Swinburne, from Hegel to von Hartmann, but even in the chemists, the mechanicians, the professors of physical science generally; almost the sole exception being the medico-atheistic

sect, considerable chiefly in France, whose occupation of searching for life in slaughter-houses and latrines is not conducive to lofty thought. I need not dwell upon what will be obvious to every educated man and woman. But I must not proceed farther without setting down what I mean by mysticism. The late Mr. Mill shall help me to a definition. "Whether in the *Vedas*, the Platonists or the Hegelians," he writes, "it is nothing more nor less than ascribing objective existence to the subjective creations of our own faculties: to mere ideas of the intellect." That is the Positivist philosopher's account of mysticism. A spiritualistic philosopher would call it the direct communion of the soul of man with the Supreme Object, to which neither the senses nor the logical understanding can attain. The mystical doctrine in its essence is that the highest fact in man can hold immediate intercourse with the Highest Fact in the universe. I shall proceed to survey, in such brief fashion as is possible to me here, the four chief systems in which that doctrine has been clothed. And I shall then consider the especial significance of the expression which it has found in modern philosophy.

First, then, let us go back three or four thousand years in the history of our race and look at the primitive wisdom stored up for us in the *Upanishads*, and particularly in the *Katha Upanishad*, the most perfect specimen of mystic Hindu philosophy. The Brahmin Vêgasravasa, desirous of heavenly rewards, surrendered at a sacrifice all that he possessed. Faith entered into the heart of his son Nakiketas and he said, "Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?" He said it a second and a third time. The father angrily replied, "I shall give thee unto death." The rash promise had to be kept, like Jephthah's. Nakiketas goes to the abode of Yama, the Regent of the Dead, and finds there none to receive him. After three days Yama returns, and by way of reparation for his want of hospitality to "a venerable guest, a Brahmin," promises to grant him three boons, whatever he may choose. The third boon which Nakiketas demands is "a knowledge of what there is in the great Hereafter." Yama

begs him to ask for something else. "On this point even the Gods have formerly doubted. It is not easy to understand. The subject is subtle. Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years; choose the wide abode of earth, abundant harvests, fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments." "No," says Nakiketas, "these things last but till to-morrow for they wear out the vigor of the senses. Keep thou thy horses: keep dance and song for thyself. No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth when we see thee? What mortal, slowly decaying here below, would delight in long life after he has duly weighed the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?" And so he presses for his boon. And at last Yama unfolds in mystic language the supreme secret. "The good is one thing: the pleasant another. The wise prefers the good to the pleasant. The fool chooses the pleasant through greed or avarice. This is the world, he thinks; there is no other. Thus he falls again and again under my sway." And then Yama expounds the doctrine of the Self—*Âtman*—infinite, invisible, divine life of the world and life of our life; of whom many are not able to hear, whom many, when they hear of Him, do not comprehend. This Self is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. It is not killed though the body is killed. If the slayer thinks that he slays, if the slain thinks that he is slain, they do not understand: for this does not slay, neither is that slain. Lesser than the least and greater than the greatest, this Self is seated in the breast of every living thing. This the passionless sage beholds and his sorrows are left behind. The sage that knows himself to be the infinite all-pervading Self no longer sorrows. There is, then, as the great teacher, Death, unfolds the mystery, one Reality and only one; and the highest wisdom is for a man to see that he is one with this one Reality, this characterless thought, which like the ether is everywhere, in a continuous plenitude of being. It is *Mâya*, the self-feigning world fiction, which has feigned itself from everlasting, that presents the variety of experience, the duality of subject and object, and these

melt away into unity on the rise of the ecstatic vision.

But how may a man thus put aside the veil of *Māya*, transcend the illusion of phenomena, and attain to this intuition of the Self? "Not by the *Veda*," Yama teaches, "nor by understanding, nor by much learning; neither he that has not ceased from evil, nor he that is not concentrated, nor he whose mind is not quiescent, can read this Self by spiritual insight."

I have dwelt thus much upon this *Upanishad* because here we have the substance of Aryan mysticism in its most ancient expression: the dominant idea, however variously developed, of all the schools of Hindu theosophy, including the Buddhist. And if from India we turn to Greece, we find the same thought gradually unfolded. Pythagoras is little more to us than a name. Certain, however, it is that he lived chiefly in the memory of his countrymen as the founder of a mystical system derived probably from the East, of which "Know thyself" was the cardinal precept. And what shall we say of Socrates, "the religious missionary doing the work of a philosopher," to use Mr. Grote's happy phrase? That *δαμόνιον* of his, a divine internal guide, not peculiar to him but, as he taught, apprehensible by all men who piously and holily worship the Gods and preserve their bodies pure and chaste, what is it but the light spoken of in the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka Upanishad*; the light within the heart, which when the sun has sunk, and the moon has set, and all sounds are hushed, still illumines man, the light of the Self, which is other than the body and the senses. This was the kernel of the teaching for which he witnessed a good confession. It was his great achievement to recall philosophy from the beggarly elements of the physical world to the study of human nature: to maintain, in opposition to the sophists, that the true point of departure is not to be sought in the senses, but in thought, in the mind. And this is the key-note of the whole doctrine of Plato, who, in the striking words of Mr. Maurice, lately given to the world, enfranchised men from systems, and sent them to seek for wisdom

in the quiet of their own hearts. There can be no question at all that in the Platonic *Dialogues* we have the seeds of the mysticism which attained its full growth in the great school of Alexandria, seeds fated to develop according to the necessary laws which govern the growth of ideas. Plato seeks out, in the multitude of individual, variable, contingent things, their principles, to which they owe what they possess of general, of durable, that is to say, their ideas. These he reaches by stripping finite things of their limitations, their individuality. And above the hierarchy of ideas—the first of them—is the Sovereign Principle, the Supreme Unity, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Truth, Absolute Good, the life of our life and the light of spirits. The Neo-Platonists, going beyond their master, but following logically his method, deny to this Divine principle diversity of attributes, they divest it wholly of finite conditions. They make it uncharacterized, abstract, innominate, a simple undetermined essence—for they agree with Spinoza, "Omnis determinatio negatio est"—transcending existence and not cognizable by reason. It is in the soul's intuition of this Supreme Reality, in apprehension of unity with it, that Plotinus, the greatest of his school—"magnus ille Platonicus," St. Augustine calls him—places the *summum bonum*. Half dust, half deity, he deems, is man, but the soul, divine in its nature, a portion of the Divinity imprisoned in this house of clay (just as, according to the similitude of the *Upanishads*, the light shining in many houses is one with the sun) is the real Self. To deliver it from the prison where it languishes, expiating the sins committed in former existences, is the one true end. And the way to attain to it is a *Via Purgativa*, a way of purification from earthly desires, of complete abstraction from phenomenal things, which leads to annihilation of self, to abolition of consciousness, until in the transcendent state of ecstasy (*ἔκστασις*) the distinction between the intelligent subject and the intelligible object ceases: the Supreme Perfection is seen not without—ὡς ἐν ἄλλῳ—but within, and unity is gained. This is precisely the ecstatic vision of Vedic theosophy which they who enjoy lose themselves in the

one and only Self, as rivers lose themselves in the sea. It is not substantially different from that attainment of perfect indetermination, utter impersonality, called by the Buddhists *Nirvāna*, a bliss, we must remember, which according to the *Book of the Great Decease*, a man "while yet in this visible world may bring himself to the knowledge of, and continue to realize, and see face to face." Death does but set the seal to this union with the Unconscious Absolute. "I go," said the dying Plotinus, "to bear the Divine within me to the Divine in the universe."

These words of Plotinus might no less fitly have been uttered by a Moslem mystic than by a Vedic theosophist or a follower of Gotama. The late Professor Palmer held Sūfism to be really the development of the primeval religion of the Aryan race. Certain it is that its root idea is identical with the root idea of the *Upanishads*. The spiritual life is usually described by the Sūfite writers under the allegory of a journey, the goal of which is union with God. But at the outset, we meet with a paradox. It is one of their maxims that there is no road from man to God, because the nature of God is illimitable and infinite, without beginning or end or even direction, whereas the perception of man's understanding, "the intelligence of life" as the Prophet calls it, is restricted to the finite. It is by a Divine light, "the light in the heart," in Mohammed's phrase ("the light of God," the Sūfite writers commonly term it), that the Divine proximity is revealed: that mysterious proximity spoken of in the *Qu'rán*, "He is with you wherever you are," and hidden from man by the illusion of the senses. And so Jelāl, the great Sūfite saint and poet, in the *Mesnevî*:

"Beyond our senses lies the world of unity.
Desir'st thou unity? Beyond the senses fly."

The first stage in the journey is the purification of the heart from worldly impressions and desires, from the animal, the brutal, the fiendish; by the study of the *Qu'rán*, and the practice of its precepts and the discipline of asceticism. Thus does a man attain to self-knowledge, and thus does he soon arrive at the Divine light. Now this light is

the nature of God, and hence the verse of the *Mesnevî*:

"I am not I: the breath I breathe is God's own breath."

Similar sayings are common in the Sūfite books. When the traveller acknowledges in his heart that God only always was, that God only always will be, his eyes are opened to the inner meaning of the formula, "There is no God but God," and he has closed the door upon existence and non-existence. He who has reached thus far has performed what is called the journey to God. It remains that he journey in God, drawn on to ever closer union by the splendor and sweetness of the Divine perfections, until he is lost in the ocean of the Divine love, reabsorbed in the Divine intelligence—the true end and purpose of his existence.

Professor Palmer describes the system of the Sūfis, which he considers to steer a mid-course between the Pantheism of India and the Deism of the *Qu'rán*, as an attempt to reconcile philosophy with the Moslem revelation, by assigning a mystical and allegorical interpretation to all religious doctrines and precepts. For myself, I must say that I see no great difference between the Indian and the Sūfite mystics in respect of their Pantheistic tendencies. Indeed what I have written will, I think, sufficiently show that the mysticism of the *Upanishads*, the Neo-Platonists and the Sūfites is substantially identical. Let us come now to the fourth great mystical school, the Christian, which although largely influenced by Plotinus and his followers, through the writings of St. Augustine and still more of Dionysius, the so-called Areopagite, is clearly marked off from all other schools by its doctrines of the Trinity and creation. In Catholic theology, the three Persons of the Godhead, are conceived of under the similitude of a Divine circle having no necessary relations save those which unite them; self sufficient and not implying any other existence. Moreover the universe is regarded not as engendered by God, nor as emanating from the Divine substance, but as freely created out of nothing. A great gulf, an infinite abyss, is held to separate the Creator even from the highest and most

perfect of creatures ; a difference not of degree but of essence, to divide the human personality from the Divine. Still Christian, like all other mysticism, aims at grasping the Ultimate Reality, at direct communion with the Highest, and professes to open a way of escape from the blinding tyranny of sense, to transcend the veil of illusory phenomena, and to set free its votaries by an inward vision. The fundamental thought of the Christian religion is that there are two orders, commonly called nature and grace ; the one discernible by sense and understanding, the other by a spiritual sight. From the first until now the mystic light of Tabor, before which the phenomenal world fades away into nothingness, has ever burned at the inner shrine of Christianity. Thence has come the illumination of those who, age after age, have entered most fully into the secret of Jesus ; thence are the bright beams which stream from the pages of *St. John's Gospel*, *St. Augustine's Confessions*, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Divine Comedy*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The supreme blessedness of man, as all Christian teaching insists, is the vision, in the great Hereafter, of Him who is the substance of substances, the life of life, who alone, in the highest sense, is—"I am," His incommunicable name—and who even in this world is seen by the pure in heart. "External nature," St. Bernard writes, "is but the shadow of God, the soul is His image. The chief, the special mirror in which to see Him is the rational soul finding itself." And he continues, "If the invisible things of God are understood and clearly seen by the things which have been made, where, I ask, rather than in His image (within us) can be found more deeply imprinted the traces of the knowledge of Him? Whosoever therefore thirsteth to see his God, let him cleanse from every stain his mirror, let him purify his heart by faith." The substance of Christian mysticism is presented in this passage of St. Bernard. The allegories used by spiritual writers to expound it are various. St. Bonaventura treats of the *Journey of the Soul to God*, St. John Climacus of the *Ladder of Paradise*, St. Teresa of the *Interior Castle*. But their doctrine is ever that which, as we

have seen, is so emphatically enforced by the great non-Christian schools of mysticism, that the Being of Beings is cognizable only by the purified mind. At first the Supreme Reality appears to the inner eye as darkness, whence Dionysius the Carthusian tells us, "Mystica theologia est ardentissima divini caliginis intuitio." This apparent darkness is, however, in itself light, dazzling and blinding in its splendor, and it gradually becomes visible as such when the spiritual vision is purged and strengthened and renewed by the stripping off of all love for the relative, the dependent, the phenomenal, and by the assiduous practice of all moral virtues. The reader who will consult the books of mystical theology—for example, the great treatise of St. John of the Cross, called the *Dark Night of the Soul*—will find all details of this process. It is an active process at first, but by-and-by changes into a passive, wherein the soul undergoes searching torture. There are pages in the writings of St. Catherine of Sienna and in those of Angela da Foligno, to mention no others, which I can only describe as appalling. To the Purgative succeeds the Illuminative, and to this the Unitive Way, and silence is accounted an indispensable help for walking in these paths of holiness. "Sacrum silentium," St. Bonaventura calls it, and he reckons two stages ; the first in speech, the second in thought. "The perfection of recollection," he says, "is for a man to be so absorbed in God as to forget all else and himself also, and sweetly to rest in God, every sound of mutable thoughts and affections being hushed." Thus does the soul attain to that union with its Supreme Object which is brought about by the love of God and which Gerson terms "transformation." "Amor," says this Doctor Christianissimus "rapit ad amatum et ecstasim facit ;" and ecstasy he describes as a state of the mind which not only weakens, but, for the time, annihilates all the inferior powers. It is a state in which a man passes out of himself, and the ordinary cognitive faculty is transcended ; the body seems as dead and the senses are hushed, but the will, retaining full vigor, is absorbed in God.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate, if but in outline and as by a few strokes of a pencil, the main features of the four chief systems of mysticism which the history of the world exhibits to us. It would have been interesting, if my limits had permitted, to have touched upon the dangers which, in greater or less degree, are incident to them all. A pregnant saying of the *Upanishads* declares the path of release to be fine as the edge of a razor. On one side of it lie the deep gulfs of madness: on the other the abysses of sensuality. The perpetual analysis of motives and brooding over circumstances, the heightened self-consciousness which cannot but arise in a life of contemplation, the shock caused to this frail tenement of clay by perpetual converse with the supersensible, are masterful incentives of insanity: *ἐνθεος καὶ ἑκφρων* the Greeks truly said. Again, mysticism delights in imagery and, indeed, can no otherwise be expressed or taught, and its images have ever been borrowed from the strongest of human sentiments, the passion of love. Thus the favorite textbook of Christian mystics is the *Cantica Canticorum*, and with them this Hebrew epithalamium is interpreted as a song of Divine love celebrating the nuptials of the soul with God. Hence it is said, "Deus osculatur, amplectitur animam:" and again, "Anima fruitur Verbo sponso." But in spite of the high and sacred meaning which has been shadowed forth by such similitudes, and although millions have proved that innocence and wisdom are combined in them, there are only too many sad and terrible examples justifying the sneer of Charron, "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête." It is, however, a very palpable fact, worthy of being deeply pondered, that in the Catholic Church mysticism has been incomparably more healthy, more sober, more beautiful, than anywhere else. How could it be otherwise when the eye of the mystic is ever turned, not upon some vague abstraction of the Absolute, but upon "God manifest in the flesh," upon the glorious figure of Jesus Christ, full of grace and truth? It can hardly be from prejudice, certainly it is not from any conscious undervaluing of other religions, but nowhere else can I discern such perfect

specimens of spiritual excellence as Christianity affords, as St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Philip Neri and St. Francis de Sales, St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Teresa. And it is the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church that have made and fashioned them; it is her symbolism, historical, social, visible, that has provided for their highest aspirations congruous expression, and restrained them within the bounds that may not be overpassed in this phenomenal world. While as the type of Christian mysticism, practically exhibited "for human nature's daily food," it is enough to point to the *Imitation of Christ*. Most noteworthy too, is it that when the paramount authority of dogmatic theology has been lost sight of, the speculations of mediæval and modern transcendentalists have usually issued in Nihilistic pessimism. Even in mystical writers whose orthodoxy is not impugned, we come upon statements such as these: that God not only is, but also is not, the Infinite Spirit; that He transcends both finity and infinity; that He is more truly not Being than Being, and may nor improperly be called Nothing. The reader might suppose me to be citing Hegel, but he will find all this, and much more to the same effect, in the books of mediæval mysticism. The theologians do not deny that there may be sound sense underlying these transcendent speculations, so long as the Arachne clue of authoritative dogma is held fast in the labyrinth. Once lose it, and you will be compelled to assert either that God is unknowable, or that the inmost essence of the Divinity is the clean opposite of what Christianity declares it to be. And then God will appear as the Supreme Evil, striving to redeem and raise itself by evolving the universe: a doctrine which was eloquently preached in the Middle Ages by the celebrated Dominican Meister Eckhardt, and which has received its most complete and powerful statement from that stupendous genius Jacob Böhm. But if the mystic transcends time and space, the writer on mysticism enjoys no such privilege, and I must no longer digress upon this curious and fascinating subject. Upon another occasion I may perhaps return to it. My present

concern is with what I may call the normal aspects of mysticism. I have, of course, chiefly spoken of it as manifested in clearest relief and fullest development by its great lights and philosophical teachers. But we must not forget that it has ever been the kernel of the religion of the common people, whose instincts are usually as true as their reasonings are false. It is a fact of human nature, and is, therefore, exhibited at all times in history: a fact which confronts us to-day. And, in my judgment, contemporary mysticism possesses a peculiar significance when viewed in the light—or darkness—of modern philosophical speculation. What that significance is I shall now endeavor to indicate.

And first let me set down briefly where, as it seems to me, the age is in respect of its metaphysics. One of the most hopeful of its characteristics is that the license of affirmation, indulged by system-mongers, is becoming daily more and more discredited. The chief philosophical achievement of the last two hundred years has been of a kind to check such license; and European thought, after a century of not very fruitful wanderings, is going back to Kant. His *Critique of Pure Reason* deals precisely with the question, What are the limits of sane affirmation? and we may confidently say that none who have not read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it, are competent even to discuss metaphysical problems as they present themselves to the modern mind. But it is not my purpose here to enter upon an examination of that great work. My present inquiry is this; taking it as it stands—assuming, for the sake of argument, that its theory of cognition is substantially correct, where are we in regard to the momentous question which man has ever asked, and which, we may securely affirm, by a law of his nature he cannot keep from asking—the question which Nakiketas put to Yama about the Self and that which dwells in the great Hereafter? Such, and no other, is the scope of the *argumentum ad hominem* with which I shall be occupied in the remainder of this paper.

The *Critique of the Pure Reason*, then, is essentially a doctrine of nescience. Our first view of the world discloses to us

phenomena which we take for realities. Kant purges our intellectual vision, and shows them to us for mere phantasmagoria of sense. And to these phantasmagoria he restricts our perception. The human understanding is shut up within the circle of our sensations and conceptions; these reveal to it merely phenomena, and beyond the sphere of phenomena all is a void for it. Time and space are mere mental forms; they have no reality, that is, no noumenal externality. The categories—conceptions which exhibit laws *à priori* to phenomena—are indeed ours; they are the moulds in which the materials presented by sense perception are arranged, and by means of them it is that synthetic judgments *à priori* are possible. But no faculty of the speculative reason has any objective worth, for the subject imposes its own forms on knowledge, and so makes it subjective. Purely subjective is what is called "the law of causality" a mere regulative principle. Again, what are termed "laws of nature" are in truth the forms of our intelligence which we apply to phenomena. And, more than this, the understanding cannot affirm anything about noumena—real things, things in themselves. The word finds place in the *Critique of Pure Reason* merely as the antithesis of phenomena. It expresses, Kant says, a limitary conception, and is therefore only of negative use. Noumena may exist or they may not exist. All that is certain is that no faculty of the human understanding can discover anything about them. Such, in few words, and those as untechnical as the subject permits, are the main outlines of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Its issue clearly is to annihilate dogmatism, affirmative or negative, and to warn us against venturing with the speculative reason beyond the limits of experience. Its practical operation will be evident at once, and may be held to warrant the title of *Der Alleszermalmender*, the Universal Crusher, which the Germans have given to its author. Take, for example, its effect upon the ordinary "proofs of the existence of God." The argument from causality at once disappears, for if "the law of cause and effect" apply only to the world of the senses, no reasoning can be founded upon it which touches the conception of a world beyond sense. The other well-

known Deistic demonstrations fare as badly. Kant insists that no unity of thought and being is knowable save the unity of experience, and that this is the sole realization, cognizable by the speculative reason, of the ideal to which men have ascribed the name of God. "If," he urges, "the Supreme Being forms a link in the chain of empirical conditions, it must be a member of the empirical series, and, like the lower members which it precedes, have an origin in some higher member of the series. If, on the other hand, we disengage it from the chain, and cogitate it as an intelligible being apart from this series of natural causes, how shall reason bridge the abyss that separates the latter from the former?"

Thus does Kant lead us into what may well be called "the dark night of the soul." The *Critique of Pure Reason* presents a striking parallel to the *Via Purgativa* of the mystics. The illusoriness of the phenomenal world, the impotency of the mere understanding to penetrate beyond it to the vision of a Reality transcending sense—these are its main lessons. It opens the disciples' eyes—Schopenhauer describes its effect as very like that of the operation for cataract upon a blind man—but it opens them to behold the great darkness. I said just now that it does not enable us even to assert the existence of the noumenal. And this is true, but it is a half truth. Kant's language on this subject is not superficially consistent, although it is consistent, I think, in a deeper sense. He employs the word noumenal to express a limitary conception. He gives it a negative use. But it is worthy of notice that this is pretty much the sum of the knowledge of God to which, as the mystics of all schools teach, we can attain by means of the phenomenal order. They, in effect, allow to the human understanding rather a negative than a positive ideal of that transcendent Reality beyond appearances which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived. And so St. Augustine, in the *De Ordine*: "Of whom there is no knowledge in the human soul, save to know how it knows Him not;" or as we read in the *Upanishads*: "Words turn back from it, with the mind not reaching it." And hence the phrase common to

them all: "The Divine Darkness." Is there any way in which this darkness may be made light for the disciple of Kant?

The master has answered that question in the *Critique of the Practical Reason*, a work the true position of which is very little understood, even by those who undertake most confidently to expound his teaching. I suppose Heine has done more than any one else to mislead the world in general about it by the well-known passage in the *Reisebilder*—inimitably witty it is, although one could wish that this bitter mocker had spared us his flouts and gibes upon so momentous a subject—the passage in which he represents the consternation that ensued when the sage of Königsberg had stormed the heavenly citadel and put the garrison to the sword. All the time-honored proofs—the bodyguards—of the Divine Existence destroyed and the Deity Himself deprived of demonstration and laid low: supreme mercy, infinite goodness, the great hopes of the hereafter all gone, and the immortality of the soul in its last agony: on all sides the groans and rattle of death. Old Lampe, the philosopher's faithful servant, is in terror and tears at the catastrophe, and lets fall the umbrella, with which—a living image of Providence—he had followed his master for so many years. Kant's heart is softened, for he is not only a great metaphysician, but also a good-natured man. "No, this will never do," he reflects. "Poor old Lampe must have his God, or there will be no happiness for him: and man ought to be happy in this world: that is the dictate of the Practical Reason. Very well: let the Practical Reason guarantee the existence of God." And so, with a wave of the magic wand of the Practical Reason, he resuscitates what the Speculative Reason had slain. Old Lampe is consoled, and the police cease from turning upon the philosopher the eyes of suspicion.

This excellent fooling of Heine's represents with sufficient accuracy the account of the *Critique of the Practical Reason* generally current. But in truth it is mere fooling. Kant himself, who may surely be accepted as a tolerably good authority on the subject, tells us that the second *Critique* is the necessary complement of the first; another story

of the same edifice. He knew well that there is far more in the human consciousness than is explicable by "the pure forms of intuition," the concepts of the understanding, the ideas of reason; he knew well that the understanding is not the whole man, and that to confine us within the phantasmal circle of sense conception, and to shut us off from the intelligible world, is to doom us to moral and spiritual death. And the opening into this transcendent region, the revealing agency of supersensual realities he finds in the concept of Duty; a concept marked off from the notions of cause, of space, of time, of substance, and the like, by vast differences which prove its objective character. Here is the creative principle of morality, of religion; more sublime to Kant than the starry heavens, and rightly; for what are the starry heavens, in his philosophy, but a creation of sense, the product of the innate forms of time and space? But the categorical imperative is independent of time and space. "Cogita Deum, invenies Est, ubi Fuit et Erit esse non possunt. Ut ergo et tu sis, transcendere tempus." It is the precept of St. Augustine, and the *Critique of the Practical Reason* is but an effort to accomplish it. To find the true Self, Kant transcends time and space and the vain shadows of the phenomenal world, and reaches that perception of right and wrong in motives, and of the supreme claims of right upon our allegiance, which testifies to him of God, free-will, immortality. "We recognize," he says, "in our moral being, the presence of a power that is supernatural." Now this recognition is a direct intuition of self-evident truth, pointing to that Supreme Reality of whom the Hebrew poet sang, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the establishment of His throne." Thus does our darkness become light. It is the Kantian equivalent of the Illuminative Way of theology; and here the rigid analytical philosopher is in accord with all that is most mystical in modern literature. When Wordsworth testifies of conscience—

"As God's most intimate presence in the soul;
And His most perfect image in the world;"

when Tennyson declares—

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt!'"

when George Eliot proclaims that

"In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes,
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears,
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;"

they all, in their varying moods, teach Kant's doctrine of the categorical imperative; and are at one with the mystics of every age in pointing to the path releasing from the phenomenal world, and—

"Letting us pent-up creatures through
Into eternity—our due."

But though in this doctrine of the categorical imperative we have the essence of all mysticism, it must, I think, be allowed that Von Hartmann is well warranted when he says, "Unfortunately, Kant did not attain the same depth of insight in reference to *a priori* forms of intuition, as in the case of the forms of thought." The intuition of duty is but one of many faculties independent of sense perception which, as a matter of fact, exist in human nature. Or, to put the matter more accurately, that power within us which discerns the axioms of eternal righteousness is the very same in root and substance which grasps the facts and interprets the laws of a world beyond appearances. Unquestionably, there is in man an *αισθησις τῆς Ύψιλης*. Take the sense of personality, whereby we know the self of ours which is no phenomenon, but something more, abiding amid change, and so making experience possible: take the sense of force, possessing a permanence and reality not belonging to the phenomena by means of which we apprehend it, or the sense of power, of will—surely all these give us a glimpse into the noumenal world, an intuition of things in themselves. But again, consider the vast region—most real, however dim and ill-explored and infested by fools and knaves—the region of prescient instinct, of spiritual sight and hearing and contact, of abnormal physical states, of seemingly mirac-

ulous powers. Nothing is easier than for the negationist to suspend upon his upturned nose the mass of evidence available regarding these things, and to take refuge in a stupid *à priori*; but nothing is more "unscientific," if science proceed upon observation and experience. To adduce a familiar instance: surely the well-authenticated narratives recently given to the world by Messrs. Myers and Gurney are as worthy of consideration as the hypotheses of Professor Haeckel. I decline, indeed, to follow "Esoteric Buddhists" to the cloudy regions of Thibet. I hope I do not wrong them, but I frankly confess that their stock-in-trade appears to me to consist of fragments of a great religion wholly misinterpreted, and tricks of jugglery imperfectly acquired. Their "Esoteric Buddhism" seems to me to be but a shoddy system, the worn-out linen of venerable sanctuaries ground down with non-adhesive Yankee glue. Still, where there is smoke—especially so thick a smother—there may be fire. And if the "Esoteric Buddhists" will show me the smallest scintilla of fact I will respect it, if not them. But let us go to a very different teacher, who, whatever we may think of his system, is assuredly in some respects the sanest of recent Teutonic philosophers. I am at a loss to conceive how any candid mind can read the section in Von Hartmann's great work, wherein he discourses of the Unconscious in bodily life, and resist the cogency of the data gathered by that most careful and critical observer from so many departments of physical science. If any fact is clear it is this, that not only in man, but in all animate existence, down to its lowest forms, we find a perceptive power transcending sense and reflection and far more trustworthy. The subject is too large for me to enter upon. I can only refer those of my readers who would follow it out, to Von Hartmann's masterly treatment of it, merely observing here that the evidence for the facts of second sight, of presentiment, of presage, is so various, so abundant, and so overwhelmingly corroborated, that in the words of this clear and judicial writer, "for impartial judges, the absolute denial of such phenomena is consistent only with ignorance of the accounts of them." And these phenomena, he justly ob-

serves, are essentially mystical. Well warranted, too, must I account him when he reckons as mystics all great artists, for they do but body forth, according to their diverse gifts, which they have intuitively discerned in the high reason of their fancies: and all philosophers, so far as they are truly original, both because their greatest thoughts have never been the result of laborious effort, nay, nor of conscious induction, but have been apprehended by the lightning flash of genius: and also because their essential theme is connected with the one feeling only to be mystically apprehended, namely the relation of the individual to the Absolute. Of religion I need not speak. Every great faith of the world has originated in mysticism and by mysticism it lives; for mysticism is what John Wesley called "heart religion." When this dies out of any creed, that creed inevitably falls into the moribund decrepitude of mere formalism or superstition.

So much must suffice to indicate the transcendent importance which mysticism seems to me to possess in these days, when so many a fair philosophy lies in ruins, and time-honored theologies are threatened with swift extinction, as mere collections of meaningless words about unintelligible chimeras. Founded as it is in that highest faculty which St. Bonaventura calls "*apex mentis*," mysticism is the impregnable citadel of the supersensible, a citadel which no *Zermalmender* shall ever overthrow, though he crush all else. But there are two objections to which, in conclusion, I must briefly reply. First, it is said by an exceeding great multitude—Mr. Mill may serve as their spokesman in the passage I have quoted from him—that the mystics, in fact, do nothing more than ascribe objective existence to the subjective creation of their own faculties, to mere ideas of the intellect. Surely this is a tyrannous *ipse dixit*, if ever utterance deserved to be so called. Why should I believe, upon the authority of those who confessedly do not speak as experts, that the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue in all ages have been wrong, when they thought themselves to be holding communion with supersensible Realities? Is not their own account of the matter as credible as the

hypothesis that they were given over to a strong delusion to believe a lie, that their highest vision was but a turning about in their own thoughts, as in the void inane? No; when the spirit is perfectly master of itself, when passion and interest are stilled for the moment, when there is a combined ease and energy of thinking which cannot be mistaken for vacancy of mind, I defy a man to believe that the intuitions of which he is conscious are illusory or merely subjective. He may say so when the hour is past, and he has been disobedient to the heavenly calling; but he did not think so when it was present. And here I would point to one most unquestionable and most significant fact. However strange, it is no less certain, that the farther we recede from mathematics and the formal teaching of logic—or, in other words, the nearer we approach to life and its perfections—the more delicate, subtle, and easily overlooked are the truths we come upon. The surest and most sacred verities are precisely those which appear the most fantastic illusions to such as have no real, no personal apprehension of them, who know them but as notions, and at second-hand. Thus, who that has not experienced the tender passion, can endure the extravagances, the unreason, the madness—so he deems—which characterize it? But let Benedick fall in love, and he will be as insane as the rest of us. The true doctrine is that only those are verily and indeed out of their minds, out of harmony with life and nature, who do not confess the sway of the gentle goddess: "*Alma Venus, quæ rerum naturam sola gubernas!*" Birth, life, family, the state, the world's great order are all carried on by means of a passion which laughs at syllogisms, yet has a higher reason than all logic, which defies analysis, yet has "its deep foundation set under the grave of things." Now this has a direct bearing upon that highest kind of love and knowledge which makes the universe of the mystics. It is precisely in proportion as they do not argue that they are convincing; the secret of persuasion is theirs in a transcendent degree which no analytical philosopher has ever possessed. It is the easiest thing in the world to hold up their imaginations, their ecstasies, their visions and revelations

to scorn as intellectual intoxication or mental disease: the hard, the impossible thing for one who has held high converse with the sages of the *Upanishads*, with Plotinus, with Jelâl, with St. Teresa, is to believe that what those great souls accounted the prime and only Reality was wholly unreal.

I say "*wholly unreal.*" And this brings me to that second objection which is based upon the discrepancies and contradictions of mysticism. It is an objection that seems to fade away when it is fairly considered. The primary position of the mystics is that the highest truth is not so much intellectually known as spiritually felt: "*cognoscendo ignoratur et ignorando cognoscitur.*" There is a doctrine of divine nescience, or, in the words of the Areopagite, of negative theology. In the higher moods of spiritual exaltation the understanding is hushed, and the light of sense goes out, paled before the splendor of the invisible world. Thus was it when St. Paul was rapt in ecstasy and—whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell—heard *arcana verba*, unspeakable words which it is not given to man to utter. Thus when St. Augustine and St. Monica held that memorable converse at Ostia, and passing in contemplation beyond the world of phenomena, came to their own minds, and transcending self, reached the Very Self (*Idipsum*) and were ravished and absorbed in the ineffable sweetness of the vision. Thus when St. Teresa in the fruition of that intimate union with her Divine Spouse, "in the centre of the soul, where illusion is impossible," was instructed by the light which is the life of men, without words or the use of any corporal faculty, in mysteries "too sublime to be spoken of in earthly speech, for they are figureless and formless." The feeling of the greatest saints has always been "*Sacramentum regis abscondere bonum est*"; it is a good thing to conceal the secret of the King. And one reason why this is good is because the secret cannot be perfectly conveyed in the language of sense perception: "*transumanar significar per verba non siporia,*" sings Dante in the *Paràdiso*. To attempt to render the noumenal in phenomenal symbols is, of necessity, to refract it, for the laws of the mind impose their own form upon

ideas. The straight staff must seem bent when we view it in the pool. In our cognition Divine things are discerned "per speculum et in ænigmate." The looking-glass of the human understanding cannot but reflect sensuous images. The accounts of the mystics are necessarily discrepant, and the discrepancy is due to the varying symbolisms used by them: symbolisms, for the most part traditional, inherited from the nation or school to which they belong. The very incongruity of human words as a vehicle of transcendental truth, accounts sufficiently for errors in its presentation. It has been well said that the speech of angels is music. And who can translate music? In the rendering of that celestial language into the tongues of men, it is much if any trace of its divine perfection remain. Certain it is that in the more popular, the more

vulgar manifestations of religion, that is to say the religion of the great majority, the mystical element, which is its life, will assume the most unlovely forms, until for the harmony of the spheres you have the howls of the Salvationists. True, too, is the French saying, that the common people like to mix water with the wine of their belief. They usually mix a great deal: sometimes so much as to drown the precious drop from the "calix inebrians," the "chalice of the grapes of God." But it is still there, potent in its divine virtue to slake the thirst of human nature for a good transcending sense; to lift eyes, dim with tears and dull with pain, toward the Beatific Vision; to heal and strengthen feet, sore and weary from the rough ways of earth, for the steep ascent of Heaven.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY CANON J. A. FARRER.

WHETHER military service was lawful for a Christian at all was at the time of the Reformation one of the most keenly debated questions; and, considering the force of opinion arrayed on the negative side, its ultimate decision in the affirmative is a matter of more wonder than it is generally thought to deserve. Sir Thomas More charges Luther and his disciples with carrying the doctrines of peace to the extreme limits of non-resistance; and the views on this subject of the Mennonites and Quakers were but what at one time seemed not unlikely to have been those of the Reformed Church generally.

By far the foremost champion on the negative side was Erasmus, who, being at Rome at the time when the League of Cambray, under the auspices of Julius II., was meditating war against the Republic of Venice, wrote a book to the Pope, entitled *Antipolemus*, which, though never completed, probably exists in part in his tract known under the title of *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, and printed among his *Adagia*. In it he complained that the custom of war was then so recognized an incident of

life that men wondered there should be any to whom it was displeasing; and likewise so approved of generally, that to find any fault with it savored not only of impiety, but of heresy. To speak of it, therefore, as he did in the following passage, required some courage: "If there be anything in the affairs of mortals which it is the interest of men not only to attack, but which ought by every possible means to be avoided, condemned, and abolished, it is of all things war, than which nothing is more impious, more calamitous, more widely pernicious, more inveterate, more base, or in sum more unworthy of a man, not to say of a Christian." In a letter to Francis I. on the same subject, he noticed as an astonishing fact, that out of such a multitude of abbots, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals as existed in the world, not one of them should step forward to do what he could, even at the risk of his life, to put an end to so deplorable a practice.

The failure of this view of the custom of war, which is in its essence more opposed to Christianity than the custom of selling men for slaves or sacrificing

them to idols, to take any root in men's minds, is a misfortune on which the whole history of Europe since Erasmus forms a sufficient commentary. That failure is partly due to the unlucky accident which led Grotius in this matter to throw all his weight into the opposite scale. For this famous jurist, entering at much length into the question of the compatibility of war with the profession of Christianity (thereby proving the importance which in his day still attached to it), came to conclusions in favor of the received opinion, which are curiously characteristic both of the writer and his time. His general argument was, that if a sovereign was justified in putting his own subjects to death for crimes, much more was he justified in using the sword against people who were not his subjects, but strangers to him. And this argument was enforced by such feeble considerations as the following: that laws of war were laid down in the book of Deuteronomy; that John the Baptist did not bid the soldiers who consulted him to forsake their calling, but to abstain from extortion and be content with their wages; that Cornelius the centurion, whom St. Peter baptized, neither gave up his military life, nor was exhorted by the apostle to do so; that the Emperor Constantine had many Christians in his armies, and the name of Christ inscribed upon his banners; and that the military oath after his time was taken in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity.

One single reflection will suffice to display the utter shallowness of this reasoning, which was after all only borrowed from St. Augustine. For if Biblical texts are a justification of war, they are clearly a justification of slavery; whilst, on the other hand, the general spirit of the Christian religion, to say nothing of several positive passages, is at least equally opposed to one custom as to the other. If then the abolition of slavery is one of the services for which the world is mainly indebted to Christianity as an influence in history, its failure to abolish the other custom must in fairness be set against it; for it were as easy to defend slaveholding out of the language of the New Testament as to defend military service, and more, indeed, is actually said

there to inculcate the duty of peace than to inculcate the principles of social equality.

The different attitude of the Church toward these two customs in modern times, her vehement condemnation of the one, and her tolerance or encouragement of the other, appears all the more surprising when we remember that in the early centuries of our era her attitude was exactly the reverse, and that, whilst slavery was permitted, the unlawfulness of war was denounced with no uncertain or wavering voice.

When Tertullian wrote his treatise *De Corona* (201) concerning the right of Christian soldiers to wear laurel crowns, he used words on this subject which, even if at variance with some of his statements made in his *Apology* thirty years earlier, may be taken to express his maturer judgment. "Shall the son of peace" (that is, a Christian), he asks, "act in battle when it will not befit him even to go to law? Shall he administer bonds and imprisonments and tortures and punishments who may not avenge even his own injuries? . . . The very transference of his enrolment from the army of light to that of darkness is sin." And again: "What if the soldiers did go to John and receive the rule of their service, and what if the Centurion did believe; the Lord by his disarming of Peter disarmed every soldier from that time forward." Tertullian made an exception in favor of soldiers whose conversion was subsequent to their enrolment (as was implied in discussing their duty with regard to the laurel-wreath), though insisting even in their case that they ought either to leave the service, as many did, or to refuse participation in its acts, which were inconsistent with their Christian profession. So that at that time Christian opinion was clearly not only averse to a military life being entered upon after baptism (of which there are no instances on record), but in favor of its being forsaken, if the enrolment preceded the baptism. The Christians who served in the armies of Rome were not men who were converts or Christians at the time of enrolling, but men who remained with the colors after their conversion. If it is certain that some Christians *remained* in the army, it ap-

pears equally certain that no Christian at that time thought of *entering* it.

This seems the best solution of the much-debated question, to what extent Christians served at all in the early centuries. Irenæus speaks of the Christians in the second century as not knowing how to fight, and Justin Martyr, his contemporary, considered Isaiah's prophecy about the swords being turned into ploughshares as in part fulfilled, because his co-religionists, who in times past had killed one another, did not then know how to fight even with their enemies. The charge made by Celsus against the Christians, that they refused to bear arms even in case of necessity, was admitted by Origen, but justified on the ground of the unlawfulness of war. This was the doctrine expressed or implied by the following fathers in chronological order: Justin Martyr, Tatian, Clemens of Alexandria, Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Archelaus, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerome, and Cyril; and Eusebius says that many Christians in the third century laid aside the military life rather than abjure their religion. Of 10,050 pagan inscriptions that have been collected, 545 were found to belong to pagan soldiers, while of 4,734 Christian inscriptions of the same period, only 27 were those of soldiers; from which it seems rather absurd to infer, as a French writer has inferred, not that there was a great disproportion of Christian to pagan soldiers in the imperial armies, but that most Christian soldiers being soldiers of Christ did not like to have it recorded on their epitaphs that they had been in the service of any man.*

On the other hand, there were certainly always some Christians who remained in the ranks after their conversion, in spite of the military oath in the names of the pagan deities and the quasi-worship of the standards which constituted some part of the early Christian antipathy to war. This is implied in the remarks of Tertullian, and stands in no need of the support of such legends as the Thundering Legion of Christians, whose prayers obtained rain, or of the Theban legion of 6,000 Christians martyred under Maximian. It

was left as a matter of individual conscience. In the story of the Martyr Maximilian, when Dion the proconsul reminded him that there were Christian soldiers among the life guards of the Emperors, the former replied, "They know what is best for them to do; but I am a Christian and cannot fight." Marcellus, the converted centurion, threw down his belt at the head of his legion, and suffered death rather than continue in the service; and the annals of the early Church abound in similar martyrdoms. Nor can there be much doubt but that a love of peace and dislike of bloodshed were the principal causes of this early Christian attitude toward the military profession, and that the idolatry and other pagan rites connected with it only acted as minor and secondary deterrents. Thus, in the Greek Church St. Basil would have excluded from communion for three years any one who had shed an enemy's blood; and a similar feeling explains Theodosius's refusal to partake of the eucharist after his great victory over Eugenius. The canons of the Church excluded from ordination all who had served in an army after baptism; and in the fifth century Innocent I. blamed the Spanish churches for their laxity in admitting such persons into holy orders.*

The anti-military tendency of opinion in the early period of Christianity appears therefore indisputable, and Tertullian would probably have thought but lightly of the prophet who should have predicted that Christians would have ceased to keep slaves long before they should have ceased to commit murder and robbery under the fiction of hostilities. But it proves the strength of the original impetus, that Ulphilas, the first apostle to the Goths, should purposely, in his translation of the Scriptures, have omitted the Books of Kings, as too stimulative of a love of war.

How utterly in this matter Christianity came to forsake its earlier ideal is known to all. This resulted partly from the frequent use of the sword for the purpose of conversion, and partly from the rise of the Mohametan power, which made wars with the infidel appear in the light of acts of faith, and

* Le Blant, *Inscriptions Chrétiennes*, i. 86.

* Bingham, *Christian Antiquities*, i. 486.

changed the whole of Christendom into a kind of vast standing military order. But it resulted still more from that compromise effected in the fourth century between paganism and the new religion, in which the former retained more than it lost, and the latter gave less than it received. Considering that the Druid priests of ancient Gaul or Britain were exempt from military service,* and often, according to Strabo, had such influence as to part combatants on the point of an engagement, nothing is more remarkable than the extent to which the Christian clergy, bishops, and abbots came to lead armies and fight in battle, in spite of canons and councils of the Church, at a time when that Church's power was greater, and its influence wider, than it has ever been since. Historians have scarcely given due prominence to this fact, which covers a period of at least a thousand years; for Gregory of Tours mentions two bishops of the sixth century who had killed many enemies with their own hands, whilst Erasmus, in the sixteenth, complains of bishops taking more pride in leading three or four hundred dragoons, with swords and guns, than in a following of deacons and divinity students, and asks, not unnaturally, why the trumpet and fife should sound sweeter in their ears than the singing of psalms or the words of the Bible.

It was no occasional, but an inveterate practice, and, apparently, common in the world, long before the system of feudalism gave it some justification by the connection of military service with the enjoyment of lands. Yet it has now so completely disappeared that—as a proof of the possible change of thought which may ultimately render a Christian soldier as great an anomaly as a fighting bishop—it is worth recalling from history some instances of so curious a custom. “The bishops themselves—not all, but many—” says a writer of King Stephen’s reign, “bound in iron, and completely furnished with arms, were accustomed to mount war-horses with the perverters of their country, to share in their spoil; to bind and torture the knights whom they took

in the chance of war, or whom they met full of money.”* It was at the battle of Bouvines (1214) that the famous Bishop of Beauvais fought with a club instead of a sword, out of respect for the rule of the canon which forbade an ecclesiastic to shed blood. Matthew Paris tells the story how Richard I. took the said bishop prisoner, and when the Pope begged for his release as being his own son and a son of the Church, sent to Innocent III. the episcopal coat of mail, with the inquiry whether he recognized it as that of his son or of a son of the Church; to which the Pope had the wit to reply that he could not recognize it as belonging to either.† The story also bears repeating of the impatient knight who, sharing the command of a division at the battle of Falkirk with the Bishop of Durham, cried out to his slower colleague, before closing with the Scots, “It is not for you to teach us war; to your Mass, bishop!” and therewith rushed with his followers into the fray (1298).‡

It is, perhaps, needless to multiply instances which, if Du Cange may be credited, became more common during the devastation of France by the Danes in the ninth century, when all the military aid that was available became a matter of national existence. That event rendered Charlemagne’s capitulary a dead letter, by which that monarch had forbidden any ecclesiastic to march against an enemy, save two or three bishops to bless the army or reconcile the combatants, and a few priests to give absolution and celebrate the Mass.§ It appears that that law was made in response to an exhortation by Pope Adrian II., similar to one addressed in the previous century by Pope Zachary to Charlemagne’s ancestor, King Pepin. But though military service and the

* Turner’s *England*, iv. 458, from Duchesne, *Gesta Stephani*.

† “Non filius meus est vel ecclesiæ; ad regis autem voluntatem redimetur, quia potius Martis quam Christi miles iudicatur.”

‡ Turner’s *England*, v. 92.

§ “Sanxit ut nullus in posterum sacerdos in hostem pergeret, nisi duo vel tres episcopi electione cæterorum propter benedictionem populique reconciliationem, et cum illis electi sacerdotes qui bene scirent populis, pœnitentias dare, missas celebrare, etc.” (in Du Cange, “Hostis”).

* Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, vi. 14. “Druides a bello abesse consueverunt . . . militiæ vacationem habent.”

tenure of ecclesiastical benefices became more common from the time of the Danish irruptions, instances are recorded of abbots and archbishops who chose rather to surrender their temporalities than to take part in active service; and for many centuries the whole question seems to have rested on a most uncertain footing, law and custom demanding as a duty that which public and ecclesiastical opinion condoned, but which the Church herself condemned.

It is a signal mark of the degree to which religion became enveloped in the military spirit of those miserable days of chivalry, that ecclesiastical preferment was sometimes the reward of bravery on the field, as in the case of that chaplain to the Earl of Douglas who, for his courage displayed at the battle of Otterbourne, was, Froissart tells us, promoted the same year to a canonry and archdeaconry at Aberdeen.

Vasari, in his *Life of Michael Angelo*, has a good story which is not only highly typical of this martial Christianity, but may be also taken to mark the furthest point of divergence reached by the Church in this respect from the standpoint of her earlier teaching. Pope Julius II. went one day to see a statue of himself which Michael Angelo was executing. The right hand of the statue was raised in a dignified attitude, and the artist consulted the Pope as to whether he should place a book in the left. "Put a sword into it," quoth Julius, "for of letters I know but little." This was the Pope of whom Bayle says that never man had a more warlike soul, and of whom, with some doubt, he repeats the anecdote of his having thrown into the Tiber the keys of St. Peter, with the declaration that he would thenceforth use the sword of St. Paul. However this may be, he went in person to hasten the siege of Mirandola, in opposition to the protests of the cardinals and to the scandal of Christendom (1510). There it was that, to encourage the soldiers, he promised them, that if they exerted themselves valiantly, he would make no terms with the town, but would suffer them to sack it;* and

though this did not occur, and the town ultimately surrendered on terms, the head of the Christian Church had himself conveyed into it by the breach.

The scandal of this proceeding contributed its share to the discontent which produced the Reformation; and that movement continued still further the disfavor with which many already viewed the connection of the clergy with actual warfare. It has, however, happened occasionally since that epoch that priests of martial tastes have been enabled to gratify them, the custom having become more and more rare as public opinion grew stronger against it. The last recorded instance of a fighting divine was the Bishop of Derry, who having been raised to that see by William III. in gratitude for the distinguished bravery with which, though a clergyman, he had conducted the defence of Londonderry against the forces of James II., was shot dead at the battle of the Boyne. He had, says Macaulay, "during the siege, in which he had so highly distinguished himself, contracted a passion for war," but his zeal to gratify it on that second occasion cost him the favor of the king. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that history should have called no special attention to the last instance of a bishop who fought and died upon a battlefield, nor have sufficiently emphasized the great revolution of thought which first changed a common occurrence into something unusual, and finally into a memory that seems ridiculous. No historical fact affords a greater justification than this for the hope that, absurd as is the idea of a fighting bishop to our own age, may that of a fighting Christian be to our posterity.

As bishops were in the middle ages warriors, so they were also the common bearers of declarations of war. The Bishop of Lincoln bore, for instance, the challenge of Edward III. and his allies to Charles V. at Paris; and greatly offended was the English king and his council when Charles returned the challenge by a common valet—they declared it indecent for a war between two such great lords to be declared by a mere servant, and not by a prelate or knight of valor.

The declaration of war in those times

* Guicciardini. "Prometteva che se i soldati procedevano virilmente, che non accetterebbe la Mirandola con alcuno patto; ma lascierebbe in potestà loro il saccheggiarla."

appears to have meant simply a challenge or defiance like that then and afterward customary in a duel. It appears to have originated out of habits that governed the relations between the feudal barons. We learn from Froissart that when Edward was made Vicar of the German Empire an old statute was renewed which had before been made at the Emperor's court, to the effect that no one, intending to injure his neighbor, might do so without sending him a defiance three days beforehand. The following extract from the challenge of war sent by the Duke of Orleans, the brother of the king of France, to Henry IV. of England, testifies to the close resemblance between a declaration of war and a challenge to a deed of arms, and to the levity which often gave rise to either: "I, Louis, write and make known to you, that with the aid of God and the blessed Trinity, in the desire which I have to gain renown, and which you likewise should feel, considering idleness as the bane of lords of high birth who do not employ themselves in arms, and thinking I can no way better seek renown than by proposing to you to meet me at an appointed place, each of us accompanied with 100 knights and esquires, of name and arms without reproach, there to combat till one of the parties shall surrender; and he to whom God shall grant the victor shall do with his prisoners as he pleases. We will not employ any incantations that are forbidden by the Church, but make use of the bodily strength given us by God, with armor as may be most agreeable to every one for the security of his person, and with the usual arms, that is lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger . . . without aiding himself by any bodkins, hooks, bearded darts, poisoned needles or razors, as may be done by persons unless they are positively ordered to the contrary. . . ." Henry IV. answered the challenge with some contempt, but expressed his readiness to meet the duke in single combat, whenever he should visit his possessions in France, to prevent any greater effusion of Christian blood, since a good shepherd, he said, should expose his own life for his flock. It even seemed at one time as if wars

might have resolved themselves into this more rational mode of settlement. The Emperor Henry IV. challenged the Duke of Swabia to single combat. Philip Auguste of France is said to have proposed to Richard I. to settle their differences by a combat of five on each side; and when Edward III. challenged the realm of France, he offered to settle the question by a duel or a combat of 100 men on each side, with which the French king would, it appears, have complied, had Edward consented to stake the kingdom of England against that of France.

In the custom of naming the implements of war after the most revered names of the Christian hagiology may be observed another trace of the close alliance that resulted between the military and spiritual sides of human life, somewhat like that which prevailed in the sort of worship paid to their lances, pikes, and battle-axes by the ancient Scandinavians.* Thus the two first forts which the Spaniards built in the Ladrone Islands they called, for instance, respectively after St. Francis Xavier and the Virgin Mary. Twelve ships in the Armada were called after the Twelve Apostles, just as Henry VIII. called twelve of his canons, one of which, St. John by name, was captured by the French in 1513.† It is probable that mere irreverence had less to do with such a custom than the hope thereby of obtaining favor in war, such as may also be traced in the ceremony of consecrating military banners, which has descended to our own times.‡

To the same order of superstition belongs the old custom of falling down and kissing the earth before starting on a charge or assault of battle. The practice is alluded to several times in Montluc's Commentaries, but so little was it understood by a modern French editor that in one place he suggests the reading *baissèrent la tête* (they lowered their heads) for *baisèrent la terre* (they kissed the earth). But the latter reading is confirmed by passages elsewhere; as, for instance, in the "Memoirs of Fleurange," where it is stated that Gaston de Foix and his soldiers kissed

* Monstrelet, i. 9.

* Crichton's *Scandinavia*, i. 170.

† *Mémoires du Fleurange*. Petitot, xvi. 253.

‡ See Palmer, *Origines Liturgica*, ii. 362-65.

the earth, according to custom, before proceeding to march against the enemy;* and, again, in the *Life of Bayard*, by his secretary, who records it among the virtues of that knight that he would rise from his bed every night to prostrate himself at full length on the floor and kiss the earth.† This kissing of the earth was an abbreviated form of taking a particle of it in the mouth, as both *Elmham* and *Livius* mention to have been done by the English at Agincourt before attacking the French; and this again was an abbreviated form of receiving the sacrament, for *Villani* says of the Flemish at *Cambray* (1302) that they made a priest go all over the field with the sacred elements, and that, instead of communicating, each man took a little earth and put it into his mouth.‡ This seems a more likely explanation than that the custom was intended as a reminder to the soldier of his mortality, as if in that trade there could be any lack of testimony of that sort.

It is curious to observe how war in every stage of civilization has been the central interest of public religious supplication; and how, from the pagans of old to modern savages, the pettiest quarrels and conflicts have been deemed a matter of interest to the immortals. The *Sandwich islanders* and *Tahitians* sought the aid of their gods in war by human sacrifices. The *Fijians* before war were wont to present their gods with costly offerings and temples, and offer with their prayers the best they could of land crabs, or whales' teeth; being so convinced that they thereby ensured to themselves the victory, that once, when a missionary called the attention of a war party to the scantiness of their numbers, they only replied, with confidence, "Our allies are the gods." The prayer which the Roman pontifex addressed to *Jupiter* on behalf of the Republic at the opening of the war with *Antiochus*, king of *Syria*, is extremely curious: "If the war which the people has ordered to be waged with King *Antiochus* shall be finished after the wish

of the Roman senate and people, then to thee, oh, *Jupiter*, will the Roman people exhibit the great games for ten successive days, and offerings shall be presented at all the shrines, of such value as the senate shall decree."§ This rude state of theology, wherein a victory from the gods may be obtained for a fair consideration in exchange, tends to keep alive, if it did not originate, that sense of dependence on invisible powers which constitutes the most rudimentary form of religion; for it is a remarkable fact that the faintest notions of supernatural agencies are found precisely among tribes whose military organization or love for war is the lowest and least developed. In proportion as the war-spirit is cultivated does the worship of war-presiding deities prevail; and since these are formed from the memories of warriors who have died or been slain, their attributes and wishes remain those of the former earthly potentate, who, though no longer visible, may still be gratified by presents of fruit, or by slaughtered oxen or slaves.

The *Khonds*, of *Orissa*, in *India*, afford an instance of this close and pernicious association between religious and military ideas, which may be traced through the history of many far more advanced communities. For though they regard the joy of the peace dance as the very highest attainable upon earth, they attribute, not to their own will, but to that of their war god, *Loha Pennu*, the source of all their wars. The devastation of a fever or tiger is accepted as a hint from that divinity that his service has been too long neglected, and they acquit themselves of all blame for a war begun for no better reason, by the following philosophy of its origin: "*Loha Pennu* said to himself, Let there be war, and he forthwith entered into all weapons, so that from instruments of peace they became weapons of war; he gave edge to the axe and point to the arrow; he entered into all kinds of food and drink, so that men in eating and drinking were filled with rage, and women became instruments of discord instead of soothers of anger." And they address this prayer to *Loha Pennu* for aid against their enemies:

* *Petitot*, xvi. 229. † *Ibid.* 135.

‡ *Ibid.* viii. 55. "Feciono venire per tutto il campo un prete parato col corpo di Christo, e in luogo di comunicarsi ciascuno prese uno poco di terra, e la si mise in boca."

§ *Livy*, xxxvi. 2.

"Let our axes crush cloth and bones as the jaws of the hyæna crush its prey. Make the wounds we give to gape. . . . When the wounds of our enemies heal, let lameness remain. Let their stones and arrows fall on us as the flowers of the mowa-tree fall in the wind. . . . Make their weapons brittle as the long pods of the karta-tree."

In their belief that wars were of external causation to themselves, and in their endeavor to win by prayer a favorable issue to their appeal to arms, it could scarcely be maintained that the nations of Christendom have at all times shown any marked superiority over the modern Khonds. But in spite of this, and of the fierce military character that Christianity ultimately assumed, the Church always kept alive some of her earlier traditions about peace, and even in the darkest ages set some barriers to the common fury of the soldier. When the Roman Empire was overthrown, her influence in this direction was in marked contrast with what it has been ever since. Even Alaric when he sacked Rome (410) was so far affected by Christianity as to spare the churches and the Christians who fled to them. Leo the Great, Bishop of Rome, inspired even Attila with respect for his priestly authority, and averted his career of conquest from Rome; and the same bishop, three years later (455), pleaded with the victorious Genseric that his Vandals should spare the unresisting multitude and the buildings of Rome, nor allow torture to be inflicted on their prisoners. At the instance of Gregory II., Luitprand, the Lombard King, withdrew his troops from the same city, resigned his conquests, and offered his sword and dagger on the tomb of St. Peter (730).

Yet more praiseworthy and perhaps more effective were the efforts of the Church from the tenth century onward to check that system of private war which was then the bane of Europe, as the system of public and international wars has been since. In the south of France several bishops met and agreed to exclude from the privileges of a Christian in life and after death all who violated their ordinances directed against that custom (990). Only four years later the council of Limoges ex-

horted men to swear by the bodies of the saints that they would cease to violate the public peace. Lent appears to have been to some extent a season of abstinence from fighting as from other pleasures, for one of the charges against Louis le Débonnaire was that he summoned an expedition for that time of the year.

In 1032 a bishop of Aquitaine declared himself the recipient of a message from heaven, ordering men to cease from fighting; and not only did a peace, called the Truce of God, result for seven years, but it was resolved that such peace should always prevail during the great festivals of the Church, and from every Thursday evening to Monday morning. And the regulation for one kingdom was speedily extended over Christendom, confirmed by several Popes, and enforced by excommunication.* If such efforts were not altogether successful, and the wars of the barons continued till the royal power in every country was strong enough to suppress them, it must none the less be recognized that the Church fought, if she fought in vain, against the barbarism of a military society, and with an ardor that is in striking contrast with her apathy in more recent history.

It must also be granted that the idea of what the Papacy might do for the peace of the world, as the supreme arbiter of disputes and mediator between contending powers, gained possession of men's minds, and entered into the definite policy of the Church about the twelfth century, in a manner that might suggest reflection for the nineteenth. The name of Gerohus de Reigersperg is connected with a plan for the pacification of the world, by which the Pope was to forbid war to all Christian princes, to settle all disputes between them, and to enforce his decisions by the greatest powers that have ever yet been devised for human authority—namely, by excommunication and deposition. And the Popes attempted something of this sort. When, for instance, Innocent III. bade the King of France to make peace with Richard I., and was informed that the

* Robertson, *Charles V.*, note 21. Ryan, *History of Effects of Religion on Mankind*, 124.

dispute concerned a matter of feudal relationship with which the Pope had no right of interference, the latter replied that he interfered by right of his power to censure what he thought sin, and quite irrespective of feudal rights. He also refused to consider the destruction of places and the slaughter of Christians as a matter of no concern to him; and Honorius III. forbade an attack upon Denmark, on the ground that that kingdom lay under the special protection of the Papacy.*

The clergy, moreover, were even in the most warlike times of history the chief agents in negotiations for peace, and in the attempt to set limits to military reprisals. When, for instance, the French and English were about to engage at Poitiers, the Cardinal of Perigord spent the whole of the Sunday that preceded the day of battle in laudable but ineffectual attempts to bring the two sides to an agreement without a battle. And when the Duke of Anjou was about to put 600 of the defenders of Montpellier to death by the sword, by the halter, and by fire, it was the Cardinal of Albany and a Dominican monk who saved him from the infamy of such a deed by reminding him of the duty of Christian forgiveness.

In these respects it must be plain to every one that the attitude and power of the Church has entirely changed. She has stood apart more and more as time has gone on from her great opportunities as a promoter of peace. Her influence, it is notorious, no longer counts for anything, where it was once so powerful, in the field of negotiation and reconciliation. She lifts no voice to denounce the evils of war, nor to plead for greater restraint in the exercise of reprisals and the abuse of victory. She lends no aid to teach the duty of forbearance and friendship between nations, to diminish their idle jealousies, nor to explain the real identity of their interests. It may even be said, without risk of contradiction, that whatever attempt has been made to further the cause of peace upon earth, or to diminish the horror of the customs of war, has come, not from the Church, but

from the school of thought to which she has been most opposed, and which she has studied most persistently to revile.

In respect, too, of the justice of the cause of war, the Church within recent centuries has entirely vacated her position. It is noticeable that in the 37th article of the English Church, which is to the effect that a Christian at the command of the magistrate may wear weapons and serve in the wars, the word *justa*, which in the Latin form preceded the word *bella* or wars, has been omitted.* The leaders of the Reformation decided on the whole in favor of the lawfulness of military service for a Christian, but with the distinct reservation that the cause of war should be just. Bullinger, who was Zwingli's successor in the Reformed Church at Zurich, decided that though a Christian might take up arms at the command of the magistrate, it would be his duty to disobey the magistrate, if he purposed to make war on the guiltless; and that only death of those soldiers on the battlefield was glorious who fought for their religion or their country. Thomas Becon, chaplain to Archbishop Cramer, complained of the utter disregard of a just and patriotic motive for war in the code of military ethics then prevalent. Speaking of the fighters of his day, he thus characterized their position in the state: "The rapacity of wolves, the violence of lions, the fierceness of tigers is nothing in comparison of their furious and cruel tyranny; and yet do many of them this not for the safeguard of their country (for so it would be the more tolerable), but to satisfy their butcher-like affects, to boast another day of how many men they have been the death, and to bring home the more preys that they may live the fatter ever after for these spoils and stolen goods."† From military service, he maintained, had all considerations of justice and humanity been entirely banished, and their stead been taken by robbery and theft, "the insatiable spoiling of other men's goods, and a whole sea of barbarous and beast-like manners." In this way the necessity of a just cause as

* "Christianis licet ex mandato magistratus arma portare et *justa* bella administrare."

† *Policy of War a True Defence of Peace*, 1543.

* M. J. Schmidt, *Histoire des Allemands tra-
duite*, iv. 232, 3.

a reason for taking part in actual warfare was reasserted at the time of the Reformation, and has only since then been allowed to drop out of sight altogether; so that now public opinion has no guide in the matter, and even less than it had in ancient Rome, the attitude of the Church towards the State on this point being rather that of Anaxarchus the philosopher to Alexander the Great, when, to console that conqueror for his murder of Clitus, he said to him: "Know you not that Jupiter is represented with Law and Justice at his side, to show that whatever is done by sovereign power is right?"

Considering, therefore, that no human institution yet devised or actually in existence has had or has a moral influence or facilities for exercising it at all equal to that enjoyed by the Church, it is all the more to be regretted that she has never taken any real interest in the abolition of a custom which is at the root of half the crime and misery with which she has to contend. Whatever hopes might at one time have been reasonably entertained of the Reformed Church as an anti-military agency, the cause of peace soon sank into a sort of heresy, or, what was worse, an unfashionable tenet, associated with the other vagaries of the Anabaptists and Quakers. "Those who condemn the profession or art of soldiery," said Sir James Turner, "smell rank of anabaptism and quakery."* It would be difficult to find in the whole range of history any such example of wasted moral force. Voltaire had to regret it in the eighteenth century as Erasmus had in the sixteenth. The former complained that he did not remember a single page against war in the whole of Bourdaloue's sermons, and he even suggested that the real explanation might be a literal want of courage. The passage is worth quoting from the original, both for its characteristic energy of expression and for its clear insight into the real character of the custom of war:—

Pour les autres moralistes à gages que l'on nomme prédicateurs, ils n'ont jamais seulement osé prêcher contre la guerre . . . Ils se gardent bien de décrier la guerre, qui réunit tout ce que la perfidie a de plus lâche dans

les manifestes, tout ce que l'infâme friponnerie a de plus bas dans les fournitures des armées, tout ce que le brigandage a d'affreux dans le pillage, le viol, le larcin, l'homicide, la dévastation, la destruction. Au contraire, ces bons prêtres bénissent en cérémonie les étendards de meurtre; et leurs confrères chantent pour de l'argent des chansons juives, quand la terre a été inondée de sang.*

If Voltaire's reproach is unjust, it can of course be easily refuted. He may be convicted of overstating his charge, if any distinguished ecclesiastical name of either the Catholic or the Protestant school can be mentioned within the two last centuries which is associated with the advocacy of the mitigation or the abolition of contests of force; or if any war in the same period can be recalled which the clergy of either denomination have as a body resisted either on the ground of the injustice of its origin or of the ruthless cruelty with which it has been waged. Whatever has yet been attempted in this direction, or whatever anti-military stimulus has been given to civilization, has come distinctly from men of the world or men of letters, not from men of distinction in the Church: not from Fénelon or Paley, but from William Penn, the Abbé St. Pierre (whose connection with the Church was only nominal), from Vattel, Voltaire, and Kant. In other words, the Church has lost her old position of spiritual ascendancy over the consciences of mankind, and has surrendered to other guides and teachers the influence she once exercised over the world.

This attitude on the part of the Church having become more and more marked and conspicuous, as wars in recent centuries have become more frequent and more fierce, it was not unnatural that some attempt should at last have been made to give some sort of explanation of a fact which has undoubtedly become an increasing source of perplexity and distress to all sincere and reflective Christians. The sermon on "War," preached by Canon Mozley before the University of Oxford on the 12th March, 1871, is perhaps the best explanation of this sort that has yet been offered to the world; of which the following summary will be found, it is hoped, by reference to the original to

* *Pallas Armata*, 369, 1683.

* In his treatise *Du droit de la guerre*.

convey a faithful, though of necessity an abbreviated, reflection. The main points dwelt upon in that explanation or apology are : That Christianity, by its original recognition of the division of the world into nations, with all their inherent rights, thereby recognized the right of war, which was plainly one of them ; that the Church, never having been constituted a judge of national questions or motives, can only stand neutral between opposing sides, contemplating war as it were forensically, as a mode of international settlement that is amply justified by the want of any other ; that a natural justice is inherent not only in wars of self-defence, but in wars for rectifying the political distribution of the world's races or nationalities, and in wars that aim at progress and improvement ; that the spirit of self-sacrifice inseparable from war confers upon it a moral character that is in special harmony with the Christian type, that as war is simply the working out of a problem by force, there is no more hatred between the individual combatants than there is in the working out of an argument by reasoning, " the enmity is in the two wholes—the abstractions—the individuals are at peace " ; that the impossibility of a substitution of a universal empire for independent nations, or of a court of arbitration, bars all hope of the attainment of an era of peace through the natural progress of society ; that the absence of any head to the nations of the world constitutes a defect or want of plan in its system, which as it has been given to it by nature cannot be remedied by other means ; that it is no part of the mission of Christianity to reconstruct the system, or rather want of system, of the world from which war flows, nor to provide another world for us to live in ; but that, nevertheless, Christianity only sanctions it through the medium of natural society, and on the hypothesis of a world at discord with itself.

With many of these arguments, taken singly, there need be no conflict. The general fallacy would seem to lie in the assumption that the existence of distinct nations, each enjoying the power, and therefore the right, to make war upon its neighbors, is incompatible with the existence of an international morality

which should render the exercise of the war-right impossible, or very difficult ; or that the Church, had she tried, could have contributed nothing to so desirable a result. It is begging the question altogether to contend that a state of things is impossible which has never been attempted, when the very point at issue is whether, had it been attempted, it might not by this time have come to be realized. The right of the mediæval barons and their vassals to wage private war together belonged once as much to the system, or want of system, of the world as the right of nations to attack one another in our own or an earlier period of history ; yet so far was the Church, even in those days, from shrinking from contact with so barbarous a custom as something beyond her power or her mission, that she was herself the main social instrument that brought it to an end. The great efforts made by the Church to abolish the custom of private war have already been mentioned : a point which Canon Mozley, perhaps, did wisely to ignore. Yet there is, surely, no sufficient reason why the peace of the world should be an object of less interest to the Church in these days than it was in those ; or why her influence should be less as one chief element in the natural progress of society than it was when she fought to release human society from the depraving custom of the right of private war. It is impossible to contend that, had the Church inculcated the duties of the individual to other nations as well as to his own, in the way to which human reason would naturally respond, such a course would have had no effect in solving the problem of enabling separate nationalities to coexist in a state of peace as well as of independence. It is at least the reverse of self-evident that the promotion of feelings of international fraternity, the discouragement of habits of international jealousy, the exercise of acts of international friendship, the teaching of the real identity of international interests, in all of which the pulpit might have lent, or might yet lend, an invaluable aid, would have had, or would still have any detrimental effect on the political system of distinct nationalities, or on the motives and actions of a rational patriotism. It is

difficult to believe that the denunciations of a Church whose religious teaching had power to restrain the military fury of an Alaric or a Genseric would have been altogether powerless over the conduct of those German hordes whose military excesses in France, in 1870, have left a lasting blot on their martial triumph and the character of their discipline; or that her efforts on behalf of peace, which more than a thousand years ago effectually reconciled the Angles and Mercians, the Franks and Lombards, would be wasted in helping to remove any standing causes of quarrel that may still exist between France and Germany, England and Russia, Italy and Austria.

There are, indeed, hopeful signs, in spite of Canon Mozley's apology of despair, that the priesthood of Christendom may yet reawake to a sense of their power and opportunities for removing from the world an evil custom which

lies at the root of almost every other, and is the main cause and sustenance of crime and pauperism and disease. It is possible that we have already passed the worst period of indifference in this respect, or that it may some day prove only to have been connected with the animosities of rival sects, ever ready to avail themselves of the chances that war between different nations might severally bring to their several petty interests. With the subsidence of such animosities, it were reasonable to expect the Church to reassert the more genuine principle of her action and attitude—that no evil incident to human society is to be regarded as irremediable till every resource has been exhausted to cope with it, and every outlet of escape from it been proved to be a failure. Then, and till then, is it becoming in Christian priests to utter the language of despair? —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

ANCIENT ROCK-HEWN EDICTS.

HAVING had the good fortune, some years ago, to find myself in the grand old Indian land, in company of friends so exceptional as still to take keen interest in all matters relating to native customs and Indian antiquities, I hailed with delight their proposal that we should devote some weeks to leisurely wandering among the chief points of interest along the line of railway, and thus with ease and comfort see more of the country than many old Indians have explored in their long years of exile. One of the chief cities where we made a prolonged halt was Allahabad—that is, "the City of God"—now the point of junction for the railway from Bombay and from Calcutta, but dear to the natives of India as the meeting-place of the sacred rivers the Jumna and the Ganges, and consequently a very favorite place of pilgrimage, where countless multitudes annually assemble from every part of Hindustan.

Immediately above the junction of the sacred rivers stands the old fort of Allahabad, a grand mass of red sandstone, built by the great Emperor Akbar. It now contains a very large English

armory—great guns and little guns, and cannon and mortars, and all manner of weapons. Here it was that the English found refuge during the Mutiny; and our friends showed us the balcony, overhanging the river, to which they thankfully hauled up any morsels of food or firewood brought to them by the faithful old servants, whom, however, they had been compelled to dismiss, with the rest of the native attendants, from within the walls of the fort. The mutiny in this city was very quickly crushed by the timely arrival of General Neill with his "Madras Lambs;" not, however, till after one awful night, when, the doors of the jails having been broken open, three thousand miscreants were turned loose to lend their aid in burning and plundering the city. Upwards of fifty Europeans were massacred that night, including eight young cadets who had only just arrived from home. In the centre of the fort stands a very remarkable monolith, surmounted by a lion. It bears an inscription in the ancient Pali character, and is known as the Lat or Stone of Asoka, a mighty emperor who lived about 250 B.C., and who, hav-

ing embraced the tenets of Buddha, inscribed his decrees on sundry great pillars which he erected in divers cities. One of these is at the Buddhist caves of Karli, and is called the Lion-pillar. It is a sixteen sided monolith, surmounted by four lions. Another exists at Delhi, in the ruined fort of Togluck, though it is called after Feroze, a very modern emperor, whereas Asoka was, as we have seen, a mighty prince of pre-Christian ages. His pillars are sometimes surmounted by lions, sometimes by human figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra, or some other emblem of power, such as the mystic umbrella—symbolical of Buddha—of which sufficient trace remains to be recognized, though time and weather have in the course of two thousand long years worn away the distinct form. Very similar pillars are at the present day erected in Nepaul, whereon are placed statues of kings, sometimes shaded by an umbrella made of metal—and in one instance, by the serpent hood.

From the reign of Asoka, the stone architecture of India dates its origin. He is said to have left eighty-four thousand buildings of various sorts, as the marks of his footprints on Time's sands. To him is attributed the great tope at Sanchi, that mighty relic-shrine, whose huge stone portals are to this day a marvel of mythological sculpture, the details of which have now been made so familiar to us all by casts, photographs, and description (see Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, and also the great plaster casts at the South Kensington Museum)—sculptures representing the primeval worship of sacred serpents and holy trees, and displaying wheels, umbrellas, and other symbols more particularly suggestive of the new faith—that of Buddha—which Asoka established as the religion of the state. This mighty despot having determined that the new maxims which had become binding on his own conscience should henceforth be law to his subjects, proceeded to inscribe them on stone in every corner of his dominions, that the wayfarer might read them for himself.

Thus it is that, besides finding his edicts engraven on his buildings and pillars, they are also found inscribed—as on imperishable tablets—on great

rocks scattered over the country from Orissa to Peshawur. One of these huge boulders, twenty feet in height and twenty-three in circumference, lies in the lonely jungle in the district of Kathiawad in Western India. Here the emperor states, that being convinced of the iniquity of slaying living creatures, he will henceforth desist from the pleasures of the chase. Henceforth, no animal must be put to death either for meat or sacrifice; and this law, which the emperor appoints for himself, is to apply to all his subjects, who are in future to feed only on vegetables. His protection of the brute creation applies not only to their lives; medical care is to be provided for all living creatures, man and beast, throughout the whole empire, as far south as Ceylon. Wells were to be dug, and trees planted, that men and beasts might have shade and drink. The emperor forbids all convivial meetings, as displeasing to the gods or injurious to the reveller. He declares that he will himself set the example of abstaining from all save religious festivals. On this huge "Juna-gadh Rock," as it is called, allusion is also made to four contemporary Greek kings. The date thus obtained is proved to be about 250 B.C., which just corresponds with that of Asoka himself.

The edicts go into various other matters. They inculcate the practice of a moral law of exceeding purity; they enjoin universal charity; and bid all men strive to propagate the true creed. To this end, special missionaries were to be sent forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, to preach to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, that they might bring those "which were bound in the fetters of sin to a righteousness passing knowledge." Nevertheless, a liberal margin was to be allowed for diversity of opinion, and nothing savoring of religious persecution was to be tolerated. At the same time, the domestic life of the people was subject to the strictest censorship, overseers being appointed to report on every act in the life of every subject. These domestic inspectors attracted the particular attention of the Greeks who visited India in the train of Alexander the Great, who first turned the attention of Europeans

to the then unknown Indian land, and pursued his career of conquest as far as the banks of the Sutlej, making himself master of the Punjab, and establishing Greek colonies at various places. These Greeks described the domestic monitors as "Episcopi," and asserted that their duty was to report, either to the king or the magistrates, everything that happened in town and country—an office which they seem to have filled wisely and with discretion. We may here observe that there must be some confusion in this chronicle of ancient days, inasmuch as Alexander the Great is stated to have died at Babylon in the year 323 B.C., a hundred years before the date usually assigned to the death of Asoka.

But Asoka's pillar has been to us as a talisman, transporting us backward for twenty centuries, to those remote days, which we now hear of as a dream of the past, when Buddhism first arose, and, like a mighty wave, for a while overspread the whole land. Hinduism is now, however, the chief religion of this north-west province.

The pillar is not the sole representative of diversity of creed that exists within the huge Mohammedan fort, a fort now held by Christians, who have fitted up one of Akbar's buildings as a military chapel, where, we believe, service is held daily. Half-way between this Christian church and the Buddhist pillar there still exists a Hindu temple of exceeding sanctity, though how the Mohammedans came to tolerate its existence within their fort is a marvel quite beyond comprehension. It is a foul temple of darkness, extending far underground, and roofed with low arches. We descended by a flight of dark dirty steps, dimly revealed by a couple of tallow candles; and we followed the old soldier who acted as our guide, and who led us along dark passages, and did the honors of various disgusting idols, stuck in niches, some as large as life, others quite small, but all alike hideous, and all adorned with flowers, and wet with the libations of holy Ganges water, poured upon them by the faithful. The flowers are the invariable large African marigold and China roses.

Each image is generally smeared with scarlet paint, to symbolize the atone-

ment of blood that should be offered daily, but which most of the worshippers are too poor to afford. This substitute for the sacrifice of blood is common all over India, where a daub of red paint administered to the village god is at all times an acceptable act of atonement. These village gods, however, are generally placed beneath some fine old tree, with the blue sky overhead; but this disgusting temple was one which you could not enter without a shuddering impression of earthly and sensual demon-worship.

Here we were also shown a budding tree, supposed to be of extraordinary antiquity; a fiction by no means shaken, though the Brahmins frequently substitute a new tree. So holy is this temple, that when, at one time, all natives were excluded from the fort, one rich Hindu pilgrim arrived, and offered twenty thousand rupees for permission to worship here. The commandant, however, had no authority to admit any one, so was compelled to refuse his prayer, in spite of so tempting a bait. It was with a feeling of thankful relief that we emerged from that noxious and oppressive darkness into the balmy air and blessed sunlight.

We spent some pleasant hours in one of the balconies overhanging the river, while in the cool room within, fair women with musical voices accompanied themselves on the piano, in Akbar's old quarters; and so we idled away the heat of the day till the red sun sank into the water, behind the great dark railway bridge, a bridge which the Brahmins declared the gods would never tolerate on so sacred a river as the Jumna, but which nevertheless spans the stream in perfect security. It was a vast undertaking, as, owing to the great extent of country subject to inundation during the rains, it was necessary to construct a bridge well-nigh two miles in length. The Indian railway has certainly necessitated an amazing amount of work, on a scale so vast as to test engineering skill to the uttermost, and in no respect more strikingly than in the construction of these monster bridges, one of which, across the Soane, is about a mile and a quarter in length, while that on the Sutlej, between Jellunder and Loodiana, is about two and a half miles. On

the sandbanks just below the fort, huge mud-turtles lay basking, and the gentlemen amused themselves by taking long shots at them from the balconies, whereupon the creatures rose and waddled into the water with a sudden flop. These sandbanks are favorite haunts of crocodiles—*muggers*, as they are called—which, however, declined to show on this occasion.

Perhaps the pleasantest of our afternoons at Allahabad was one spent in watching the evolutions of the native cavalry, Probyn's Horse, a beautiful regiment, whose graceful dress, and still more graceful riding, were always attractive. On this occasion they were playing the game of Naza Bazi, or the Game of the Spear, when, riding past us singly at full gallop, they with their long spear split a wooden tent-peg driven hard into the ground. Then they picked a series of rings off different

poles; afterwards, with unerring sword, cleaving a succession of oranges, stuck on posts, as though they were foemen's skulls. Next followed some very pretty tilting with spear against sword. We had only one fault to find—their strokes were so unerring that they never allowed us the excitement of a doubt! Altogether, it was the prettiest riding imaginable, and a beautiful game, though the practice of suddenly pulling up short, when at full speed, on reaching the last peg, thereby showing off splendid horsemanship, must often injure the good steed. As we watched this beautiful sport, we all agreed in wishing we could see it introduced into England. That wish has since then been fulfilled, and I learn with pleasure that many of our own cavalry have attained such perfection in this game of skill as to be no whit behind the most accomplished of Indian horsemen.—*Chambers's Journal*.

GERMAN TRAMPS.

OF late years the number of German tramps has been steadily increasing until it has reached a figure which is inconveniently high, if not alarming. In some districts from ten to fifteen of these wanderers will daily implore alms at a wayside cottage or in a lonely village, while the men are busy in the fields, and as their wives and daughters, partly from good nature and partly from fear, hardly like to refuse a crust, no inconsiderable tax is levied on the honest and the industrious. It is only those parts of the country which offer unusual attractions to the vagabond which are subjected to such a visitation as this; but no place is entirely free from annoyance. According to one estimate, the number of tramps in Germany last year amounted to 200,000, and the expense they caused the community to 72,000,000 marks, or about 3,600,000*l.*; and though, from the difficulty of obtaining accurate information, it is impossible to rely on such a calculation, most of those who have made the matter a subject of study seem to think it fairly correct.

It would be a great mistake to look upon all these wayfarers as idle or improvident. Many of them are honestly

in search of employment in their various professions; indeed almost all seem to have begun their wanderings with the best intentions; but by degrees they are apt to lose their taste for regular work and a settled life, and so a large and growing class has been formed which is contented to live upon alms, which bears the hunger of to-day in the hope of the orgies of to-morrow, and so wanders from place to place, not to seek, but to avoid, work. As this state of things is comparatively new to the country, it is not strange that it should have excited attention, and that great efforts should be made both by the authorities and by private charity to meet the evil. It is from the writings of those who are actively engaged in this good work, especially from a little pamphlet by Herr von Bodelschwingh, a clergyman whose self-devoted efforts have been rewarded by considerable success at Wilhelmsdorf, that we take most of the following particulars with respect to the life of the contemporary German tramp.

He can boast of a descent which is both ancient and respectable. From time immemorial the *Wanderjahre* have been recognized as a distinct period in

the life of the German handicraftsman, and almost as a necessary part of his education. As soon as his apprenticeship was over, it used to be considered a matter of course that he should shoulder his knapsack and go out into the world to seek employment, if not a fortune. Unless he had very pressing reasons for doing so, the youth who stayed at home was considered a milk-sop unworthy of the freedom that was now his by right. With a few thalers in his pocket, and all his other possessions upon his shoulders, the young tailor, smith, or watchmaker, started on his travels. While his money lasted, he led a pleasant and careless life in the open air and the little inns frequented by persons of his class. When it reached a low ebb, he sought for work in some neighboring town. How long he remained in his new position depended upon circumstances. In summer it was seldom longer than enabled him to earn money enough to resume his vagrant life. When autumn came, he grew critical as to the character of the masters, and made full inquiry of his companions as to the mistress's liberality with respect to diet, before he applied for work; for it would have been unpleasant to have to turn out again in the ice and snow. Two or three years would be passed in this way and then the wanderer would fall in love, and neither return home nor settle down in the place in which he happened to be.

This system had many advantages. It was very beneficial to the health of those who were doomed to sedentary occupations that they should become used to regular exercise, and that so much of their youth should be passed in the open air. Every one is the better for having roughed it a little when young, and the journey itself, the sight of distant towns and provinces—it might be countries, for many workmen extended their travels to Switzerland and even to Northern Italy—the constant contact with strangers, the adventures of the way and the shifts taught by necessity, had all their effects in brightening, quickening, and expanding the mind; while, by serving under various masters in different places, the intelligent journeyman might gain such a complete knowledge of his craft as would have been

quite unattainable in his native place, particularly if it was a small provincial town. On the other hand, the dangers inseparable from a roving life were greatly reduced by police control. As soon as a youth had finished his apprenticeship he was furnished with a book, in which his master testified to his conduct and attainments. Wherever he stopped for a night this book had to be submitted to the authorities, and was duly signed by them. Each of his new employers had to insert a statement as to the length of his engagement, his behavior, and the character of his work. If he was guilty of insubordination or the slightest infringement of the law, the fact was entered, and thus, as it was impossible for the workman to find a single night's lodging without producing his *Wanderbuch*, excess of all kinds was effectively discouraged, and roughs and criminals found the character of a *Handwerksburch* a difficult and unprofitable one to assume.

It would, of course, sometimes happen that the wanderer's money ran out before he could obtain new employment. Often, particularly in his first year, this was the fault of his own carelessness, but it was more frequently caused by the fact that no employment was to be found in the places where he expected it. In the old times the guilds made a provision against this eventuality. The traveler applied to the one to which he belonged; if work was to be had in the town, he was told where to go to seek it; if there was none and he was destitute, he was provided with a sum sufficient to enable him to reach another place and make a new trial. When the guilds lost their wealth and influence, their place was, to a great extent, filled by the single members of the profession. The master tradesman would generally provide the applicant with a meal even when he had no employment to offer. The wealthy burgher who remembered the merry days when he too had often been hungry and footsore, and the matron whose son was trudging along the mountain ways of some distant province, were at least equally liberal. If the worst came to the worst, the wanderer had a right to beg, which was generally allowed, though not legally recognized. It was only when they were far from home, and

the need was great, that the more respectable of the class availed themselves of this privilege; but after the first month or two most of them were ready to receive voluntary contributions toward their travelling expenses, and these were freely offered by persons of all ranks. They were healthy, young, and light-hearted, and it must be confessed that even when they had been compelled to beg—*fechten* was their cant name for it—they would often indulge in a more plentiful supper and more copious draughts of beer than were absolutely necessary for the support of life. But no one looked upon them as common tramps or beggars. They were general favorites, and society regarded their mild excesses with the same kindly tolerance which it extended to the organized misrule of the students.

Yet this harmless body of wandering craftsmen seems to have formed the centre round which the great army of tramps that now afflicts Germany has formed. Even in the old days there were, of course, black sheep among the *Handwerksburschen*; but the authorities soon discovered these, and kept their eyes upon them. If a man was evidently living upon alms instead of seeking employment, he soon found that the good-natured indulgence with which he was accustomed to be treated had come to an end. An elderly wanderer was always regarded with suspicion if he made any claim on public charity, for it was generally thought that, though circumstances might compel him to change his place of residence, he ought to have saved enough to be able to do so at his own expense; and without straining their powers the police were able to make the most indolent feel that honest work was less disagreeable than a constant series of indignities and vexations.

Few Englishmen will be inclined to deny that the great reforms carried by the Liberals immediately after the union of Germany were sound in principle; but experience has shown that they were too sweeping, and that they were much too suddenly made. Down to that time the greater part of the country had been patriarchally governed; almost in a day the men and women who had been accustomed to have every affair of life regulated for them found themselves free

from restraint. The great political events of the period had unsettled men's minds, and every one who was unfortunate or discontented fancied that by changing his residence he might improve his luck. During the period of wild speculation that followed wages rose in an unexampled way, and men flocked from all sides to the great centres. Then came the crash, and thousands of workmen found themselves without any means of subsistence. If they wanted employment, it was clear that they must seek it elsewhere. They had no means of ascertaining the state of the labor market in other parts of the country, and so, knapsack on back, and trusting for the most part only to the guidance of chance, they started on their wanderings.

We have already said that almost all of them set out with the best intentions. Work was all they asked or hoped for. But their short period of prosperity had rendered them improvident. They had been earning four or five times as much as they had ever done before, and as they believed that the age of gold would last at least as long as the unity of the Empire, they had spent what they earned. The meat, beer and spirits which had been the occasional luxuries of their youth were now regarded as daily necessities, and so, the small sums they had saved from the wreck were soon spent. In the mean time, the relaxation of the police regulations had enabled men of the most disreputable character to establish inns which were supported chiefly by vagabonds and beggars, and these the workmen were soon obliged to frequent. However small their store, they were sure of a hearty welcome, and were freely supplied with food and spirits, for which afterwards their tools, their clothes, and even their papers, were held as a pledge. Indeed, the host regarded the latter as a valuable piece of property, as he could sell or hire them out to confirmed vagabonds, who were thus enabled to impose on the more discreet of the charitable. When he had his guest entirely in his power, he introduced him to a friend, who instructed him in the whole art of professional begging. This, according to Herr von Bodelschwingh, is usually the first stage in the German tramp's progress; and he adds that these

vagabond inns are usually provided with a complete list of the houses at which alms may be expected, and of the good-natured, but unscrupulous, cooks who give food to beggars without the knowledge of their employers.

This, we believe, is also the case in many English lodging-houses; indeed, there is a sameness about the life of the criminal and semi-criminal classes in all countries which makes it, on the whole, an uninteresting subject. The sudden growth of vagrancy in Germany rendered it worth while to dwell upon some of the causes of a phenomenon which is exciting considerable alarm. There can be little doubt that the occasional begging of the *Handwerksburschen* has rendered the transition to vagabondage

pure and simple easier than it would otherwise have been to many workmen, and we fear that the *Wanderjahre* which have played so large a part in the popular life, fiction, and poetry of Germany are now doomed. It was one of those institutions which could only exist under conditions which modern ideas rather than modern circumstances have rendered impossible. Whether the comparative freedom from the rule of the police, which every German subject now enjoys, affords the young handicraftsman an adequate compensation for the loss of his few years of youthful travel is another question, and one to which we shall attempt no reply.—*Saturday Review*.

PROPHECIES BY A HIGHLAND SEER.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG the many travellers who every summer and autumn visit Inverness, the beautiful capital of the Scottish Highlands, and are now carried by the swift railway along the brink of its blue sea-lake, few will fail to note the long, low, sandy isthmus projecting far into the firth, and marked by the dull fortifications of Fort George—a name once hateful to the ears of all true Highlanders, whose friends and kinsmen had been slain on the neighboring moorland of Culloden, and to whom the Duke of Cumberland's fortress was an abhorrent and obtrusive memorial of a foreign yoke, and of the downfall of a dearly loved royal race.

On the opposite shore of the great bay lies Fortrose, a name which does not, as we might suppose, recall another military station, but was rather an ecclesiastical centre. The ancient burgh of Fortrose was once a place of considerable importance, and was the headquarters of the Bishop of Ross, whose palace stood near the cathedral. This was a fine building of red sandstone, but only the south aisle now remains, the cathedral of Fortrose, together with the Bishop's palace and the neighboring Priory of Beaulieu, having been demolished by the ruthless Puritans,

who there found convenient quarries of ready-hewn stone for the construction of Cromwell's Fort at Inverness. It is satisfactory to know that the fort so sacrilegiously built was not long suffered to cumber the soil of the Highland capital, for at the restoration of King Charles it was totally demolished, and only a rampart remains to mark the spot where, for a little while, it commanded the entrance of the Beaulieu Firth.

With the turn of fortune, the persecuted ecclesiastics were reinstated in what they might recover of their former position, so far at least as State protection could avail. Of the abuse of that power a painful instance is recorded in local tradition, and is commemorated by an upright monolith, near the modern lighthouse, on the extremity of the low sand-spit which runs out half across the firth, opposite to that on which stands Fort George. Though half-buried in drifting sand, this weather-beaten stone still marks the spot where, two hundred years ago, a cruel tragedy was enacted, with full sanction of the Church. This was the burning of a local prophet, Coinneach Oag, or "young Kenneth," also called Coinneach Ore, that is, "Brown Kenneth," or, as my Gaelic-speaking informant put it, "dun," as

you would say "a dun cow," but now generally known as "the Seer of Brahan"—a man who was reputed to possess that extraordinary gift of second sight, which has ever held an important place in the superstitions of the Highlanders, and by which they account philosophically for innumerable visions of things not yet come to pass, which certainly are totally inexplicable by any ordinary process of reasoning.

Foremost in the ranks of those endowed with this strange faculty was this far-seeing prophet of Ross-shire, whose mysterious sayings were carefully treasured, not only by the peasantry, but by various literary men, notably Sir Walter Scott; and wonderful indeed is the accuracy with which many have been fulfilled, while others, yet unaccomplished, afford food for speculation as to a possible future.

Amongst the latter are prophecies of bloody battles, one of which is to be fought on the Muir of Ord in Ross-shire, another at Ard-nan-Ceann in North Uist, and a third at Ault-na-Torcan, in the Isle of Lewis. The first is to be especially fatal to the clan Mackenzie, and the ravens will assemble on a noted stone on the moor, and drink the blood of the slain. Ere this evil day, the seer foretold that there should be two churches in Feirintosh and two bridges at Conan, and the combatants should arrive in chariots with neither horse nor bridle. The great division of the Presbyterian Church has supplied Feirintosh with the two churches there foretold. The Conan is now doubly bridged, and horseless chariots in the form of railway trains may at any moment carry soldiers to the scene of action, should need so require.

In the Isle of Lewis there will be fighting, with no quarter till the combatants reach Taibert in Harris, when suddenly a left-handed Macleod, called "Donald, the son of Donald," will wrench a blackened rafter from a cottage, and, with no other weapon, will turn on the pursuers, and so encourage his clansmen that they will fight with renewed vigor, and conquer the foe. After this the Isles of Lewis and Harris shall long abide in peace. To mark when these troublous times draw near, Kenneth foretold that two sandbanks

opposite to Findon (which in his time lay so deep under water as never to be uncovered even at the lowest spring tides) should become the coast line. Strange to say, the sandbanks have for many years been visibly increasing, and are undoubtedly approaching the shore!

As another sign of the near approach of troublous times, the seer foretold that a strange fish, covered with plates like limpet-shells in lieu of silver scales like a salmon, should be caught at the mouth of the Beaully river, and that the river itself should for the third time cease to flow. Twice already at long intervals have there been seasons of such excessive drought that the river has been dried up—and ten years ago, a royal sturgeon nine feet in length was captured in the estuary of the Beaully, and its long rows of bony plates seemed exactly to answer to the shell-like scales described by the seer. Consequently, the only item yet to be fulfilled, is the third drying up of the stream.

Though internal peace is better assured nowadays than it was in the time of the seer, it is nevertheless strange that long before the calamitous days of Prince Charlie's last struggle, Coinneach beheld in a vision the bloody battle of Culloden. As he crossed that bleak moorland, then known as Drummossie, he foretold how, ere many generations had passed away, the best blood of the Highlands would there be shed, and he rejoiced that he should not live to see that dismal day.

Foolish indeed must have sounded in the ears of his contemporaries his assurance that full-rigged vessels would one day be seen passing to and fro through the wooded valley that extends westward from Inverness. But a hundred and fifty years later, the great Caledonian canal was dug, connecting the chain of inland lakes one with another, and entering the sea at Inverness!

Many must have listened as to the ravings of a maniac when he foretold in prophetic vision that long strings of carriages without horses would run with lightning speed between Inverness and the Isle of Skye, and when he told of rushing fires moving across the moorland between these points, which then were accounted far apart. But a few years have elapsed since the construction of

the Inverness and Skye railway has furnished the fulfilment of a widely known but previously incomprehensible prophecy!

Equally strange was the prediction that a day would come when fire and water would run in streams through all the streets and alleys of Inverness. Such words must, to our forefathers, have seemed to augur death and destruction. Yet they have received a very peaceful solution, since gas and water have been laid on all over the city!

Considering that in the days of the seer the Ness was probably spanned by only one bridge, it is worthy of note that he should have foretold a time when so short a stream should be able to number nine bridges. This mystic number is now actually complete. Nevertheless, we may hope that Coinneach read the future amiss when he gave this as the sign of a time when the Highlands should "be overrun with ministers without grace and women without shame!"

One of these prophecies relates to a very remarkable wooded hill near Inverness, known as Tomnahurich, the "Hill of the Fairies"—for here the elfin tribe held their court, and sometimes beguiled mortals to enter their realm, and dance and play for a hundred years, which seemed but as one night, till the poor enchanted revellers returned to seek in vain for the friends who had all died long years ago.* So the Fairies' Knoll was shunned as a place of danger, and no man could find a solution for Coinneach's prophecy that the hill would one day be under lock and key, and that the spirits would be kept securely within.

But as years rolled on, and the faith in fairy lore grew less strong, it became necessary to have a new cemetery for the increasing town, and some bold innovator dared to suggest how excellent a site was the flat green summit of the Fairies' Knoll. The suggestion found acceptance, and Tomnahurich was transformed into a cemetery, so peaceful and beautiful that it seems to me to be worth coming to live in Inverness were it only for the privilege of eventually leaving one's mortal dust in so fair a storehouse.

* A pleasant sketch of a legend of Tomnahurich was given in a paper on Rip Van Winkle in *Harper's Magazine* for September 1883.

A more poetic "God's acre" could not be imagined than this, where the natural loveliness of golden birches, dark pines, and russet brackens form a meet setting for the stately Iona crosses which crown the hill, while the most beautiful corner of all, overlooking the gliding river and the blue sea loch (the firth), is chiefly tenanted by the poor, who, in place of proud monuments to mark the name and merit of their dead, only lay the smooth green turf and a few wave-worn pebbles or shells as touching memorials of their grief. But these humbler funeral parties are careful to secure for their dead a blessing sometimes unsought by the finer folk, who, heedless of old custom, carry the bier to the grave by the straight road from the town, while the simpler folk (long may they preserve this trace of olden days!) make a long circuit, in order to approach the grave reverently, in sunwise course, as has been done by their forefathers from time immemorial.

Such is the sweet spot now consecrated to the dead, who here (so far as we know) sleep undisturbed by fairy gambols. Of course the "lock and key" of the seer—the *cold iron*, which in all fairy lore is so hateful to "the good people"—hold their place in the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The master of the said key (guardian of the cemetery) tells me that another detail of the seer's vision referred to the finding on this hill a snow-white fox, and a few years ago he himself saw a rare creature, exactly answering to this description, start from the Fairies' Knoll. Several men gave chase, one armed with a gun, and the poor animal fell a victim to the spell of cold steel, and is now to be seen stuffed, in possession of Mr. Macleay, of Inverness. There are not wanting cavillers who maintain that Coinneach's vision of the white fox referred to the West coast of Sutherland. It is just possible, however, that he may have seen double on this occasion!

Another forecast, which has only been fully realized in the present generation, was that concerning the mineral springs of Strathpeffer, which, in the days of Coinneach—that is to say, in the reign of Charles II.—were of little or no account; probably not even a peat hut

had been built near those uninviting sulphurous and ferruginous waters on the lonely and remote Ross-shire moorland. But the seer, looking beyond two centuries, perceived those healing waters jealously guarded, and every approach to them thronged by crowds of health-seekers from all parts of Britain. Till about thirty years ago, the springs continued little sought after, and a few humble cottages sufficed for the requirements of such occasional visitors (mostly of the humblest class) as here sought healing at the cheapest possible rate. But within the last few years, the merits of the waters, combined with the life-giving air and beautiful scenery, have made Strathpeffer a favorite place of resort for a multitude already too great for the very limited supply of mineral water, which accordingly is most jealously guarded, doled out to drinkers, and some sceptical folk venture to whisper is diluted for bathers, to such an extent that a Strathpeffer mineral bath resembles the wines occasionally indulged in by a bad Mahomedan, who holds that one drop of vinegar transforms a hogshead of forbidden wine into nectar fit for the use of the Faithful!

Sufferers from gout, rheumatism, skin-diseases, and divers other woes, now flock to the Strath, and in place of the half-dozen thatched cottages which but a quarter of a century ago alone marked the neighborhood of the springs, there are now villas and lodgings, and no fewer than three hotels, one of which prides itself on having accommodation for a hundred persons! Omnibuses (shade of Coinneach!) run to meet the long trains of steam cars; daily posts and frequent telegraphs connect the Strath with the outer world.

This development of a lonely valley into a fashionable watering-place was not Coinneach's sole prophecy concerning Strathpeffer. Of a certain tall upright stone, known in Gaelic as the sounding or echoing stone (on account of the hollow sound it emits when struck), he foretold that it should fall thrice, and that after it was raised for the third time it should be used as a mooring-post to which ships should fasten their cables. According to one version of our story, this is to become possible by an unprecedented overflow

of Loch Ussie, which, rushing down from its mountain cradle, shall connect Strathpeffer with the sea; but as the difference of elevation between town and shore (although only a few feet) makes this occurrence exceedingly improbable, some suppose that the sounding stone may itself be removed to the seaboard. Anyhow, the stone has already fallen twice, and, though carefully restored to its upright position, a third fall will assuredly be deemed the harbinger of a new era in the history.

Another curious prophecy of a natural occurrence was that a famous natural rock-arch near Storhead of Assynt, known as the *Clach tholl*, would one day fall with a great crash and a sound like thunder, and the noise would be so great as to cause a stampede among the herds of the laird of Led-more. Now, as their natural pastures were fully twenty miles distant, it must have been a mighty rock whose fall would resound so far, but in this case "Mahomet came to the mountain!" Strange to say, in the year 1841, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, the Led-more cattle chose one fine day to explore the neighborhood on their own account, and wandered on till they almost reached the *Clach tholl*, which at that very moment fell with a thundering crash, and so alarmed the wanderers that they turned tail and scampered home.

One of Coinneach's forecasts concerning the removal of stones was to the effect that the well-known stone of Petty (an enormous rock boulder which marked the boundary of Culloden) would one day be unaccountably transported from the dry land right out to sea. Nothing could have appeared more unlikely than this, yet, to the amazement of all beholders, it was remarked one morning in February 1799 that the stone had actually performed this singular feat, and had travelled a distance of about 780 feet along tolerably level ground, to its present position, far below high-water mark. The weight of the stone is estimated at about ten tons, and the only possible solution of its movement lies in the fact that a tremendous gale was blowing and the shores were ice-bound, so that the combined action of wind and ice may have propelled the great boundary-stone.

Coinneach's vision of "ribbons on every hill," and the multiplication of "white houses," has been very literally fulfilled, as it is now found to be cheaper in the long-run to replace the black-turf-thatched bothies by "white cottages" of stone and lime with slated roofs, to say nothing of the numerous modern shooting-lodges which are now so thickly sprinkled over the country, while the winding mountain roads are supposed to be the seer's "ribbons."

Along the said roads the seer beheld innumerable travelling merchants passing to and fro. I confess I thought such "merchants" belonged to a bygone age, but I was reminded of the prophetic words this autumn when, halting at a roadside inn, the landlord, commenting on the various changes of the last twenty years, noted as a special feature the extraordinary increase of all manner of hawkers and pedlers. This he said without the slightest reference to the well-known prophecy.

The seer, whose mystic words have been so carefully preserved, was born in the early part of the seventeenth century (a few years before the Commonwealth). The name he bore—Kenneth Mackenzie—is one common to many members of the clan which claims descent from Coinneach Mac Choinnich, *i.e.* Kenneth the son of Kenneth.

His birthplace was on the estate of Brahan Castle, in the county of Ross-shire, the property of the Mackenzies of Seaforth. His social position was that of a farm-servant, and many a shaft of his caustic wit was sped at the expense of the farmer's wife, a cross-grained, ill-natured woman, who at length determined to free herself from the annoyance of his jests by causing his death. Accordingly, one day, when his master had sent young Kenneth Mackenzie to the moorland to cut peats for fuel, and she had to send him his dinner, she seasoned it with poisonous herbs, and trusted never again to hear his voice.

But Coinneach, being weary, had lain down to rest on a little knoll—doubtless a fairies' hill, for when he awakened he found under his head a small white stone with a hole in the centre, such as a Highlander would at once recognize as a mystic divining stone. (According to one account, the seer derived his knowl-

edge from a small round blue pebble, which had been bestowed on his mother by the spirit of a Norwegian princess, who had left her grave one night to revisit Norway, and, ere returning, gave this gift to the brave Highland-woman whom she found watching beside her empty tomb, and who even dared to bar the entrance of the dead by placing her distaff upon the grave.*)

Picking up the pebble he naturally applied it to his eye, and thereby discovered the treachery planned by his mistress. So when the messenger brought his dinner, he gave it to a poor dog, who swallowed it trustingly, but soon afterwards died in agony. Then Kenneth returned to taunt the cruel woman with her evil intentions.

From that time forward his fame as a seer spread far and wide, and many a strange foreboding of evil did he venture to utter concerning county families, then in the zenith of their power, and strangely indeed have these been fulfilled. For instance, concerning the powerful family of Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, he foretold their downfall when "*Foolish James*" should be laird; and through senseless pride, the goat should replace the deer, and fishermen of Avoch rule over the Black Isle. The present generation has seen the fulfilment of these enigmatical words (with various details of local interest), for the career of folly of the last Sir James necessitated the sale of his lands on the Black Isle to Mr. Jack, the son of an Avoch fisherman, who, by marriage with the Fletchers, assumed their name and armorial bearings, *with the goat as a crest*. Thus the famous deer's-head of the Mackenzies is replaced by the goat of the Fletchers!

Among the families concerning whom Coinneach prophesied evil things were the Urquharts of Cromarty, who in his day were possessed of large estates in the north. He foretold that ere long they would own but a few acres; and so it has proved, for a small corner of Braelangwell, one of their many possessions, is all that now remains in the hands of the family.

Strangely accurate was the forecast of

* For many curious details concerning celebrated Scottish divining-stones see "In the Hebrides," by C. F. Gordon Cumming. Published by Chatto and Windus, London.

the downfall of the once mighty house of Macneil of Barra. "*When the blind man with twenty-four fingers and the Sheriff's officer with the big thumbs shall meet in Barra, then may Macneil prepare for the flitting.*" Early in the present century a celebrated blind beggar, having six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot (who hence was known in Gaelic as "the blind, with twenty-four fingers"), started on a begging expedition through the Long Isle. Resolving to cross the six miles of sea which separate South Uist from Barra, and then try his fortune, he took his place in the ferry-boat, and had for fellow-passenger a sheriff's officer, whose Gaelic nickname described him as "the man with the big thumbs." This man's errand was actually to serve a summons on Macneil of Barra, who thereupon was compelled to "flit," and make way for the new owner of his estates.

Very remarkable was the fulfilment of several details of the old prophecy referring to the Macleods of Macleod, as recorded by the veteran and greatly revered Dr. Norman Macleod, father of the founder of "Good Words" and of its present editor. He was a true Gael, nurtured in the use of the Gaelic tongue, and familiar with all the tales and traditions current among his people. Amongst others, he was well aware of the prophecy which foretold troublous times for the house of Dunvegan, and amongst other signs of the times enumerated how "*Norman, the third Norman, would perish by an accidental death; that Macleod's Maidens*" (three noted rocks in Macleod's County in the Isle of Skye) "*would become the property of a Campbell; that a fox should have a litter in one of the turrets of the castle; then, when for the last time the green fairy banner should be seen, the glory of the house should depart, and most of the estates must be sold.*" Nevertheless, hope dawns on the future, for a deliverer shall arise who shall redeem the lost lands."

Strange to say, when, in the year 1799, Dr. Macleod was a guest at Dunvegan Castle, three of these signs were fulfilled. Tidings arrived that H. M. S. "Queen Charlotte" had been blown up at sea, and among those who perished was Lieut. Macleod of Macleod—"Norman, the third Norman," heir of the house.

In that same week, "Macleod's Maidens" were sold to Angus Campbell of Ensey. And, furthermore, a tame fox, belonging to Lieut. Macleod, actually had her litter in the west turret of the castle, and the Doctor handled the young cubs! Happily there is no immediate prospect of the fulfilment of the fourth sign, for though the good old Doctor could only get a sight of the green banner by stealth, and very naturally (being a genuine Highlander) looked on it with something of a quake, lest he might himself be fulfilling the prophecy, the green flag bestowed on Macleod by his fairy love is still to be seen at Dunvegan by all persons interested in such relics.

The birth of the fox-puppies recalls a similar prophecy, as yet unfulfilled, to the effect that a fox shall one day rear her cubs on the hearth-stone of Castle Downie.

But far more improbable was young Kenneth's forecast concerning Fairburn Tower, a stronghold of the Earls of Seaforth, overlooking their lands of Brahan, and inhabited by a branch of the Mackenzies, kinsmen of the chief.

The eyes of the seer, however, looked far beyond the present scene, and he spoke unflattering words, revealing a future when the broad lands of the family should have passed into the hands of strangers, when few should survive to bear the once powerful name, and when *a cow should give birth to a calf in the highest chamber of Fairburn Tower!*

The last item certainly appeared a crowning dream of folly, yet, strange to say, all has been literally fulfilled. As years rolled on, the estates did pass away from the old family, and the old castle, which was wont to echo the song of the bard and the music of the pipes, was shadowed, and allowed to fall into decay. All was dilapidated. The doors fell from their hinges, until not one remained to bar the progress of man or beast. Then the tenant farmer bethought him of using the uppermost rooms as a barn wherein to store his straw, and as the straw was carried up some was accidentally scattered on the staircase. This attracted the notice of a cow who had strayed into the open hall, and, enticed by such good pickings, she climbed step by step, till she actually reached the topmost room.

But how to descend was quite another matter, for such stairs would puzzle any cow, under any circumstances, and this particular cow was not in condition for acrobatic feats! So finding a plentiful store of straw, all ready for her use, she decided on remaining where she was, and there, a few days later, she gave birth to a fine calf. The ruinor of this unexpected fulfilment of Coinneach Ore's well-known prophecy spread far and wide, and various persons, still living, took the trouble to go from Inverness and elsewhere to see this aspiring cow and her calf in their exalted byre, which has now become 'the showroom' of the Old Tower!

Innumerable predictions, of purely local interest, have been recorded, but those which have most established the fame of 'The Seer of Brahan' had reference, like the last quoted, to the fortunes of the Lord of Brahan Castle, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, whose grandfather had in 1623 been created first Earl of Seaforth. He married Isabella Mackenzie, sister of the first Earl of Cromartie, a proud, vindictive woman, whose cruelty to the seer called forth that prophetic sentence of doom which (as in several other cases well known in the history of Scottish families who have taken part in some deed of blood, and thus goaded the sufferers to invoke curses worthy of the Psalmist of Israel on their unborn descendants) has been so strangely and minutely fulfilled.

This Kenneth Mackenzie, third Earl of Seaforth, was a devoted adherent of King Charles the Second, fought manfully in the Royalist cause, and paid the penalty for his loyalty by being subject to several years' imprisonment under the Commonwealth, till the Restoration enabled King Charles to release him. Soon afterward, he had occasion to visit Paris, and seems to have found so many attractions in that gay capital that was in no hurry to return to his stern countess. Months slipped away, without even bringing her a letter from her absent lord. At last she determined to call in the seer, whose fame had already spread throughout the district. So she sent messengers to Strathpeffer, summoning him to Brahan Castle. On his arrival, instead of granting him a private interview, she received him in her

hall, in presence of many of her retainers, who crowded round to hear his revelations, for many feared that the earl must be dead.

Then she bade Coinneach prove his mysterious power by giving her tidings of Seaforth. He produced the precious divining stone, and, looking through it, he laughed aloud and announced that the truant earl was well and merry. The neglected lady desired further details, which at first Kenneth refused to give. But when she very unwisely urged—nay, commanded—him to speak freely, the seer revealed that he beheld Seaforth in a richly furnished room, kneeling beside a beautiful woman, who suffered his arm to encircle her waist unhidden.

Pale and trembling with anger, Lady Seaforth heard these words, spoken in the hearing of all her people. She heeded not that she had compelled their utterance, and that in her own heart she believed them true. Her own dignity required that she should discredit them, and that the calumniator of her lord should be disgraced. Carried away by mortification and passion, she suddenly resolved that nothing short of the death of the hapless seer should atone for his scandalous revelations, so, to his unspeakable amazement, she then and there turned upon him and pronounced sentence of doom.

She appears in the first instance to have condemned him to be immediately hanged, but, on second thoughts, she determined to obtain the sanction of the Church and have him burnt as a wizard. Some days, therefore, elapsed ere the cruel sentence was carried out. Then the poor seer was bound hand and foot and carried to Chanonry Point, where, with full sanction of the Church—the Canons of Fortrose Cathedral doubtless standing by to witness the hideous punishment of a wizard—he was thrown head foremost into a barrel of burning tar—a barrel which, moreover, bristled with long sharp spikes, driven in from outside so as to transfix the wretched victim.

On this very day the long-absent earl returned to Brahan, and, finding the castle well-nigh deserted, he learnt that that his wife and his retainers had all gone to the Ness of Chanonry to attend

the burning of Coinneach Ore. Horrified, Seaforth started instantly in pursuit, hoping still to save the unhappy man. Spurring his good steed to its utmost pace, he galloped without drawing rein till he reached Fortrose, and there, looking toward the isthmus, he beheld a dark column of dense smoke rising heavily. With renewed energy he tried to increase his pace, but the willing horse could do no more—it staggered and fell, never to rise again.

Rushing forward on foot, Seaforth shouted aloud, trusting that the assembled people, hearing his cry, might delay the terrible deed. But it was too late. Already the tar-barrel had received its victim, and the prophetic voice was silenced forever.

Among those who stood by, to witness the horrid scene, was the cruel Lady Seaforth, who, as he was led past her, could not resist a last shaft, so she cried out that he was even then on his way to hell. Coinneach turned, and, looking upon her, said, "Nay! for that he was bound for that heaven where she should never enter," and in token that his words were true she should see that after his death a raven and a dove, flying swiftly from east and west, should meet above the funeral pyre, and thereon alight.

If the raven should be the first to descend, then might her words be true, but, if the dove were foremost, she might rest assured that he had not spoken without cause. And so it proved, for ere the smouldering ashes had wholly cooled a raven and a dove did thus alight on the embers, and the dove was the first to alight, even as Coinneach had foretold.

But this was not the sole prophecy of future evil which he bequeathed to the proud lady. Standing on the brink of Loch Ussie, a mountain tarn which lies cradled in the hills above Brahan Castle, just before he was carried away to Fortrose to meet his cruel fate, he gazed for the last time on his magic stone, and then uttered the words of prophetic doom which, in every detail, were so strangely fulfilled only two generations ago. He foretold how, ere many generations had passed, the line of Seaforth should become extinct; and that when the time came when there should be a buck-toothed Gairloch, a hare-lipped Chisholm, a stammering laird of Raasay, and

a half-witted laird of Grant, then all men might know that the day of doom was at hand. That the last Lord of Kintail should be deaf and dumb, that the gift-lands of Kintail bestowed on his ancestors by King David II. should pass away from him, that he should be the father of stalwart sons, all of whom should pre-decease him, and that he should go down in sorrow to the grave, knowing that no heir male survived to bear his name and honors as Chief of the Mackenzies of Brahan and Kintail. Then a woman with snow on her cap (or a snow-white cap) should come from the East across the sea to sit in Seaforth's chair, but the broad lands of the Mackenzies should pass to other families. As a crowning agony, he added that this white-hooded woman should cause the death of her own sister.

Having uttered these words of doom, he cast his magic white stone into the loch, whence the Highlanders believe that it will one day be recovered inside of a pike, and its fortunate finder will forthwith be endowed with the gift of prophecy.

The terrible curse was heard by many, and naturally impressed itself deeply on their minds, so that it became a common tradition handed down from father to son. The earl (whose gay life in Paris had been so unfortunately revealed to his vengeful countess) died A.D. 1678, and thenceforward the Highlanders looked with superstitious dread for the signs which should mark the approach of the day of doom, but upward of a century elapsed ere these were recognized.

Among those who were well acquainted with the prophecy were Sir Walter Scott, his friend Mr. Morritt, and Sir Humphry Davy, and with wonder and deep regret they noted how every particular was being fulfilled. They looked around among the great Highland lairds, and perceived that the Chief of Clan Grant was half-witted, that the Chisholm was hare-lipped, that Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch was commonly known as "Gairloch of the buck-tooth," while Macleod of Raasay was afflicted with a painful stammer.

And to complete all, the Cabarfeidh himself (*i.e.* "The Stag's Antlers," as the Chief of Kintail was commonly call-

ed. in Gaelic, by reason of his crest) was deaf and practically dumb. Not that he had been so born. By nature the last Earl of Seaforth was gifted beyond his fellows, both physically and mentally. Not till about the year 1770, when he was about sixteen years of age,* was the dread sign revealed. When a clever, promising lad, scarlet fever of a virulent type broke out in his school, and about twenty of the boys were attacked by it.

All were placed together in one large room—the school hospital—and here young Lord Seaforth saw a vision which the Highlanders of course attributed to second sight. One evening, in the gloaming, the sick nurse had left the room, when she was recalled by a wild cry. Hastening back, she found the lad flushed and trembling; he positively affirmed that a hideous hag had passed through the room, halting a moment beside each bed, and standing longer by some than by others. She had a wallet hanging from her neck, from which she took a mallet and some pegs, and, after gazing steadfastly on one of the boys, she bent over him, and drove a peg into his forehead. The boy never stirred, though Seaforth distinctly heard the sound of breaking bones. Then the hag passed on to another boy and yet another, and, Jael-like, drove in her dreadful pegs. On some of the sick lads she gazed long without touching them, and others she passed by without notice. At last she came up to young Seaforth, and handled both his ears. She seemed to feel for a nail, but after a pause she passed on, and disappeared from the room.

Then the sick lad, who hitherto had lain spellbound, and unable to move or to utter a sound, burst forth in the cry of horror which had startled the nurse. Never, to the last hour of his life, could Seaforth forget the horrible agony of that moment when the hell-hag touched his ears. The nurse strove to soothe him, and told him it was but a fever-born dream; but when next the doctor came round he found this patient so strangely excited that the nurse afterward apprised him of this circumstance. Returning to the sick room, the doctor bade the lad tell him his dream, and,

while seeking to quiet the dreamer, he made notes of every detail. To his amazement and horror, he found that all those patients whom Seaforth pointed out as having received a special look from the hag became so seriously ill as to hover between life and death, while those into whose brow she had driven the peg died. Seaforth's life hung long in the balance, and finally *the fever left him stone deaf*.

His power of speech was not actually affected, and during the greater part of his life he could speak, till at last, bowed down by ever-increasing cares and sorrows, he was stricken with paralysis, and ceased to utter any articulate sound; and so, during the closing years of his life, he was practically dumb as well as deaf.

Notwithstanding this very grievous drawback, Lord Seaforth's natural genius and mental power enabled him to take a leading position in the service of his country. Though no longer so powerful as his great ancestor Kenneth Mòr, High Chief of Kintail (who in the time of James I. was, perhaps, the most influential chief in the Highlands, having upward of two thousand armed men ready to follow him to the death), he was sufficiently influential, at the commencement of the great European war, to raise a noble Mackenzie regiment—the 78th Highlanders—of which he was appointed colonel: eventually he attained the rank of lieutenant-general. His services were rewarded by a British peerage, and he was, successively appointed Governor of Barbadoes and Demerara, in both of which he ruled with a strong and just hand—no easy matter in colonies where the murder of a slave had previously been treated as a venial offence!

Though well aware of every detail of the prophecy, which, like the sword of Damocles, ever hung over his devoted head, he wooed and wedded a very lovable woman—Mary Proby, a daughter of the Dean of Litchfield—and a family of four sons and six daughters grew up around them in strength and beauty; and the heart of the father was gladdened by their comeliness, though his dulled ears might never hear their joyous young voices. But first one son died, and then another, and friends and clansmen noted

* Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, last Earl of Seaforth, born 1754.

with grief the gradual fulfilment of the doom.

A touching incident in connection with the death of one of these sons seems worthy of record in these days of æsthetic sunflower worship. This noble flower was still rare in the far north, and some plants had been sent to the beautiful old garden at Brahan some months before the death of one of the young Mackenzies. With keen interest did the lad note the growth of these unknown plants, eagerly watching for the buds that should expand into such gorgeous blossoms. But ere those buds unfolded a fatal illness had stricken the young life, and the first golden blossom was gathered by a loving hand and laid within the coffin—perchance to gladden the spirit of the dead ere it winged its sunward flight.

But for the sorrowing father fresh troubles were in store. Pecuniary cares began to weigh upon him; heavy losses in his West Indian estates compelled him to sacrifice his old ancestral lands, "The gift-land of Kintail"—and, while vexed and perplexed with these manifold cares, news came to him at Brahan Castle in 1815 that his only surviving son (a talented and eloquent young member of Parliament) was seriously ill. After a few days, better tidings came, and a friend of the house gladly announced the improvement to the old family piper. But the aged Highlander refused to be comforted. "Na, na!" said he, "he'll no recover. It's decreed that Seaforth will outlive all his sons." And the words of the faithful retainer proved true. But a few days elapsed ere a messenger arrived bearing the announcement of the young man's death, and in the bitter cold of January snows the bereaved father followed his last son to the grave.

Sorrow and sickness now claimed him for their own. A few months later he was stricken by paralysis, and his once brilliant intellect became so clouded that thenceforward only fitful rays of intelligence from time to time served to enable him more deeply to realize his misery.

On his death, the male line being extinct, the lands passed to his eldest daughter, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Frederica, the young widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who had commanded the fleet in the West Indies at the time when Seaforth was Governor of Deme-

rara, and who latterly had been on the East Indian stations. He died just about the same time as Seaforth, so that the heiress of Brahan actually returned to Scotland from the East in the snow-white cap which marked her widowhood.

Then it was that Sir Walter Scott wrote to his friend Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. "Our friend Lady Hood will now be *Cabarfeidh* herself. She has the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood, but there are few situations in which the cleverest women are so apt to be imposed upon as in the management of landed property, more especially of a Highland estate. *I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there should be a deaf Cabarfeidh, the house was to fall.*"

Of Francis, Lord Seaforth, last Baron of Kintail, Sir Walter wrote, "He was a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmity."

To him he addressed the well-known

LAMENT FOR THE LAST OF THE SEAFORTHS.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to
wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprisoned thy
tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could
approve;

What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrow to tell?
In the Springtime of youth and of promise they
fell!

Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, Gentle Dame, who must bear, to
thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a
Chief,

Whom brief-rolling moons in six changes have
left,

Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To the ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee—the heir of the line of
Kintail!

Ere many years were over, Lady Hood Mackenzie sought to lighten her heavy responsibilities by bestowing her

hand on James Steward of Glasserton, son of Admiral Keith Stewart a nephew of the Earl of Galloway. In right of his wife, he assumed the name of Stewart Mackenzie, and in his anxiety to preserve her estates he sacrificed his own, to try and pay off the heavy mortgages. He was talented and popular, and successively held posts of high honor, first in the Home Government, then as Governor of Ceylon, and lastly as Lord High Commission of the Iohian Islands. But all his skill could not avert the doom nor save the lands of the Seaforths. The "Gift-land" of Kintail was already gone, and now the Isle of Lewis had to be sold, and thus passed into the hands of Sir James Matheson. The barony of Pluscarden, the Church lands of Chanonry, the braes of Ross, were successively brought to the hammer, till at length, of all the once vast possessions of this great house, there remained only Brahan Castle and its immediate surroundings.

Sad to say, even that part of the prophecy, which was literally fulfilled, foretold that the white-capped woman must cause the death of her sister, for one day, when herself driving a pair of spirited ponies, she invited her sister, Caroline Mackenzie, to accompany her, and the ponies took fright and ran away. Both sisters were thrown from the carriage, and Miss Mackenzie was so seriously injured that she died not long afterward.

Thus strangely have the seer's prophetic visions been accomplished (as in various other Highland families, the curse of some humble sufferer, unjustly put to death, has most unquestionably rested on successive generations).

Now the last Earl of Seaforth lies within the ruins of the once stately Cathedral of Fortrose, beside the dust of the cruel countess, while on the dreary sand-pits the gray weather-worn stone marks the burning-place of poor Coinneach the Seer.—*Belgravia*.

THE MORALITY OF DIET.

SEVERAL vegetarians appear to have been greatly annoyed by our passing remark last week that the sect to which they belong is a conceited one, and ask why we should disparage them any more than men of any other unusual but harmless opinion. They are, at all events, inculcating an innocent self-restraint. We do not wish to disparage vegetarians in the smallest degree, any more than to disparage teetotalers—why do not the latter call themselves "Amethysts," that is, hostile to wine?—or the opponents of tobacco, or the denouncers of tea, who have recently circulated a pamphlet, or the men, now we fear only a little band without much hope in their hearts, who attribute most of the evils of humanity to the habit of eating salt. These must have been quite numerous once, for we have known three or four. Abstainers of all kinds are for the most part good men, who practice self-denial, and wear a sort of hair-shirt of habit, and who are sincerely anxious, at the cost of much obloquy, to reduce the sum of misery among their fellow-creatures. It is so difficult to avoid salt, that we have rather

a respect as well as pity for the people who worry themselves to do it. Nor do we consider the ideas of the fanatics of diet, so far as they are supported by evidence, at all outside the province of reasonable discussion. The effect of diet is undoubtedly great, as every one knows who has ever been in training, or has read of the tribes which live on fish, or has studied prison statistics; and it is quite possible that the world has not yet learned on the subject all there is to know. The human race has no instinct enabling it to detect poisons; health is the second-best earthly blessing, and if anybody will produce a sufficient body of trustworthy evidence showing that vegetarians or teetotalers, or despisers of tobacco, or enemies of tea, or abstainers from salt are never ill, we will accept and advocate their opinion with perfect readiness. Only if they argue as they do now, we shall still call them conceited. They will have proved that certain food is injurious to health, but they will not have proved that abstinence from it is of moral obligation, or that in eating and drinking only the things which make

them strong, and which, therefore, they prefer, they reach any height of moral grandeur. They do not, any more than the people do who keep themselves from illness by wearing flannel, or make themselves at once clean and hardy by taking a cold bath every day. It is not of their opinions that we complain, or of their practices, but of their determination to raise both from their natural position as councils of experience into moral laws, the least infringement of which is necessarily evil. That is their absurdity, and as it is one which leads to the most preposterous misrepresentations of fact, they deserve now and again a gentle reminder that it is possible to be entirely well-intentioned, and even quite in the right, and very tiresome and conceited nevertheless. Vanity is a possible foible even in men who never eat beef, or drink claret, or smoke tobacco.

The teetotalers have, we fully admit, something to say for their exaggeration. The abuse of alcohol produces so much moral evil, so much material ruin, and such widespread unhappiness, that we rather wonder the superstition forbidding its use is not more nearly universal than it is. As a drunken man does immoral acts, it is natural that a practice which, if carried to excess, makes men drunk, should be held *in se* unholy, and total abstinence be raised by the exaggeration characteristic of recoil into a moral obligation. Nevertheless, the effect of excess in wine is no more a reason against wine in moderation, than the effect of gluttony—which is very demoralizing, though our northern world has forgotten the facts, and hardly understands the Biblical denunciations of the vice—is a reason against taking a daily dinner, and in raising abstinence into a morality teetotalers are conceited. Wine is not wickedness *in se*, and the theories they raise on that basis are fallacies contradicted by a glance at the facts of the world. So far from the use of alcohol destroying the races that use it, the wine-bibbing races are the conquering races, and civilization owes everything, not to the Hindoo, who abstains like Sir W. Lawson, or to the Mussulman, who abstains like a convict in prison, but to the wine-tasting Greek, and the hard-drinking Roman, and the beer-swilling varieties of the Teutonic race. The He-

brew who drinks, and always has drunk, from Noah downward, has done five times as much for the world as his cousin, the Arab, who, even in Africa, is the most rigid of abstainers. The single Hindoo sect which has not renounced alcohol, but demands regular rations of rum—the Sikh—is the one which, were we away from India, would conquer and probably reinvigorate all the others. Nor is the teetotaler's dogma as to the moral effect of total abstinence, especially in regard to violent crime, one whit more irrefutable. The Turks who committed the atrocities of Batouk were hereditary total abstainers; the authors of the massacres of Cawnpore had never seen liquor; and the Bedouin who will kill you for your buttons, would kill you also, if he could, for drinking Bass. That alcohol in excess, by weakening the will, diminishes self-restraint, and therefore increases the disposition to crime, is among certain races true; but to suppose that total abstainers are, therefore, free from crime, is to ascribe to diet a moral influence it unquestionably does not possess. Most thieves in England are teetotalers, and all card and billiard-sharpers impose on themselves the strictest moderation.

The vegetarians' case is, however, stronger even than the teetotalers'. They have on the side of wisdom many serious things to say for themselves. Nobody doubts that their *régime* would be much cheaper than the present one, and nobody who knows the facts questions that health can be maintained on cereals. Rajpoots and Highlanders are bred without flesh-meat. It is clear, therefore, that if Englishmen would live on bread, they could solve a great many of the problems, such as that of decent housing, which now overtax the ablest among European statesmen—could, in fact, get very nearly rid of pauperism. The race, too, would possibly be as strong, though the assertion that it would be less liable to "apoplexy, paralysis, kidney, liver, and heart diseases," is pure nonsense, all those diseases ravaging the vegetarian peoples, who are, moreover, distinctly more subject than Europeans to fever and epidemics. But vegetarians are not content with that argument, but will have it, as a distinguished vegetarian puts it—in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday—that vegetarianism

would, by making men less brutal, make both sporting and war more rare. Does he imagine that sportsmen eat the tigers and lions they kill, or the foxes—their dogs destroy; or does he think that peoples like the Mahratta, who, from the day they arose till the day they were conquered, never ceased from war, live upon cooked flesh? The chosen land of the vegetarians was, till we flesh-eaters went there, the chosen land of war. So far from vegetarianism making folk gentle, the least cruel of mankind are the middle-classes of Great Britain, who have eaten flesh twice a day for centuries on end; and the most cruel are the Hindoos, who for twice the time have neither eaten nor touched the polluted thing. It is true that the deliberate vegetarian in England is usually also a teetotaler, and benefits morally by not getting drunk; but the implication that flesh-eating leads to drunkenness is a pure fantasy. The hardest of drinkers are Highlanders and Swedes, living habitually on oats and rye; and drinking as a vice may be said to decrease in England in almost an exact ratio with a full supply of meat, till the higher classes, who alone have all the meat they wish for, drink comparatively nothing at all. It is just, or at all events allowable, to exalt the wisdom of a diet of vegetables, though the vegetarian races have done comparatively so little, and though a sheep, the most perfect of vegetarians, is the most stupid and cowardly of the beasts, but to exalt its moral effect is conceit and nothing better. We might go on with illustrations from the case of tobacco, but it would detain us too long; and besides, as all the world, in obedience to some irresistible instinct is consuming that very useless and expensive sedative, there is little material for comparison. We do not find, it is true, that European women are more efficient, or industrious or successful in their lives than

European men, or in the least less liable to illness and bad spirits; but the enemies of tobacco would object to the comparison, and we may let the question pass. That contest has not been very serious since the clergy took to smoking; and we are more interested in trying to discern a reason for this tendency, observable everywhere, to elevate counsels which, at the most, are those of earthly wisdom and based wholly upon experience, into moral laws. Why does a teetotaler or a vegetarian want to prove that you gain something besides money, and health, and ease of heart by obeying his precepts? We suppose it is mainly because it is only when his theory has been elevated into a moral principle that he can hope for its universal and permanent adoption—such adoption as has occurred among the innumerable population of India, where, outside a small and degraded section, alcohol and flesh-eating are equally unknown. That is a natural and pardonable desire, though the theorists' teaching, like that frightful dogma that it is wrong to take any life, ultimately debauches the conscience by raising mere offences against utility to an equality with offences against the inner light; but there is, we sometimes suspect, another motive too. Are not teetotalers and vegetarians and enemies of tobacco a little moved by a secret feeling that unless they occupy the moral ground they may be defeated in the battle of reason, that the things they denounce may be proved to be good, and that if they are so proved they would, if they argued only on their utility, be compelled to take them? To the proposition that meat is harmful there is a strong, if not a conclusive answer; but to the proposition that it is wicked to eat it, there is no answer at all. Now, the heart of man when he is persuading loves unanswerable propositions.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ALLAN DARE AND ROBERT LE DIABLE. A Romance. By Admiral Porter. In nine parts. Part I. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

IN PARTNERSHIP. Studies in Story Telling. By Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE STORY OF VITEAU. By Frank R. Stockton, Author of a "Jolly Partnership," etc. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

MARJORIE HUNTINGDON. A Novel. By Harriet-Pennewell Belt. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Recent fiction has presented nothing of special moment worth the interest of the intelligent reader, the four books grouped above offering a very fair average of the work done by American writers. Admiral Porter's marvellous romance (for so we are justified in calling it in spite of one number only having been published) is not the production of a professional author, and in many ways may be considered an exception to the above statement, however. Here the romance returns to its old lines and methods, and utterly ignores the requirements of the newest school of fiction, which disdains mere incident and movement, and lays all its stress on character analysis and the study of motive. "Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable" seems to be a sort of compound of "Gil Blas," "Monte Christo" and "The Mysteries of Paris." Sue and Dumas have not shown in any one work a greater power of invention and disposition to weave together all the wildest stretch of possible action than has the old naval hero who commands the American navy. Men bred to the sea are always romantic and imaginative as compared with landmen. The wonders brought to their notice in life on the ocean, its mysteries, its terrors, its natural evolution of the most extraordinary incidents as constantly happening to those who sail on its waste of waters predispose them to accept the most fanciful possibilities as easily within the reach of experience. Such a romance then as is prefigured in the first number of Admiral Porter's work is just such a one as would naturally emanate from the sailor turned author. The names which enter into the title of the book belong respectively to the two heroes of the book. Twin brothers separated in infancy, they reappear after a quarter of a century utterly unknown to each other,

one as a detective of almost preternatural subtlety and acuteness, such as we meet with in Gaboriau; the other a brilliant man of society, nominally a banker, but really the daring chief of a band of bank robbers and jewel thieves, whose exploits are no less miraculous and mysterious than is the penetration of the detective who is on their track. It is in the crossing of these two lines of action that the principal motive of the romance consists, though with this is interwoven a great variety of other characters and episodes. Admiral Porter, in spite of the mass and clumsiness of the material which he handles, does it with a deal of cleverness, which is, of course, the fruit of native talent rather than of skill. The discrimination of character and ability of dramatic presentation are sufficiently good to distract our attention from the inherent improbability of very much of the incident. Forthcoming issues of this dashing and melodramatic story will be looked for with interest by those who admire this style of fiction. The publishers have revived an old and very successful method of publication in the issue by serial parts. Many of the most attractive works of Dumas, Sue, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and others who were famous forty years ago, were given to the world in this style. It remains to be seen whether or no the world has outgrown the method. There will be eight more parts issued, making a very voluminous work of about nine hundred pages.

The collection of short stories by Messrs. Matthews and Bunner under the name of "In Partnership," is presumably so called, because several of them are joint work, which seems to be becoming a favorite method with some of our younger authors, especially those who are Francophiles in their art tastes. Several of these stories subsequent to their magazine publication were published by the Scribners in their Short Story series. Both the authors represented above are clever and artistic, though we do not always find sequence of motive in their work, and occasionally there is too much strain after the purely fantastic and unusual. Short story-writing is an art which successful novelists cannot always attain, and it demands quite exceptional gifts to raise to any eminent degree of excellence, gifts rarer than enter into the intellectual make-up of the novelist even. Bunner and Matthews have shown dis-

tinctive talent for this difficult literary work, and, though we fancy the public rather indifferent on the whole to collections of short tales, the volume will be read with interest by those who read for literary flavor and skill. The specially readable stories are "The Documents in the Case," "Venetian Glass," and "The Red Silk Handkerchief," the first by the two authors jointly, the second by Mr. Matthews, and the last by Mr. Bunner.

"The Story of Viteau," originally published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, is by an author who has made himself a distinct reputation as a graceful and unique teller of stories for young people which older folk can also enjoy. The tale under notice is a pleasant narrative of mediæval life, dealing with events in France some five centuries since. There is enough of fighting to please the romantic taste of youth, with a touch of other interests to give substance to the story. Yet somehow the atmosphere of the story is more modern than mediæval, and the author fails to convey the color and feeling of the epoch which he seeks to depict. Mr. Stockton is admirable in his quaint, half-serious, half-humorous studies of to-day, but somehow he does not succeed in putting himself in relation with a long past age. It may be, however, that young readers for whom the story is specially designed will not perceive the incongruity of which we speak.

"Marjorie Huntingdon" is a good conventional story of the pattern most in vogue to-day. Virtue is rewarded and vice punished, and everything happens as it should with the unflinching logic which always obtains in the proper and moral novel, and as it frequently does not occur in real life. We have some sympathy for the contention that this is the style in which a novel should be written. It certainly is what most novel-readers prefer, as it satisfies the sense of justice and soothes the emotional sympathies. Some novel-readers of the gentler sex will not indeed read a novel which they are told, ends badly. "Marjorie Huntingdon" belongs to this excellent cut and dried fashion of fiction manufacture, and as the story is generally characterized by good taste and is nicely told, it will doubtless find a *clientèle*.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY. By Vernon Lee. "Famous Women Series." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Vernon Lee, who will be familiar to our readers as a charming contemporary English writer, chiefly on the art, literature and history

of the *Renaissance* period in Italy, has a congenial topic in this biographical study of the wife of Charles Edward, the Pretender to the English throne defeated at Culloden, and the mistress of Alfieri, the national tragic poet of Italy. It is in the latter capacity that she will most interest the attention. When Louise, Princess of Stollberg, was induced to marry the obese, drunken Stuart, then known as Count of Albany, who had once shone before the world in a haze of glory as an unfortunate prince fighting gallantly for his hereditary claims to the English monarchy, she was used simply as a puppet to serve the purposes of France. It would be very convenient for Versailles to have another royal Stuart heir to threaten England with, if necessary. A bright and beautiful girl became a martyr by this stroke of State policy, but, either from aversion to the quasi-royal drunkard to whom she had been sacrificed, or from obstinacy, she refused to perform the function desired of her. Instead of breeding pretenders to the English crown, she became the dear friend, and nominally, if not really, the mistress of Alfieri. Shortly after her intimacy with the poet reached a noticeable pass, she separated from her husband and thenceforward for the most of her life she lived with Alfieri till his death, the "Laura" to his muse, and, as the present biographer tries to establish, veritably so in the literal sense that the relation between them was purely Platonic and intellectual. This will be of little interest to our readers *pro* or *con*. The main fact of interest is that Madame D'Albany was the inspiration and balance-wheel of the poet's career, and without her this violent, turbulent, distempered, yet great spirit would have been a failure in life. It is of Alfieri we care to read, and we care for her only as she relates to his career. The representative Italian tragic poet was an extraordinary man. Extraordinary in virtue of his faults, as well as by his gifts and accomplishments. Utterly wanting in genius as we understand the term, Alfieri's dramatic verse has a strange and unmatched quality in it. It is virile and robust in its energy, in spite of its being stilted, extravagant and pompous to the last degree; and without one scintilla of poetic beauty or grace, without a spark of imagination, it so glows with passionate patriotism and love of Italian nationalism, that it has the power to stir and kindle the heart. Using the ancient heroes as the personages of his plays for the most part, he made them the mouthpieces of such aspirations and sentiments

as had the effect of piercing to the very quick of Italian sensibility, callous and overlaid as it was in that age with habits of the grossest indolence, sensuality and moral indifference. Stupid and heavy as his plays are by any modern test, they are full of ethical passion, and the throb of patriotic intensity cannot be even destroyed by their lumbering feet and stilted rhetoric. These plays, as read in books and seen on the stage, had a great mission in stirring the Italian nation out of their swinish slumber, and reviving the manhood that needed just such a stimulus. A glorious mission this for a poet, and it is very possible that Alfieri, had he been greater as a mere poet, would have been less successful. * Vernon Lee's analysis of Alfieri's powers as a dramatic poet, and his relation to the political and social revolution that even before his death began to make Italy heave as it had done France, is just and penetrating. The pictures of life in Italy, France and England (for the poet and his mistress lived in the latter two countries during the closing period of his life) are entertaining and graphic. This is specially the case as regards the brilliant *salon* life at Paris immediately prior to the French Revolution, and the picturesque figures which made up that life. After the death of Alfieri the Countess of Albany continued to live at the Casa Alfieri, near Florence, and her salon was the resort of the most distinguished people in Europe. Writers, artists, diplomatists, journalists, men of science, philosophers, beautiful women of rank and fashion from all parts of Europe were wont to gather here. Here could be met Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, Lamartine, Paul Cuvier, Mme. Recamier, Sismondi, the Duchess of Devonshire, Canova, Foscolo, Werner, and other celebrities. The whole intellectual life of Europe seems to be projected in figures coming and-going like shadows on the colorless background of Mme. D'Albany's house. Louise of Stollberg, Countess of Albany, widow of Prince Charles Edward, that royal Pretender whose descent from the Highlands in 1756 was one of the most romantic chapters in English history, widow also in one sense of the poet Vittorio Alfieri, died in 1824, at the age of seventy-two. Her greatest title to celebrity was that she was the Egeria of the Italian poet, whose works had such a power in firing the patriotic heart of Italy, and that after his death, to use the language of her present biographer, "she continued a sort of cultus of the poet, became as his beloved the priestess presiding over what had once been his house,

and was now his temple." Vernon Lee has shown in this book the same brilliant qualities as a writer which have marked her studies of the Renaissance period. She writes of Italian life and history *con amore* and with ample knowledge, though, like all persons of fervid imagination, she purchases vividness of presentation at the cost of comprehensive largeness of view. Her style is eminently readable, and is pictorial in its sharpness of light and shadow. We sometimes feel that she is too diffuse and that her power of language runs away with her. But this fault is by no means inconsistent with the power of captivating the reader, and criticism, if it comes, is an afterthought. Her views of Alfieri, of the age in which he lived, and of the conditions which gave him his peculiar place in literature, are just, and we think thoroughly and thoughtfully studied. This life is one of the most interesting of the "Famous Women Series."

A NATURALIST'S RAMBLES ABOUT HOME. By Charles C. Abbott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The substance of these chapters originally appeared in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* and *Nature* (English periodicals); and in the *American Naturalist*, *Science* and *Popular Science Monthly* (American). As the title denotes, the book consists of familiar, chatty essays about those creatures which the naturalist would observe by going from his house to an adjoining field or forest; and to one who has not trained himself to habits of observation it will be surprising how much of deep interest lies right around him in his daily walk, if he has but eyes to see. A cleft in the foliage of a tree, an upturned stone, an ant-hill or a burrow may disclose things full of fascination and pregnant of suggestion. It is the attitude of the mind toward nature which determines everything. All men are blind in some directions, most men in many. It is often the familiar things which have the least significance to us. Those who read Mr. Abbott's book will discover how much that is worthy of study and observation has slipped their attention. One does not need to be a hermit Thoreau, or to live in the woods of Alden to keep his eyes open to the rich feast which nature opens at every hand, not only to the imagination, but to the intellect. In Mr. Abbott's book there is no discussion of the extraordinary. The most stirring thing he tells us is his description of a fight between a wounded wild cat and a turkey-buzzard. Yet in his studies of the common

birds and beasts which the stroller through the country meets at every hand there will be found abundance of interesting matter. Such books as these teach people to use their eyes, and reveals to them how much additional enjoyment of the keenest kind may be had by so doing. But after all it is less in what lies in front of the eyes than in what is behind them. It is sadly true that unless one has the natural interest and taste, no amount of stimulus does much good. Still much can be done in the plastic state of childhood. Children may be trained to use their faculties of perception and observation to a much greater degree than they now do, and the habit once formed never falls into disuse. If reading such books as Mr. Abbott's will influence parents to cultivate habits of keen visual watchfulness and interest in what goes on about them on the part of their children, it will have performed a most important function.

THE DIVINE LAW AS TO WINES. Established by the testimony of Sages, Physicians and Legislators against the Use of Fermented and Intoxicating Liquors, Confirmed by the Egyptian, Greek and Roman Methods of Preparing Unfermented Wines for Festal, Medicinal and Sacramental Uses. By Dr. G. W. Samson, former President of Columbian University. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Dr. Samson prepared the original volume, of which the present is the outcome, for the National Temperance Society. The necessity for more extended and exhaustive statements of fact has the rewriting of the work and its adaptation to a new class of readers. The crusade against alcohol as a beverage in its various forms of distilled and fermented liquors has perhaps never paid the proper attention to the historic side of the controversy. This, as it may be seen in the book under notice, is an arsenal from which the temperance agitator can draw much valuable ammunition. The argument of Dr. Samson is that from the era of Noah's fall wise men have sought, and that in Egypt, Greece and Rome they found a method of preserving wines free from the poison of alcoholic ferment. It is asserted that wine free from ferment was prepared for the religious rites of ancient Egyptians and Romans, Hebrews and early Christians; that it was this wine Christ used and appointed for his supper; and that the conviction of the Reformers seeking to return to the primitive ordinance now rules practice and opinion in the Church

of England. Dr. Samson cites a most formidable list of authorities to establish his theorem and shows a wide and apparently accurate scholarship. We cannot agree with him as to his construction of certain passages in the Greek and Latin writers, but this is purely a matter of opinion which cannot be here discussed. Temperance debaters will find ample material in the author's conclusions to support their arguments, and the book will prove a godsend to many a warrior in the battle against alcoholism.

FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATION OF MEN AND EVENTS, CIVIL AND MILITARY. By E. D. Keyes, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, Commanding the Fourth Corps. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

General Keyes tells us that his original motive in writing this work was to disprove the statement of Judge Black, who was Attorney-General under Buchanan, that the failure to re-enforce Fort Sumpter, Charleston Harbor, in April, 1861, was due to the reluctance and delays of General Winfield Scott, then commanding general of the army. General Keyes was then the military secretary of General Scott, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He found that the vindication of his chief was so suggestive as to make the narrative greatly transcend the original limits proposed. He then determined to write his reminiscences of the picturesque and imposing personage, who prior to the late war filled our ideal of the national military hero, and to include in the work sketches of other distinguished personages and events with which he had been associated.

The vindication of General Scott is ample and complete. While it is made manifest that Scott had a very ardent affection for the South, it is no less certain that he was an intense nationalist, and that, though he persisted till the very last in hoping for a peaceable settlement of the question, his whole conduct was perfectly consistent with his duty as generalissimo. Very much broken down, in 1861, in mind and body, by age and bodily affliction, heart-broken by the aspect of affairs, it would not have been wonderful if he had failed to act with his old military promptitude. But the simple truth appears to have been that President Lincoln and Mr. Seward acted independently of Scott, and that the old chief was not permitted to know of their plans till everything was arranged. The expedition of "the Star of the West" with re-enforcements and supplies for

the beleaguered garrison was fitted out and dispatched with the deepest secrecy, and General Scott was kept entirely in the dark. At this he was deeply offended, and in consequence of Colonel Keyes's participation in what he regarded as a slight he dismissed this officer from his secretaryship. Scott is entirely exonerated from every charge except from that sluggishness which is inevitable to old age and chronic invalidism.

The gossip about General Scott, which occupies at least half the book, is racy and entertaining, and gives us a very agreeable notion of the old hero's striking personality and career. Pompous, arrogant, self-indulgent, a bitter hater of those who came in collision with him, these qualities are not found inconsistent with a host of generous and noble traits. The numerous anecdotes of the old soldier are in many cases new to the general reader, though probably an old story to veteran army men. General Keyes has much to say of the status of Washington society at and just after the breaking out of the late war, and gives a vivid notion of a very interesting period. His account of the early operations of the war, especially of the Peninsular campaign, in which he bore an important part, is careful and just. Never on very friendly terms with General McClellan, he bears warm testimony to the great abilities of that chief. Though he does not say so in direct words, the manifest implication to be drawn is that the failure of the Peninsula campaign lies far less with McClellan than with the ill-advised action of the authorities at Washington. In this the judgment of General Keyes (if we do not mistake in concluding that such is his judgment) agrees with that of the most critical authorities who have since studied the situation.

DICK'S SOCIETY LETTER-WRITER FOR LADIES. Containing more than Five Hundred Entirely Original Letters and Notes with Appropriate Answers on all Subjects and Occasions Incident to Life in Good Society. Including Specific Instructions in all the Details of a Well-Written Letter, and General Hints for Conducting Polite Correspondence. Edited by William B. Dick. New York: *Dick & Fitzgerald*.

This formidable title belongs to one of that numerous progeny of "conduct" books with which the American press groans in perpetual labor; and the ready sale of which forms a topic of melancholy thought for the student of society. The thought that there are numerous

people so stupid as to believe that any such work could be a handy *vade mecum* and admission ticket into the paradise of good manners and social knowledge is the lugubrious fact. The best of such books are very inefficient, and the worst are absurd. To which of those classes the present book belongs we leave our readers, such as ever see it, to decide, each for herself. If letter-writers should model their correspondence on the style exemplified in many of these forms we fear they would be pronounced pompous, stilted, and altogether destitute of the easy tone of good society. Still it is almost impossible for an editor to avoid getting a little on stilts in compiling a book of this kind. It may be set down as an indubitable fact that everything pertaining to good manners and correct usage can only be surely attained by personal experience and contact with good society. All the books ever written are useless without this. With it most of them are superfluous.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. AUGUSTE VITU is writing a critical estimate of Crébillon, which will be published as an Introduction to a collected edition of his works. It appears that no play by Crébillon has been acted at the Théâtre française since 1864.

A WHITE marble tablet has been affixed to the house in Paris—76 rue d'Assas—where Michelet lived, with an inscription recording the fact.

THE Institut nationale de Géographie at Brussels has undertaken to publish a series of maps of the chief cities of the Netherlands in the middle of the sixteenth century, when they were at their zenith of prosperity. The basis of the work will be the survey executed by James van Deventer at the command of Charles V. and Philip II. between 1550 and 1565, many of whose drawings are preserved in the Bibliothèque royale of Belgium. The maps, or rather plans, will be reproduced by chromo-lithography, with an elaborate historical explanation to each. The total number will be one hundred, to be issued in twenty parts at 10 frs. each. Malines and Valenciennes have already been published. For the former the text is written by M. Ruelens, keeper of the mss. at Brussels, who is the editor-in-chief of the series; for the latter, by M. Wallon, the French historian.

THE favor with which Musurus Pasha's (Turkish Ambassador in London) translation of Dante's *Inferno* into Modern Greek was received has encouraged him to proceed with his work, says the *Athenæum*, and to publish a translation of the *Purgatorio* in that language (Williams & Norgate). This volume is characterized by all the merits of its predecessor—its accurate rendering of the original, its singular and well-sustained versification, and the useful notes which are appended to it. We are glad to learn from the Preface that there is a prospect of Musurus Pasha completing his task by translating the *Paradiso*.

ONE of the most distinguished of European antiquaries has passed away in the person of Prof. Hildebrand, who died at Stockholm on the 30th of August after a brief illness.

Bror Emil Hildebrand was born on the 22d of February, 1806, at Flerahopp, in the parish of Madesjö, in Sweden. He studied at the University of Lund, rose to local fame at a very early age, and was made an assistant at the historical museum of the university in 1830. The arrangement of the coins fell into his hands, and already in 1831 he had begun to publish the first of his works on this subject, his valuable "*Upplysningar till Sveriges Mynthistoria*," completed in 1832. He was soon after this called to Stockholm, as assistant at the Royal Academy of Arts, and in 1837, at the early age of thirty-one, he received the important post of *riksantiquarien* or Antiquary Royal, which he held until his death. For forty-seven years he has been unwearied in his efforts to spread a scientific interest in the relics of past civilization, and under his care the archaeological collections of Sweden have become some of the richest and most curious in Europe. His numismatical publications are universally valued by scholars; such are his "*Anglosaxiska Mynt i Kongelika Myntkabinettet*," 1846; his "*Svenska Konungahusets Minnespenningar*," 1874; his "*Svenska Sigiller fran Medeltiden*," 1862-67. In 1866 he succeeded Rosenstein in a *fauteuil* of the Swedish Academy, and honors of all sorts, civic and academic, were showered upon him; he was one of the most popular men in Sweden.

A CURIOUS case, closely touching the question of international copyright, was decided lately in New York. The plaintiffs (technically termed "orators") were the representatives in title of Mr. James Johnston, an English publisher, who had assigned to them the exclusive right to issue in the United States a series

of juvenile publications known as the "Chatterbox" series. The defendants had brought out a rival series, similar in appearance and style, and bearing the same name. The plaintiffs, therefore, applied to a court of equity to restrain such publication. It was admitted that no question of copyright arose, and that the defendants were entitled to reprint the books of the plaintiffs. But it was argued that the defendants had no right to represent their books as being those of the plaintiffs, which they did by imitating their style and by borrowing the name "Chatterbox." This contention was adopted by the judge, who granted the injunction asked for. So far as appears, he rested his decision upon the broad ground that "Johnston had the exclusive right to put his own work as his own upon the market of the world. No one else had the right to represent that work as his."

THE *Berliner Philolog. Wochenschrift* devotes the whole of a double number (August 2d and 9th) to an account of the condition of education and of classical studies in Greece. Besides describing the schools, the university, and the archaeological societies, it reviews the recent books by Greeks on classical subjects, especially the introduction of the study of Latin. Apparently the want of a classical grammar like Latin, where Greek is the native tongue, presents serious difficulties to educators. The curious problem of the new Greek language is also illustrated—that is to say, the conflict between the educated archaistic and the popular dialects. If you speak the former to the country people, you are not understood; if the latter at Athens or Corfu, you are ridiculed as grossly vulgar and ignorant.

THE Fayum papyri are yielding further treasure. Much information has been obtained from the Greek ones regarding the chronology of the Roman emperors. They show that Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, and Annus Verus reigned together. The length of the joint rule of Caracalla and Geta is determined by them. Of the Arab MSS. fifteen belong to the first century from the Hegira. A new system of cipher has been discovered among the Arab private letters.

THE people of Recanati, the birthplace of the Italian poet Giacomo Leopardi, are anxious to reclaim the remains of their great fellow townsman from the little church near Posilippo where they now rest. A committee has been formed to carry out this wish.

PRINCE NICHOLAS of Montenegro has just been elected an honorary member of the University of St. Vladimir at Kief, on the occasion of its jubilee.

THE question of amending the law relating to copyright has for some time been engaging the attention of the Government of India. The existing law is founded on the Act passed in 1847 "for the encouragement of learning," and is naturally very unsuited to the needs of the present time. It is specially defective in affording no adequate protection to indigenous works of art. It is stated that Mr. Ilbert is preparing a Bill on the general subject, founded for the most part on the Report of the English Copyright Commission. It is understood that the Bill will include a clause conferring copyright in newspaper telegrams.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT has obtained the loan of a manuscript journal which gives curious particulars of his grandfather William Hazlitt when a boy. Through the kindness of the possessor of this MS. Mr. Hazlitt is enabled to make use of it in connection with his "Memoirs of Hazlitt," and he will contribute some illustrative extracts from the MS. to the next number of the *Antiquary*. These extracts will relate to the journey of the Hazlitts to America in 1783-87.

THE last work which Capt. R. C. Temple, of the Bengal Staff Corps, has taken in hand is a translation into English of some voluminous Persian MSS., which ought to throw much light upon the consolidation of the Sikh power in the Punjab. These MSS. contain the memoirs and diary of Lala Sohan Lal, who was *vakil*, or representative, of the East India Company at the Court of Ranjit Singh from 1812 down to the British annexation. It is estimated that the work will form eight volumes of 500 pages each. Intending subscribers should apply to Messrs. Trübner.

THE Rev. G. F. Browne has proposed to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press that they should undertake the publication of a complete work on the early sculptured stones of England, in which each stone should be represented in its various parts by some photographic method. The proposal is viewed with favor, but the Syndics desire to know what the probable extent of the work would be and what assistance might be expected from local societies and from persons specially interested in these relics. They have authorized

Mr. Browne to issue forms for complete returns on these points. * Mr. Browne says :

"My proposals to the Syndics are that the stones be those of 'pre-Norman' type, such as are variously described as 'Celtic,' 'Anglian,' 'Saxon,' 'Danish,' and 'Scandinavian,'—frequently, but for the most part erroneously, as 'Runic'; that the work be published in parts, following the geographical distribution of the stones; that each part be accompanied by descriptive and historical letterpress; that in drawing the line between admissible and not admissible stones, the tendency be toward inclusion, and the decision depend upon type rather than upon supposed date; and that the general introduction and complete survey be deferred till all the stones are figured."

MISCELLANY.

PRISON EARNINGS.—Among the serious offences of the Prison Commissioners may be mentioned their ludicrous valuations of prison labor. When Sir Richard Cross was arguing in Parliament for the transfer of the local jails from the magistrates to the Commissioners, he pleaded that the cost of the prisons would thereby be greatly diminished. The number of British jails has been reduced from 169 to 99, but we look in vain for any corresponding reduction in the cost. It is true that there is great difficulty in exactly comparing the costs of the jails under the two periods, as some portions of the former outlay have now been transferred to other departments of the State. But the Commissioners are evidently at their wits' end to swell up the apparent earnings of the prisoners. In order to do this they have placed an absurd value on the time occupied by the prisoners in the most trivial and even penal occupations. For instance, in the latest Report (December, 1883), Stafford Jail is credited with a profit of £897 from the work of pumping water for the jail itself by the treadmill! Liverpool Jail is also said to earn £301 by pumping its own water. Wandsworth Jail earns £1375 by doing its own domestic cleaning. Coldbath Fields Prison earns £229 by its stoking, and £433 by tearing up and sorting old papers. Statistical absurdity can hardly go farther.—*Contemporary Review*.

NORFOLK BROADS.—A "broad" is a term peculiar to Norfolk; it means the broadening out of the rivers into lakes, which is very common all over the marsh district. These broads abound in fish, and afford capital sport

to the angler. On some of the broads there is still to be seen an industry fast falling into decay—decoys with decoy ducks and dogs. These require to be worked with the utmost silence and caution. One winter night in 1881 Mr. Davies inspected in company with the keeper the decoy at Fritton Broad. The night was cold and dark, and each of the men had to carry a piece of smouldering turf in his hand to destroy the human scent, which would otherwise have alarmed the wary ducks. This made their eyes water; and the decoy-dog, a large red retriever, being in high spirits, insisted on tripping them up repeatedly, as they crawled along in the darkness bent almost double. The interest of the sight, however, when at length they reached the decoy, fully made up for these petty discomforts. Peeping through an eyehole, a flock of teal were to be seen paddling about quite close to them; while beyond these were several decoy-ducks, and beyond these again a large flock of mallards. The decoy-ducks are trained to come for food whenever they see the dog or hear a whistle from the decoy-man. The dog now showed himself obedient to a sign from his master, and in an instant every head among the teal was up, and every bright shy eye twinkling with pleased curiosity. Impelled by curiosity, they slowly swim toward the dog, which, slowly retiring, leads them toward the mouth of the decoy-pipe, showing himself at intervals till they were well within it. The keeper then ran silently to the mouth of the pipe, and waving his handkerchief, forced them, frightened and reluctant, to flutter forward into the tunnel. He then detached a hoop from the grooves, gave it a twist, and secured them by cutting off their return. This seemed the last act of the drama, and Mr. Davies took the opportunity to straighten his back, which was aching dreadfully. "Immediately there was a rush of wings, and the flock of mallards left the decoy. 'There, now, you ha' done it!' exclaimed the keeper excitedly. 'All them mallards were following the dog into the pipe, and we could ha' got a second lot.' We expressed our sorrow in becoming terms, and watched the very expeditious way in which he extracted the birds from the tunnel net, wrung their necks, and flung them into a heap." Few places now are suitable for decoys, for even life in the marshes is not so quiet as it used to be.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SUPPOSED FRESHLY FOUND MSS. OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.—Dr. Harkavy has just published

a report to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg on the curious fragments of the Old Testament, a short notice of which appeared in the *Times* last spring. The fragments consist of parchment rolls in the possession of certain Russian Jews, whose names, though well known to members of the Academy, are for the present suppressed. They had been obtained in the first instance from a Jewish sailor, who spoke Hebrew, and averred that they had come from Rhodes, where they had been discovered after a great conflagration some thirty years ago. He parted with them after considerable reluctance, in exchange for some oil paintings.

The story seems very suspicious. Jews are not usually sailors, and sailors do not usually speak Hebrew. The conflagration in Rhodes might well be the famous explosion of 1856; but we have no knowledge of any Rhodian Jews who employed a peculiar kind of writing such as these MSS. present, while we actually possess a Hebrew MS. written in the island in the usual way about the year 1420. With the Shapira forgeries in our mind, we might well be excused if we refused to examine the newly-found MSS. any further.

Such scepticism, nevertheless, would be ill-founded. Though Dr. Harkavy, with a wise excess of caution, refuses to pronounce a decisive opinion upon the subject, it is difficult not to admit the genuineness of the fragments when once they are examined. Forgeries are made in these days for the double object of profit and fame; the owners of the fragments have sought for neither. The fragments, moreover, contain no startling novelties in the way of variant readings, and lay no claim to antiquity of date. But above all, the characters in which they are written are such as only a few palæographical scholars could have invented. And these scholars are not likely to have undertaken the enormous trouble which the preparation of the MSS. for the mere sake of mystification would have occasioned. The parchments are in various stages of preservation and legibility; some show signs of age and hard usage, which are more or less wanting in others.

Dr. Harkavy asks for the opinion of palæographers on the character of the letters employed in the MSS. He compares them with letters belonging to old forms of the Semitic alphabet, and seems to regard them as constituting a new and peculiar branch of it. They are, however, merely *cursive forms of the ordinary square Hebrew characters*. They are ex-

tremely interesting, as affording a species of Hebrew cursive which has never been met with before, their true nature and relative age are unmistakeable. Dr. Neubauer points out that the forms of the square characters on which they are based are those used by the Jews in the Greek-speaking countries of the East, and he suggests that they may have constituted the cursive hand of the Khazar Jews. In this case the MSS. cannot well be later than the eleventh century, A.D.—*Athenæum*.

LOCKHART AND THE PRESS.—Lockhart was an eminent example, perhaps one of the most eminent, of a "gentleman of the press." He did a great many kinds of literary work, and he did all of them well; novel-writing, perhaps (which, however, he gave up almost immediately), least well. But he does not seem to have felt any very strong or peculiar call to any particular class of original literary work, and his one great and substantive book may be fairly taken to have been much more decided by accident and his relationship to Scott than by deliberate choice. He was, in fact, eminently a journalist, and it is very much to be wished that there were more journalists like him. For from the two great reproaches of the craft to which so many of us belong, and which seems to be gradually swallowing up all other varieties of literary occupation, he was conspicuously free. He never did work slovenly in form, and he never did work that was not in one way or other consistent with a decided set of literary and political principles. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the unprincipled character of journalism, no doubt; and nobody knows better than those who have some experience of it, that if, as George Warrington says, "too many of us write against our own party," it is the fault simply of those who do so. If a man has a faculty of saying anything he can generally get an opportunity of saying what he likes, and avoid occasions of saying what he does not like. But the mere journalist Swiss of heaven (or the other place), is certainly not unknown, and by all accounts he was in Lockhart's time rather common. No one ever accused Lockhart himself of being one of the class. A still more important fault, undoubtedly, of journalism is its tendency to slovenly work, and here again Lockhart was conspicuously guiltless. His actual production must have been very considerable, though in the absence of any collection, or even any index of his contributions to periodicals, it is impossible

to say how much exactly it would extend. But, at a rough guess, the "Scott," the "Burns," and the "Napoleon," the "Ballads," the novels, and "Peter," a hundred *Quarterly* articles, and an unknown number in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, would make at least twenty or five-and-twenty volumes of a pretty closely printed library edition. Yet all this, as far as it can be identified, has the same careful though unostentatious distinction of style, the same admirable faculty of sarcasm, wherever sarcasm is required, the same depth of feeling, wherever feeling is called for, the same refusal to make a parade of feeling even where it is shown. Never trivial, never vulgar, never feeble, never stilted, never diffuse, Lockhart is one of the very best recent specimens of that class of writers of all work, which since Dryden's time has continually increased, is increasing, and does not seem likely to diminish. The growth may or may not be matter for regret; probably none of the more capable members of the class itself feels any particular desire to magnify his office. But if the office is to exist, let it at least be the object of those who hold it to perform its duties with that hatred of commonplace and cant and the *popularis aura*, with as nearly as may be in each case that conscience and thoroughness of workmanship, which Lockhart's writings uniformly display.—*National Review*.

A £10,000 NUGGET.—At one of the tents sat four men—June 10th, 1858—talking earnestly of their future and bemoaning the past. For several months these four men had worked together in the same claim, sometimes getting barely sufficient for daily wants; sometimes not even that. For several weeks, indeed, they had labored without any result. Not a speck of the precious metal had they seen. Their credit was stretched to the utmost limit but until this evening they had hoped, as diggers do hope, that on the morrow something would turn up. Now they had ceased to hope; the storeman had refused further credit, and here they were without either bread or tobacco. "This," said one, "is the last straw." "True," replied another; "we cannot work with empty pipes." "I vote," said a third, "that we go down in the morning for our tools and peg out in some other quarter." After a long and serious discussion this suggestion was decided upon; and early next day, long before the camp was astir, three of the men descended the old mine, the fourth remaining at the windlass. Down in the mine, the three looked gloomily

around, with a kind of sulky regret at having to leave the scene of so much useless toil. "Good-by," said one. "I'll give you a farewell blow." And raising his pick he struck the quartz, making splinters fly in all directions. His practised eye caught sight of a glittering speck in one of the bits at his feet. Stooping, he examined it and the place he had struck when, with a loud exclamation, he knelt and satisfied himself that it was gold! He then commenced picking vigorously. His mates caught the meaning, and followed his example. In dead silence they worked on—they had discovered a monster nugget! Then a wild, glad shout sounded in the ears of the one at the windlass, who had sunk into a half-doze, feeling, probably, the want of his breakfast. To his inquiry, "What's going on?" the cry came "Wind up," and as he did so there rose to the surface a huge mass of virgin gold. When fully exposed to view, the men were almost insane with joy. After watching it through the day, and live-long night, they had it conveyed in safety to the bank. It was named the "Welcome Stranger," and yielded the fortunate discoverers of it £10,000. On the site of that spot—within a few yards of which the writer himself resided—we now find a broad and busy street; a noble temple dedicated to public worship; a free library; and monster marts and warehouses, containing vast stores of the old world's merchandise. The forest and the scrub have disappeared, and their place is occupied by the finest city on the celebrated gold fields of Victoria—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

RISE OF MONTREAL.—I shall not attempt to describe Montreal. In the opinion of a bigoted Canadian like myself there is hardly a more beautiful city in the world. It has only 150,000 people, but Edinburgh had no more when, in the eyes of Sir Walter Scott and of almost every one else, it was the queen of cities. Though Champlain erected temporary structures and established a trading station on the island of Montreal in 1611, it was not till thirty years later that a permanent establishment was commenced. "La Compagnie de Montreal," formed in Paris, sent out an expedition under the Sieur de Maisonneuve to build a town and protect it against the Indians by means of fortifications. The town, under the name of Ville-Maire, which it long retained, was solemnly consecrated at a spot near the foot of the mountain, on May 17th, 1642. It soon became an emporium of the trade in peltries with

the friendly Indians, though its advanced position exposed it to many an Iroquois attack from which Quebec was saved by its strength and its remoteness from the enemy. In 1760, after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, Montreal became the last station of French power in America. Here the capitulation was signed which gave over the whole continent to Britain. In 1776 it was taken and held during the winter by—

"The cocked-hat Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals;"

but Franklin used press and plausible tongue in vain to induce the Canadians to join the revolt against the Empire. Up to 1810 it was an insignificant town; but from that date it rose into importance as the headquarters of the North-West Company that disputed the trade in furs of the great region over which the Hudson's Bay Company had claimed semi-sovereignty and the monopoly in trade. The North-West Company pushed the profitable business with far more energy than the older company had ever shown. They sought out the Indians by distant lake and river and in the depths of unknown forests. They planted posts to suit every tribe, and explored the whole of the vast territory from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. The rival companies armed their agents, servants, and *voyageurs*, and many a time the quarrel was fought out in the old-fashioned way, in remote wildernesses, where there were no policemen to interfere, and neither courts nor laws to appeal unto. The fur-kings lived in Montreal. Their fleets of canoes, manned by sinewy Indians and half-breed *voyageurs*, started from Montreal, or Lachine rather, with supplies, went up the Ottawa, across country by Lake Nipissing, down French River, along the shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior to Fort William, hard by Port Arthur, the present Lake Superior terminus of the Canada Pacific Railway.—*Contemporary Review*.

PRZEVALSKY'S WILD HORSE.—Great interest is attached to the question of the origin of our domestic animals, and especially to that of the horse—which is generally supposed not now to exist in an aboriginally wild state. Every fact bearing upon this subject is of importance, and the discovery by the great Russian traveller, Przevalsky, of a new wild horse, more nearly allied to the domestic horse than any previously known species, is certainly well worthy of attention. This new animal was described in 1881 in a Russian journal by Mr. J.

S. Poliadow, and dedicated to its discoverer as *Equus przewalskii*. The recently issued German translation of Przevalsky's third journey enables us to give further particulars of this interesting discovery. Przevalsky's wild horse has warts on its hind legs as well as on its fore legs, and has broad hoofs like the true horse. But the long hairs of the tail, instead of commencing at the base, do not begin until about half-way down the tail. In this respect *Equus przewalskii* is intermediate between the true horse and the asses. It also differs from typical *Equus* in having a short, erect mane, and in having no fore-lock, that is, no bunch of hairs in front of the mane falling down over the forehead. Nor has Przevalsky's horse any dorsal stripe, which, although by no means universal, is often found in the typical horses, and is almost always present in the asses. Its whole general color is of a whitish gray, paler and whiter beneath, and reddish on the head. The legs are reddish to the knees, and thence blackish down to the hoofs. It is of small stature, but the legs are very thick and strong, and the head is large and heavy. The ears are smaller than those of the asses. Przevalsky's wild horse inhabits the great Dsungarian Desert between the Altai and Tianschan Mountains, where it is called by the Tartars "Kertag," and by the Mongols "Statu." It is met with in troops of from five to fifteen individuals, led by an old stallion. Apparently the rest of these troops consist of mares, which all belong to the single stallion. They are lively animals, very shy, and with highly-developed organs of sight, hearing, and smelling. They keep to the wildest parts of the desert, and are very hard to approach. They seem to prefer especially the saline districts, and to be able to do long without water. The pursuit of this wild horse can only be carried on in winter, because the hunter must live in the waterless districts, and must depend upon a supply of water from melted snow. As may well be believed, such an expedition during the severest cold of winter into the most remote part of the desert must take at least a month. During the whole time of his stay in the Dsungarian Desert, Przevalsky met with only two herds of this wild horse. In vain he and his companions fired at these animals. With outstretched head and uplifted tail the stallion disappeared like lightning, with the rest of the herd after him. Przevalsky and his companions could not keep near them, and soon lost their tracks. On the second occasion they came upon them from one side, yet

one of the herd discovered their presence, and they were all gone in an instant. The single specimen of Przevalsky's horse subsequently procured is now in the Museum of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, and is the only example of this species in Europe.—*Nature*.

BARGAINS.—It is the fashion to talk as if women were the only dupes of the sellers of bargains. Undoubtedly the glowing advertisements of "Grand Sales" and "Astonishing Sacrifices" allure the feminine mind in a way they do not the masculine; but what about the horse that a friend wants to sell, or knows some one who wants to sell, "privately, without all the bother of dealers, you know?" What of the house that was offered at such a reduction on such perfectly plausible grounds? Of the wine secured at a sale? Of the china picked up by the amateur at a shop in a country town, where the "man did not know its value," which, as he obtained five times the fair price for his wares, it is charitable to hope was the case? No; the passion for bargain buying is too universal for any of us to throw stones at our neighbor's weakness in this respect. The richest share it with the poorest; nay, the richest people are often the most zealous bargain hunters. A collector will pride himself as much on the low price paid for his treasure as on the treasures themselves. "I picked it up for a mere song" is a favorite boast, and perhaps, in many instances, this price was quite fair, as in the case of the lady who offered Garrick a tragedy "for nothing," to which he replied that the authoress had accurately estimated the value of her work. Very absurd stories might be told of the experiences of bargain buyers. There is a tale of a country parish, too poor to afford an organ or harmonium, the vicar of which secured, at a sale, a very large musical box, which played the "Old Hundredth," and other hymn tunes. Delighted with his bargain (the box had been sold cheaply), it was arranged that its music should accompany his singers on the ensuing Sunday; and the box played the hymn tune to the general satisfaction. But what were the feelings of the vicar when, instead of decorously stopping at the end of the last verse, the profane box struck up "The Blue Bells of Scotland!" The clerk hurried to the rescue, but, unfortunately, touched a wrong spring, and only converted the Scottish song into the yet more indecorous melody of "Drops of Brandy." Amid the stifled titters of the congregation,

the offending instrument was hurried out of church, and was heard at intervals in the churchyard cheerfully carolling a succession of lively airs. The bargain-loving vicar was afterward content to manage without music as heretofore. There was an old method of "making an April fool," by giving the victim of the hoax a letter containing the words "send the fool on." These credentials having been duly delivered, the recipient of the epistle wrote a similar message to some one else, till the unfortunate letter-carrier had made the tour of the parish. A somewhat similar custom prevails among buyers of bargains. They are generally extremely eager to share their good fortune with their neighbors, and readily hand on their bargains to another dupe. "How could you crack up his preaching so much?" said a Scotch elder, reproaching a friend whose high laudations had induced his congregation to elect a very unsatisfactory minister. "Oh," said the other, dryly, "you'll be ready enough to crack him up if you see a chance of getting rid of him—we were!"—*Ladies' Treasury*.

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A student of history once regretted that Guy Fawkes did not blow up Parliament, because there was lost to the world the interesting problem, what would be done without King, Lords, or Commons. Those responsible for the appointment of revising barristers during the summer circuits would seem to have done their best to bring about such a crisis so far as the House of Commons is concerned. Following the recommendation of the judges, the Order in Council made on June 26th last directs that "the names of all the judges of the Supreme Court shall be placed in every commission." The Parliamentary Registration Act, 1843, s. 23, provides that "the senior judge for the time being in the commissions of assize for every county shall, during the summer circuit in every year, appoint" the revising barristers. As senior judge of the Supreme Court the Lord Chancellor is this year the "senior judge for the time being in the commissions of assize for every county," and yet, forgetful of the change, the senior judge who actually went circuit in each county has made and signed the appointments of revising barristers, as in the days when he was senior judge in the commissions. The consequences might be disastrous. The lists now about to be

revised will operate from December 1st next, and no person not on those lists will be entitled to vote during the ensuing year. Should there be a dissolution next year, and the defect in the appointment of revising barristers should not be cured, the whole English and Welsh constituency will find itself disfranchised. The Irish and Scotch members would be the House of Commons of the United Kingdom, and England would have to appeal to them and to the House of Lords to pass a remedial act so as to allow them to take part in that House at all. Fortunately the matter can be set at rest by the Lord Chancellor countersigning the appointments which have been made, but these few strokes of the pen must be made while the circuits are still in existence, otherwise the continuity of the House of Commons will be threatened by a technical flaw almost as dangerous as the Gunpowder Plot.—*Law Journal*.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE.—At length it is beginning to be recognized in France that the brain of a decapitated criminal lives, and consciousness is maintained, for an appreciable time, which to the victim may seem an age, after death—an opinion we strongly expressed many years ago. This ghastly fact—as we have no doubt it is—being perceived, it is beginning to be felt that executions cannot any longer be carried out by the guillotine. Prussic acid is now proposed. If instantaneous death be desired, this is clearly inadmissible. The period taken to terminate life by poison of any kind must needs vary greatly with the individual. In not a small proportion of instances we fancy death by prussic acid would be considerably protracted, and although long dying is not so horrible as living after death—so to say—yet it is strongly opposed to the interests of humanity to protract the agony of a fellow-creature dying by the hand of justice. Electricity is another agent suggested. We doubt the possibility of applying this agent so as to destroy life instantly. We confess that, looking at the matter all round, we incline to think that hanging, when properly performed, destroys consciousness more rapidly and prevents its return more effectually than any other mode of death which justice can employ. It is against the bungling way of hanging we protest, not against the method of executing itself. That is, on the whole, the best, we are convinced.—*Lancet*.

